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Russian Jews—The World's Problem

BY

Rabbi ISAAC LANDMAN

PHILADELPHIA

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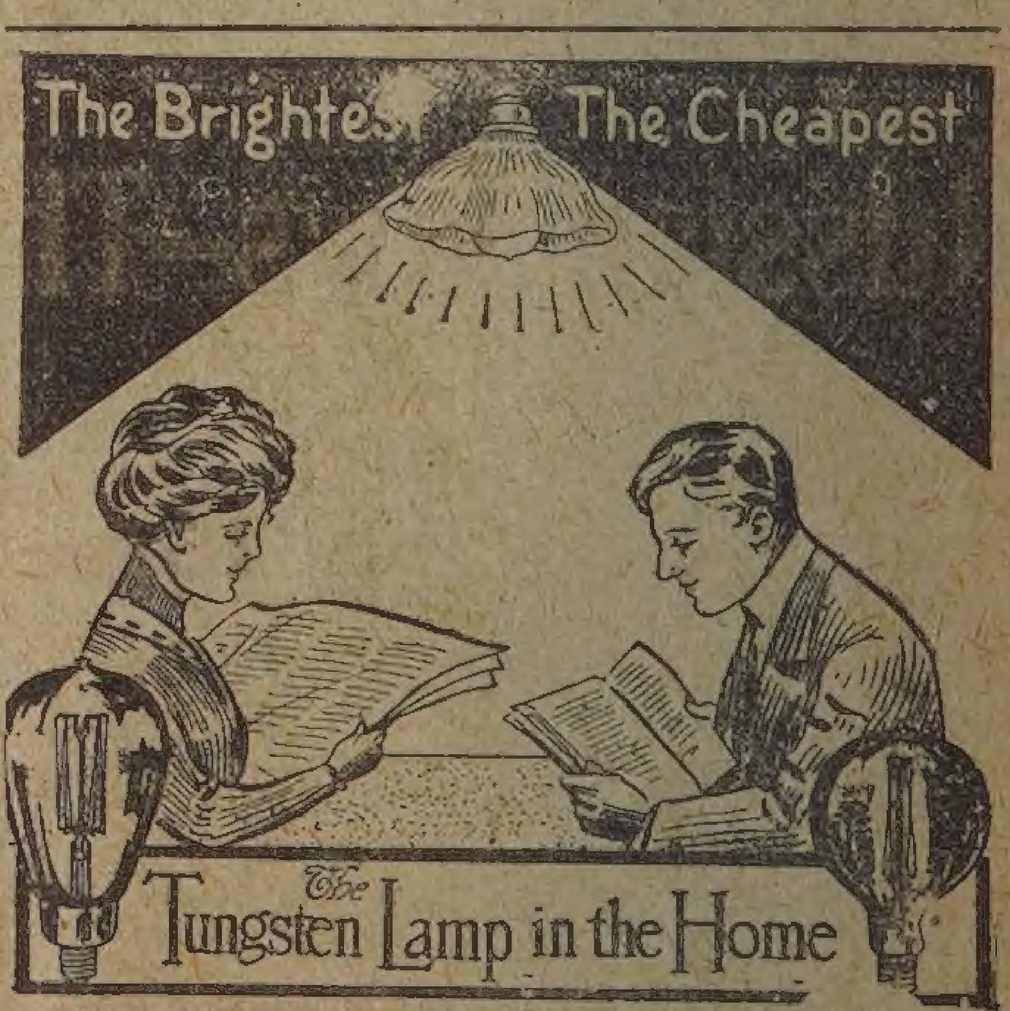
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Russian Jews—The World's Problem.

A Discourse at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

RABBI ISAAC LANDMAN,

Philadelphia, November 9th, 1913.

The expected verdict in the Beilis case.

Before we conclude our service this morning the cables may flash to us the verdict of the jury in the case of Mendel Beilis, the Jew, who has been on trial for ritual murder, in Kiev, the mother of Russian cities, since October 8th. It will make little difference whether the verdict is for conviction or for acquittal. The effect aimed for by the beaurocrats and anti-Semites, who took advantage of the murder of the Christian boy to arouse the Russian population against the Jews, will be the same. The terror of the pogrom, now hanging over the heads of Russia's six million Jews more threateningly than the sword of Damocles, unless held in leash by orders from St. Petersburg, will break loose in all its fury.

Its probable result, whether for conviction or for acquittal.

Only those who have lived in the Pale of Settlement can know what this terror means. Streets in which Jews were accustomed to gather, deserted. Women and children, clinging to their men folks, in fear, for protection, behind shuttered windows and bolted doors. Vicious-visaged moujiks stealthily chalking homes with the cross—the symbol of blood and rapine. The darkness of night; the ominous rumbling of drunken voices; the fall of the axe and the club and the bludgeon; the breaking-in of doors; the shattering of windows; men fighting to save their women and children; women struggling to protect their children and their honor; children shrieking in fright and horror;

the whole punctuated with bawling curses, drunken rage and hellish laughter. At last there is silence again. The moon and stars look down upon the streets reeking in blood. The dead are not disturbed by the moaning of the wounded; the wounded creep away into the darkest corners to die.

Juadism needs enter no defense against a ritual murder accusation.

And yet, every civilized, thinking being knows that neither Beilis, nor the Jews, nor Judaism need enter a defense against a ritual murder accusation.

The religion that first protested against human sacrifice, as witness the story of the sacrifice of Isaac; whose laws first commanded, "Thou shalt not kill," "Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh," and "Thou shalt not eat it, that it may go well with thee and with thy children after thee"; whose prophets decried Moloch worship as an abomination in the sight of God; whose priests prohibited the sacrifice of children, both to Israel and "to the strangers that sojourn in Israel," on the pain of death; whose daily practice is to eliminate all blood possible from meat, by soaking and salting, before it is prepared for the table—that religion and its adherents need not prove an alibi when one of its humble adherents is accused of using the blood of Christian children in the ritual of its Passover, its celebration of the event that first taught mankind the lesson of political freedom and religious tolerance, the two greatest enemies of the Romanoff régime. To Judaism, the trial of a Jew for ritual murder would be a roaring farce, in the words of the *Kievsky Mysl,* "a vaudeville," to be laughed at and forgotten, but for the catastrophe that, no matter what the outcome, will surely befall six million Jews as a result of its staging.

Western civilization protests.

To the credit and glory of the Christian Church of Western civilization be it here recorded that, practically without exception, the leaders of its most powerful denominations, here and abroad, have condemned this infamous lie against the Jews and Judaism, and

have protested both against the accusation and the trial of Mendel Beilis.

Roman Catholic pronouncements.

The Papal Secretary of State, speaking for the Holy Father, confirms the fact that former Popes have issued encyclicals, declaring that "the charge of ritual murder, as applied to Judaism, was a baseless and wicked invention." Cardinals of the Church in England, America and in certain countries of continental Europe, have made clear that the Catholic Church has recognized all such accusations as having no foundation whatever in the religious belief and practice of the Jewish people.

Protestants, Scientists and the Press condemn the trial.

Bishops and lay-leaders of the Protestant churches, in this country and abroad, were not the least behind in their protests and condemnations of the whole charge and trial. Mass meetings in the great cities of the civilized world have declared unequivocally against this outrage upon religion and against this slander of justice. Scientists, who have met in national or international sessions since the Beilis trial began, have denounced, in unmistaken terms, the pseudo-experts of the prosecution. The press of the world, both secular and religious, has given voice to public opinion, as reflected in editorial utterances and communications from readers. Even the anti-Semitic *Kievlianin,* at the very seat of the trial, and despite the strict Russian censorship, has pointed the finger of scorn at the prosecution, with the worlds, "You, who have always been talking of ritual murders, are yourselves offering up human sacrifices."

Spontaneous outburst of indignation in Russia.

Darkest Russia, itself, has furnished the most spontaneous outbursts of indignation. High School pupils went on a strike in protest. In St. Petersburg and Moscow, great pro-Beilis labor demonstrations were organized, only to be dispersed by the police. The conductors on Kiev street cars are contributing part of their pay to support the Beilis family, as an expression of their abhorence of the blood accusation.

One hundred and twenty lawyers of the St. Petersburg Bar have condemned the prosecution, and have, in turn, been ordered prosecuted by the Government. Russian political exiles in far-off Siberia have telegraphed their condemnation of this baseless and wicked lie. It seems that all civilized men, even children, have been swept by the spontaneous wave of sympathy for the poor victim in the dock in Kiev and for all his co-religionists in the land of the Czar.

The great petition of the Bishops of the United States.

The most striking of all the protests that the Beilis case has brought forth, however, is the petition of the thirty-seven bishops and other church leaders, "representatives of various Christian denominations of the United States of America, irrespective of creed," that was addressed to his Imperial Majesty, Nicholas II, the Czar of all the Russias, direct. These men, speaking with Christian authority, united, in the name of their sacred faith, in a most stirring appeal to the Emperor, imploring him "that the charge of ritual murder against the Jew, Mendel Beilis, now on trial at Kiev, be withdrawn because of the untold evils to the cause of humanity which may follow from its further prosecution. We are convinced," continues this petition, "that the blood accusation against the Jews, which has been made sporadically, is as unfounded as was the same accusation, which, as history shows, was frequently directed against the early Christians."

But the Czar's government will not receive protests; it does not want to be convinced.

But the Russian Government had already intimated to Washington that it will not receive petitions or resolutions from this country bearing on the ritual murder trial in Kiev. This noble pronouncement from the bishops of the United States was left at the Russian Embassy, accompanied by the request that it be transmitted to the Czar; but it will stay at the embassy and will eventually find a place in the waste-basket. Neither the Czar, nor his Government, need be informed of the gross infamy against Beilis and the

Jews, nor of the travesty on justice and decency in which they are the actors in Kiev. Had they sought confirmation of the utter baselessness of the charge, they would have consulted the archives of Czar Alexander I, and would have found there an ukase, issued by him on March 6, 1817, in which he expressly prohibits the repetition of the ritual murder libel.

Its purpose, in the Beilis case, to turn the population from its political wrongs to pogroms.

Pronouncements by church authorities, sporadic protests in public meetings, expressions of opinion in the secular and religious press are all, and will be, of no avail. Russia does not want to be convinced that the blood accusation is a vile outrage upon law, an insult to science, a blasphemy on religion, because, in reality, Mendel Beilis is not on trial. It doesn't matter whether he is convicted or acquitted. The monstrous charge is aimed, not at the poor, five-dollar-a-week, brickyard clerk, but against the Jews and Judaism. The outrageous slander was perpetrated not to discover and punish the murderer of the Christian boy, but to bolster up and justify the further and more violent persecution of the Jews, contemplated by the anti-Semitic government of the Czar. The virulent lie was given credence and fostered by the tottering beaurocracy, not from motives of piety and justice, but to turn the minds of the population from the political wrongs of which they are daily being made the victims to the gorging of their greed and glut upon the six million hapless Jews..

The facts in the case.

Here are the facts of the astounding story: On March 25, 1911, the body of an 11-year-old Christian boy, who had evidently been murdered, was found in Kiev. The anti-Semitic press of Russia immediately began to make capital out of the incident. Wild and inflammatory articles were published, and leaflets distributed, declaring that the boy was the victim of Jews, who murdered him to use his blood for the approaching Passover rites.

The ritual murder libel.

A Jew, Mendel Béilis, living in the vicinity, was arrested, charged with ritual murder, and imprisoned. Interviews with his counsel were prohibited; not even his wife and children were permitted to see him or speak with him. For over two years he was at the mercy of his jailors, while the fomenters of race-hatred worked incessantly to build up a case against him. Twice was the trial postponed because the prosecution was not ready. Witnesses for the defense died. Two children, companions of the murdered boy, who knew of the guiltlessness of the poor clerk, and who might have told the truth, were poisoned by the Kiev police. In the meantime the reactionary court clique and the Black Hundred initiated and pushed a well-planned campaign for a series of pogroms and massacres throughout the Pale.

The astounding indictment.

Finally, Beilis was brought to trial. The jury was packed with ignorant peasants, whose superstitious religious beliefs could be relied upon. The only educated man in the jury box, a government official, was made foreman. To the amazement of all who followed the trial, the indictment did not attempt to show that a murder had been committted, that the accused was the murderer, and that behind the murder was a religious motive. To the contrary, the now infamous document set out to prove, and to fasten upon the Jews, the existence of a blood ritual in the exercise of their religion.

The amazing trial.

As the trial proceeded, the whole civilized world recognized in it a mockery of justice and decency. Whole days passed, and the name of Beilis was not even mentioned in the testimony or cross-examination of witnesses. The public prosecutor summed up before the jury and the name of the defendant did not enter the argument at all, except in the closing sentences. The whole heinous plot stood revealed and naked before an amazed world. It was not Mendel Beilis who was on trial. Beilis was merely a device,

employed by the fast-failing despotism of the Czar and his minions, to blind the Russian people to the issues of despotism, corruption and barbarity in the Czar's Government, by sating them with the blood of Jewish men and outrage on Jewish women.

Two questions up to the civilized world.

Out of the whole miserable situation, two questions stand clear and pertinent: How long will the civilized world permit Russia to use its six million Jewish subjects as the plaything with which to cover up its savagery and barbarism? How long will civilized Christianity permit Russia to use the cross as a symbol of persecution, murder and rapine?

Russia's solution of her Jewish problem not equal rights

Russia maintains that the solution of the Jewish question in her dominion is purely an internal problem, with which foreign nations must not interfere and which she will solve in her own way. What is Russia's solution? Is it equal rights and religious liberty, in accordance with the present Emperor's manifesto, of October, 1905? No! Daily are the persecutions increased and the chains of slavery tightened; daily are the restrictions of rights of residence being drawn closer; daily are the privileges of life and the pursuit of happiness, miserable and inhuman as they are, being diminished; daily are the possibilities of education and the mere finding of a livelihood being curtailed. If ever the Pale of Settlement was a living hell, of the lurid, orthodox type, for the Russian Jews, it is so now, even more so.

not conversion to the Orthodox Faith;

Is Russia's solution conversion? No! The restrictive laws against the Jews, who were free men in the provinces in which they now live, long before the Romanoff's cruel hand possessed them, are now applied even to the second generation of converts to the Orthodox Church, over which the Little Father presides in all his smug piety.

not expulsion;

Is Russia's solution expulsion? No! For Nicholas, like Pharaoh of old, will not let the people go. Emigration from Russia is prohibited. Every Jew who

leaves the cursed land in search of freedom must steal his way out, like a thief in the night. The United States has abrogated our treaty with Russia for this very reason. Russia does not recognize the right of expatriation. Children of Russian Jews, in this or any other country, belong to Russia to endless generations. If the scion of a Russian Jew, born in this country, the tenth descendant of an immigrant from Russsia, should be elected to the Presidency, that President of these United States, according to Russia's solution of her Jewish problem, would be subject to the same laws and restrictions under which the Jews in the Pale suffer to-day, and to the same persecutions and inhumanities.

but extermination—which makes the Russian Jews the world's problem.

Is Russia's solution extermination? Perhaps so! Russia will not let her Jews live and will not let them go—! What are the civilized nations, who hold civilized intercourse with Russia, going to do about it? Are they going to sit idly by, while the Russian beaurocracy incites the slaughter of six million helpless and hopeless men, women and children, as a means for perpetuating its despotic and inhuman rule? Is civilized Christianity, that cast nations into war when its missionaries were killed in China and its brethren in Armenia, merely to continue its ineffectual protest against the extermination of six millions of people, simply because they are Jews? Is civilized humanity going to wait until its nostrils smell the blood of the murdered men and its ears split with the cry of outraged women and children before it acts effectually?

How the ear of Nicholas can be reached.

There is but one means of reaching the Czar, whose ear is open only to his reactionary advisers and the Jew-bating beaurocrats. His Government will not permit petitions and protests to come to his notice, as we know. The same fate that was meted out to the American-wide protest after the Kishineff and the nearly 350 other pogroms, in 1903, awaits the protest of the American bishops, against the Beilis trial, now

in the Russian Embassy in Washington. But from the date of the Kishineff protest to this, the massacres have ceased. Russia's feeling of security as a civilized nation among the other nations, in the face of that organized and universal protestation against, and condemnation of, the pogroms, was shaken, and that method of employing the Jews to blind the Russian people to their misery was discontinued.

The effect of civilization's opinion on the Czar's attitude to the Jews.

The organization and prosecution of the ritual murder case was a miscarried attempt on the part of the same Russian Government to blind the world to Russia's purpose with the Jews. The spontaneous and sporadic protests against the trial and accusation were, by no means, wasted. Incipient pogroms in Kiev, Odessa, Moscow and other places were promptly suppressed by order from St. Petersburg direct. To-day we read of troops being massed in places where pogroms were organized, to take place, immediately upon the conviction of Beilis, because the only thing that Russia fears is the loss of the world's good opinion of her in the court of nations.

But one weapon with which to convince Russia—

Nicholas Tchaikovsky, the great Russian Liberal, long ago pointed out this fact, made so clear after the pogroms of 1903, and now, that "as long as Russia enjoys a sense of security in regard to other nations, her policy of oppression will continue." This is the only weapon in the hand of civilized humanity against the savage Bear. Russia must be made to understand what civilization thinks of her and to feel the contempt and disgust in which every civilized being holds her for her treatment of the Jews in her Empire.

an organized, world-wide protest.

This cannot be accomplished by haphazard protests, no matter how keenly felt or sympathetically expressed. These cannot reach the ear of the Czar, through the wall of self-interested officialdom that surrounds him. Only a world-wide, carefully organized protest, so clear and so ringing, that it will penetrate to the very throne of Nicholas, will avail. He holds

the solution of the problem of the Russian Jews in his hand; but he will never solve it until the civilized world forces the solution upon him, until civilization makes him conscious of the enormity of his sins and the sins of his fathers against the Jews.

Christianity's great opportunity.

Civilized Christianity is to-day given the opportunity to put into practice its oft-preached doctrines of brotherly love, inherited from its mother, Judaism, in behalf of Judaism's persecuted sons. The protest of the bishops of America shows that the different denominations can unite in an act of brotherhood and humanity. It remains for these leaders now to organize their followers to observe a great fast-day the world over; to gather on that day in all their houses of worship, to plead for God's help and His guidance of the Czar's hand, to restore to his Jewish subjects the rights and liberties of which despotism has robbed them. Such a protest the Czar will hear. Upon such a protest the Czar will act, to his own honor, to the glory of the Christian church and to the glory of God.

Judaism's prayer.

As for us Jews, we are as helpless as are our poor brethren in the Pale. We can but plead with Christianity and with the rest of right-thinking and humane men to act. And we can turn to God, in this hour of our great need. He, who has been with us during the ages, will not desert us now. Let us put our faith in Him; and, in the words of the special prayer that brought hope and cheer to the heart of every Jew in Russia on our recent Atonement Day, let us rise and address ourselves to our Father:

> We beseech Thee, O God of mercy and forgiveness, Who penetratest unto the reins and the heart, and knowest the most hidden mysteries of all living, when Thou sittest this day upon the Throne of judgment to judge the world with righteousness and the nations with equity, be Thou filled with mercy, and spare the remnant of Thy people Israel who suffer for Thy Law

and Thy holy words and remove from them all hatred and envy, all libels and all outrages.

Who knoweth better than Thou, the God of truth, Who lookest to the heart and watchest and seest to the end of all generations, Who knowest and canst testify that our hands have not shed the blood of which we are accused, and that our eyes have not seen in all the books of Thy holy Law the least word to point to the need of human blood for any purpose. Therefore, in Thy great mercy remove from us this plague of the false libel and the lying evil reports of the contemptible blood accusation invented against us and our holy Law, the ways of which are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace.

And even if not for our sakes, then for Thine own sake and for the sake of Thy holy Law, do Thou so that all the inhabitants of the world shall perceive and know that Thou art the God of truth and that Thy Law is true, righteous, and equitable, and that the everlasting life which Thou hast planted in our midst is so that we may bring light unto the world. For the sake of Thy holy name which Thou hast sworn to our fathers, O hasten to help us, Lord of our salvation! Amen.

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BY

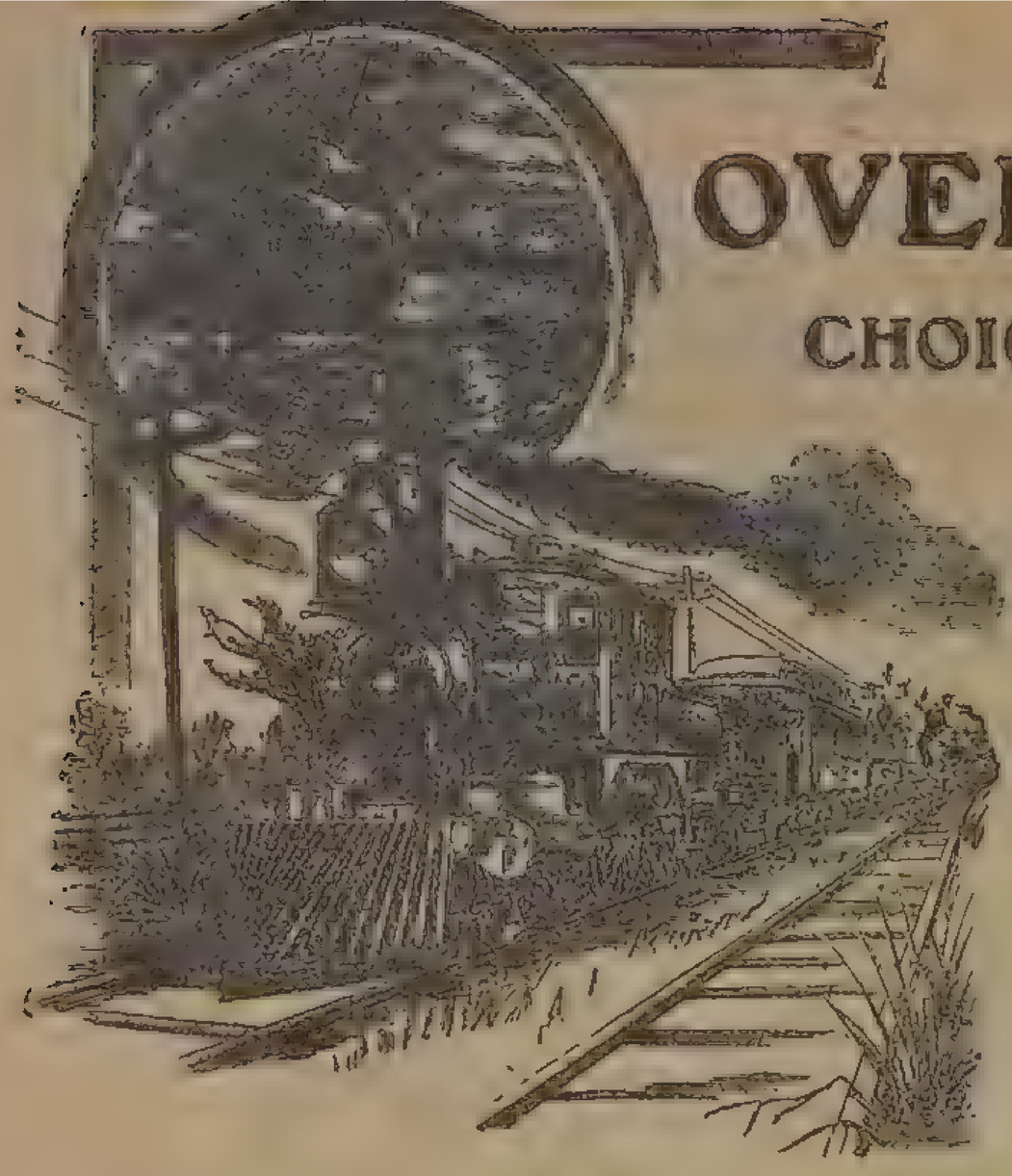
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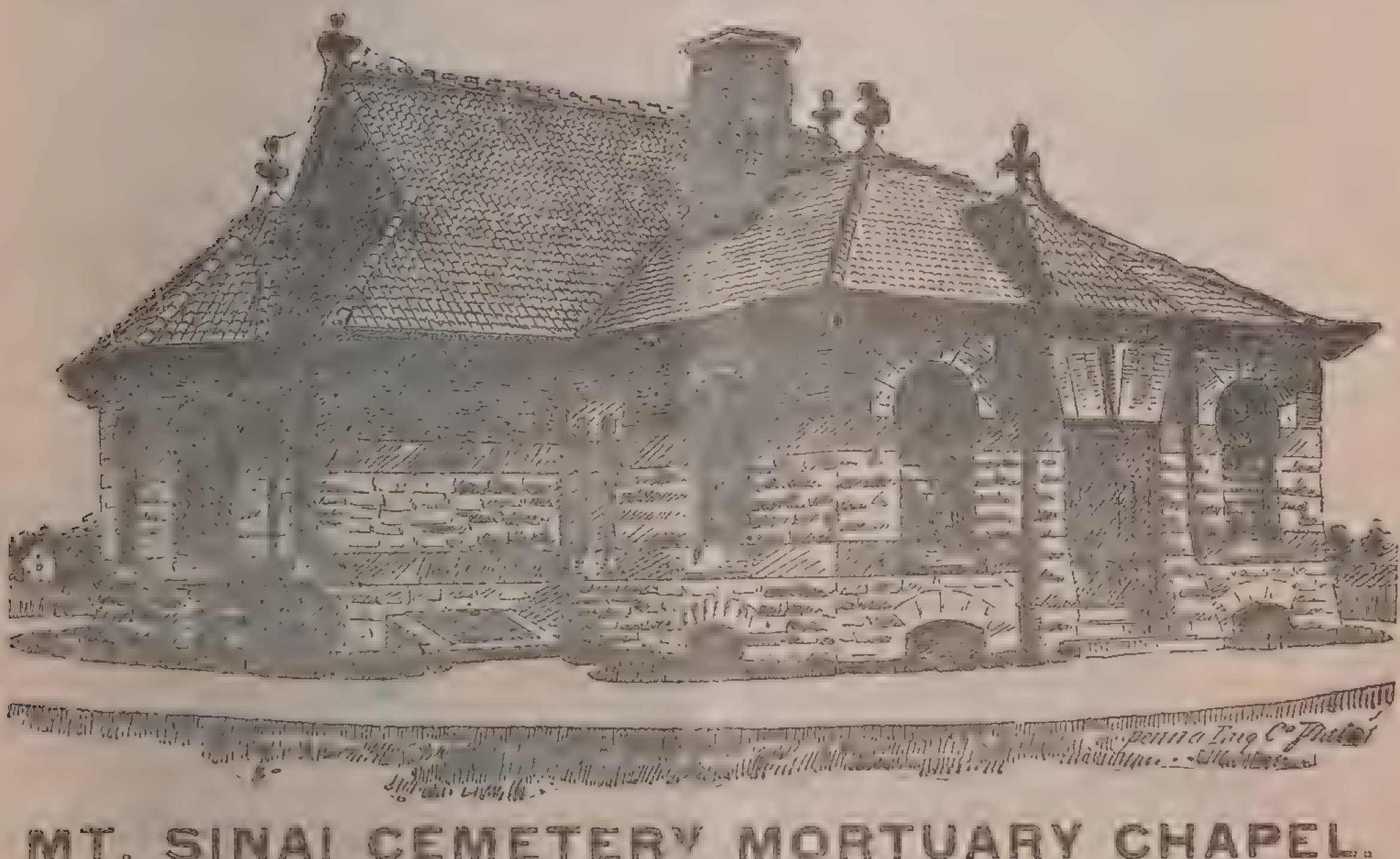
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The Restoration of the Bible.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,
Philadelphia, Pa., November 16th, 1913,

BY

Rev. Dr. William Rosenau,
Rabbi Eutaw Place Temple, Baltimore, Md.

The Bible stands in need of restoration. Let this observation, for the nonce, engage your undivided attention. Only as you contemplate it you shall realize the full justice of my claims and carry away the real benefit of our communion.

When I speak of the Bible's necessary restoration, many a one may imagine that I refer, perhaps, to the restoration of the Scriptural text. The work of that class of Biblical scholars designated the "Higher Critics," is generally known to consist of the correction, emendation and rearrangement of the original text of the Bible. Such restoration is not our present concern. It is farthest from my mind. I do not desire here and now to pass judgment on its value. The restoration to which I allude is the restoration of the Bible to its well-deserved place in the esteem of civilized mankind. I want the Bible to come into its own. I want its merits again acknowledged. I want its powers once more recognized.

That the Bible is entitled to a place of highest distinction and regard is easily proved. The Bible is by all fair-minded persons considered the most valuable book ever written. Did I say "book"? If so, I must correct myself. I should have said "library." It is a collection of the finest literary monuments produced by a people during fifteen hundred years. It reflects the thought-currents of many successive centuries. It represents the development of a distinct culture. It embraces all kinds of literature—literature adapted to the mentality of the child, the mentality of the youth and the mentality of the adult. It contains a large variety of material—the legendary, heroic, historical, ethical, religious, philosophical, poetic and

oratorical. It has a style that is unique. No literary product of any age or any nation compares with it in diversity of contents and loftiness of thought. As "the law of God" it is indeed "perfect," and in truth "refreshes the soul."

To tell you what the Bible is after the Bible has been in existence and has moulded life for thousands of years may appear to you worse than "carrying coals to Newcastle." However, the restatement of the Bible's value is, despite the Bible's age and influence, most important.

The Bible is not nowadays in possession of its due. In many places it is woefully neglected. In exceptional instances alone a thorough acquaintanceship with it is cultivated. The place it should rightfully occupy, it is denied. What more conclusive evidence for this contention can be cited than the ignorance which prevails with regard to the Scriptures? This ignorance is encountered not only among the illiterate, but also among the so-called "learned." Many men and women graduate from colleges and universities, who, though attested as masters of the sciences and the arts, are unable to give not only an account of the Scriptures as a whole, but also an account of any one of its most important characters.

Prompted as we are to regret the ignorance existing with regard to the Scriptures, we must not forget that this ignorance has its causes.

Many people have misunderstood the intention of the School of the Higher Critics. Because the Higher Critics have examined the Scriptures in the light of authorship and history, and have thus overthrown many unfounded notions concerning the Sacred Books, people have rushed to the conclusion that the Bible is not worthy of study.

Fearing lest Biblical instruction might lead to denominational teaching, no provision is made for the literary consideration of the Bible in lower and higher secular schools. Together with the undervaluation of all things ancient, the Bible has been the sufferer. A pronounced tendency to overestimate modern books is everywhere making itself felt. The literary taste of our generation is markedly vitiated. The struggle for existence is keen, and many persons have, therefore, no time whatsoever for reading. For successful scientific pursuits, which are the vogue, a knowledge of the Bible

is believed to be no more necessary than a knowledge of many of the humanities. Often it is urged that the Bible is incomprehensible because of the exotic flavor of its language.

An attitude of indifference toward the Bible on account of any one of these or all of these reasons is certainly unfair and unfounded. The claims to the contrary notwithstanding, we should remember that we have not yet outgrown the Bible. We have not gotten beyond its thought, its philosophy and its idealism. In fact, we may say that we are gradually going back to its standards. What else but an endorsement of the spirit which breathes through it from cover to cover is the modern emphasis of justice as the basis of the social order, of mercy as the prerequisite of world-peace and of holiness, as the essential of human dignity. If there existed no other reason for bringing the Bible into its own, the backward tendency of civilized mankind to Biblical doctrine would be sufficiently convincing.

In view of the Bible's unparalleled virtues and its inestimable influence,, what must we do to stem the growth of ignorance with regard to it? We must undertake its many-sided restoration.

I plead for the restoration of the Bible as a literary discipline in the education of every man. A knowledge of it is certainly as important as the knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, provided it is to be compared with monuments that have come down from antiquity. Nor can it be denied that an acquaintanceship with it, acquired only by means of a translation, is as useful as is the acquaintanceship with the prose and poetry of more recent writers. Apart from the cultural effect of the Bible, more particularly on the English-speaking world, we must not grow oblivious of the Bible's linguistic influence. The language we speak is indebted for much of its wealth of thought and expression to the Scriptures. It is impossible to understand many English words and phrases without the help of their specific Scriptural use. The Authorized Version—not .to mention any other—was an epochmaking work. As such, it is therefore as essential as—aye, more essential than—the writings of all authors from Chaucer down to our day. One may have mastered the literature of all the civilized nations on the face of the globe, and

yet he must be regarded woefully deficient in literary attainments if the Bible has been allowed to remain for him a sealed book.

I plead for the restoration of the Bible in the Religious School. The Bible has been unwisely banished from it. Many boys and girls receive religious training for years and are never referred for information to the Scriptures themselves. For the Bible the Religious School has employed substitutes. It matters not whether the subject be history, ethics or religion, the instruction is in most instances given from improvised text-books. The argument advanced for the policy generally obtaining has been that the Bible is too voluminous and contains much material unnecessary and often unfit for children. Fortunately the error of our common practice is now being recognized. It is better by far to teach children from the Bible with the aid of a competent instructor, than by means of unreliable text-books. It is better by far for children to go to the "fountain" for refreshing water than to have it brought to them in unwholesome vessels. Let the child learn to turn the Bible's pages and to find his way through its books and he will be sure, as he grows older, to appreciate the Bible's proper use.

I plead for the restoration of the Bible in our homes. A private library should be no more without it than a public library. The collection of works which does not contain the Scriptures is incomplete. Many are the families which can boast of the possession of the choicest literature, but which are not in possession of a copy of the Bible. Time once was when within every home, in addition to Bibles for personal use, a Family Bible was given a conspicuous and an honored place. Nowadays the Family Bible is a rare family acquisition. Would that soon the day might come when there shall be no home without the Scriptures! The Bible's presence will be sure to safeguard the Bible's esteem in every man from early childhood—aye, even unto old age.

I plead for the restoration of the Bible in our devotion. Why should we not read it, and read it as a regular exercise, in order to stimulate ourselves spiritually? It is an inexhaustible well of inspiration. There is no human experience in which it cannot offer subject-matter for serious and profit-

able contemplation. "Turn it and turn it, and you shall find everything in it," was justly remarked by an illustrious sage. More illumination, more uplift, more direction, more cheer, more hope and more comfort can be derived from it than from all the prayers embodied in all the rituals of all the denominations of the civilized world. The old Liturgies of the Synagogue and Church are full of devotional material borrowed from the Bible. The Scriptural Lessons read in either of them is only a small part of the Scriptural compositions which constituted the worship of the people. Our fathers and mothers were wont to read daily, for devotional purpose, sections from the Bible. Their custom does not testify to their want of intellectual development, but rather to their possession of spiritual taste. As the generations that have gone were benefited by the devotional reading of the Scriptures, so can we be benefited. In our joys and our successes in our disappointments and our failures, we still require counsel to give us calmness, restraint and balance. Who would deny the benefit to be derived from reading about the hospitality of an Abraham (Gen. xviii); the sacrifice of a Judah in behalf of a younger brother (Gen. xliv); the acceptance of counsel even by so great a man as Moses (Ex. xviii); the revelation of the Ten Commandments on Sinai's heights (Ex. xx); the principles of social ethics (Ex. xxiii); the law of holiness (Lev. xix); the command to love God with all of one's heart, with all of one's soul and with all of one's might (Dt. vi); the denunciation of an usurping judge in the famous Jotham fable concerning the trees (Judges, ix)? Who would dispute the wealth of truth contained in Isaiah's Song of the Vineyard (Is. v); in that same prophet's message of comfort to his people in the time of their disintegration (Is. 40); in the same seer's vision of hope, which tells his contemporaries that their light has come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon them (Is. lx); in the vision of a Jonah; in the final exaltation of Zion with Israel (Micah, iv); in the glorification of God and His works (Ps. viii); in the emphasis of the moral law (Ps. xv); in the accentuation of confidence in God's grace (Ps. xxiii); in the Songs of Degrees, and in the hallelujahs? Who would question the abundance of information to be gathered from the pedagogy of the Proverbs; the

discussion of Job; the idyl of a Ruth; the philosophy of an Ecclesiastes; and the romance of an Esther?

These are only a few examples of the countless sections that lend themselves to devotional reading.

During the past week I received from a Christian a printed scheme for systematic Bible reading, providing for certain portions to be read every morning and every evening, so that the Old and the New Testaments might be completed within one year. Why cannot some Jew do the same for Jews with the Old Testament? The Bible requires devotional restoration. A wonderful opportunity awaits some one in our midst who has both the discretion and the time to perform the task.

I plead for the restoration of the Bible in our hearts. We must once more appreciate its true worth. As a gift or token we must learn to value it more than any other that can possibly be bestowed as a mark of friendship and love. How very frequently it happens that children at the time of confirmation, young men and women on the day of their parting from home, and couples on the occasion of their marriage receive, as remembrance, everything but a Bible. Trinkets, jewels, outfits, furnishings and money may insure happiness, yet it must not be forgotten that such happiness must needs last only for a short time. Trials and tribulations, tests and temptations are sure to be encountered by all alike. All the sources of joy, of comfort and of ease then avail naught. But if a Bible, and with the Bible its thought, has a place in the heart, the Bible will furnish strength when one is weakest, hope when one is most despondent, solution when one is most puzzled.

I plead for the restoration of the Bible in the Jew's affections. He has unduly ignored it. He has not made himself acquainted with it. In the knowledge of Scriptures he is outstripped by the non-Jew. Despite the opportunities which are given our people for Biblical information, these opportunities go begging among them. If perchance existing Bible Classes are attended they are obliged to be agencies for light entertainment rather than for thorough knowledge. Otherwise the days of such classes are numbered. The Jew, more than any one else, should be a master of the Bible. Jews are designated "The People of the Book." The Bible is Israel's

product. It is Israel's heirloom. It is Israel's gift to mankind. Unless we exalt that product, that heirloom and that gift in our midst, by our love, our study and our mastery, what chance stands Israel for the fulfillment of its destiny as a "Priest-People" and a "Holy Nation," and for the conversion of mankind to the acceptance of Israel's own, eternal, religious and moral truths?

To bring about the many-sided restoration just indicated, the possession of the Bible at a small cost must be guaranteed. We have never been in a position to furnish the Scriptures to our constituents without forcing them to incur a comparatively large expense in its purchase. In this particular we have much to learn from our Christian friends. They have their distinct Bible houses. They subsidize the free distribution of the Scriptures in all spoken languages.

Mine is the hope that we shall soon be able to undertake similar good work. To what extent this work can be done by the Jewish Publication Society of America, when once its translation of the Bible shall, with the assistance of the representatives of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, be completed is not difficult, even for one, standing outside of the society's directorate, to estimate. The handsome gift made the society by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary does not warrant the free or even the cheap distribution of the contemplated version. The fund will have to be enlarged and can be enlarged by the gifts, not merely of private individuals, but also of congregations and societies. The new version, to make it popular, ought to have an edition for the Religious School, an edition for personal use and an edition for family possession.

For the sake of that higher culture, which is still in the making, and in which the Bible plays so important a part, let the Bible meet with restoration there where it has been imprudently eliminated. Let it be restored and restored speedily in the education of every man, in the Religious School, in the home, in devotional exercises, in the heart, and in the Jew's affections. The present generation has made a mistake. If we have made a mistake in eliminating the influence of the Bible where it should be exerted, let the mistake be rectified. It should never be forgotten that no man is truly educated,

truly cultured, truly ethical, truly religious and truly godly, unless the Scriptures are, by their use, made a directive power in his life. In this work of restoration the concerted effort of all parties and all sections in Israel is requisite. We are not only justified, but obligated, to unite in a cause, the promotion of which shall result in the common good.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, refreshing the soul;
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple;
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes;
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever;
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
More are they to be desired than gold—yea, more than fine gold.
Sweeter also are they than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned,
And in the keeping of them there is great reward."

(Ps. xix: 7-11.)

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VOL. XXVII Sunday, November 30th, 1913 No. 3

A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

I.

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

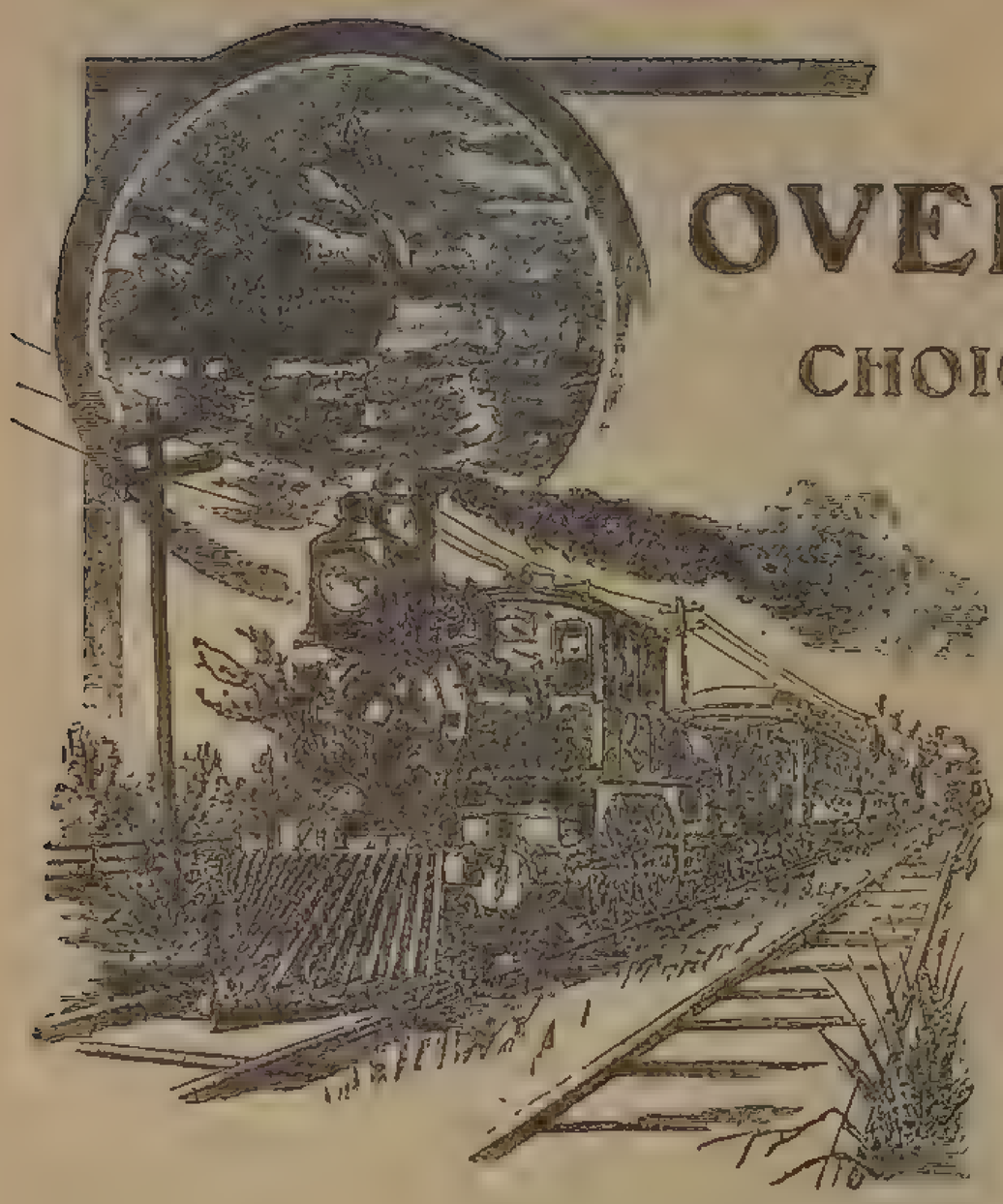
By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Sunday, November 23rd, 1913

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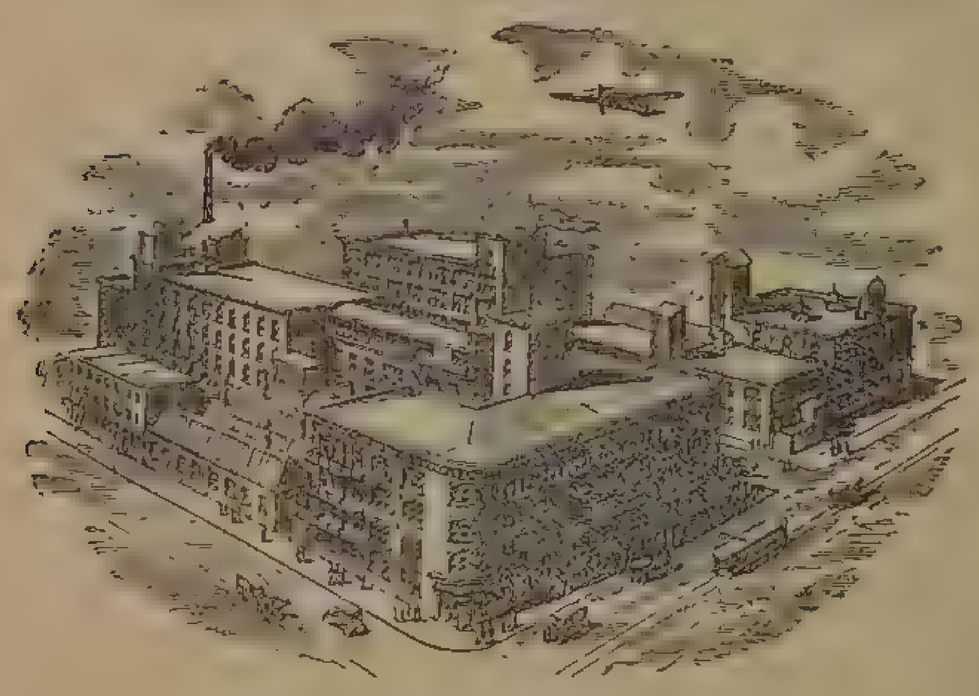
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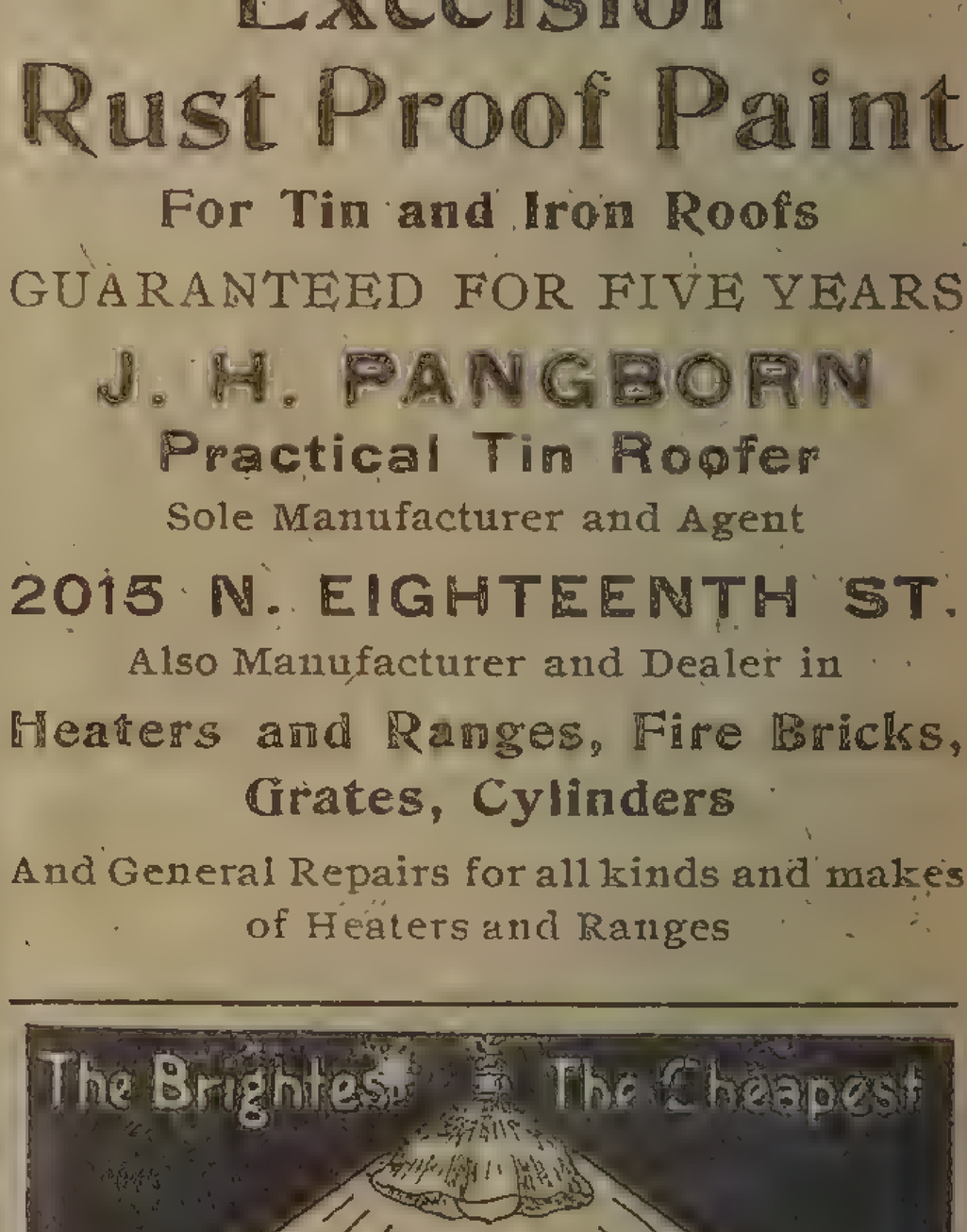
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A Rabbi's Pilgrimage in the Orient.

I.

A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit, Sunday, November 23rd, 1913.

ABOARD S. S. "KOREA,"
BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND YOKOHAMA,
October 29, 1913.

The Sea poets have vied with one another in picturing its charms; essayists have exhausted their skill in describing its beauty. None have touched even the hem of the garment of its magnificence. It is indescribable; it is unpaintable, either by pen or brush. And what baffles the skill of mind and hand the most is not its boundlessness, not the variety and radiancy of its color, not the unceasing restlessness of its waters, not the vast expanse of its horizon nor the infinitude of its vaulting sky, but its awe-inspiring mystery. What secret it hides! What tales it could reveal if it could but speak! Mountains and valleys have their charm, but their charm is largely revealed. We ascend the ranges, we descend into the mines; but the sea eludes almost our every inquiry. Beyond a few researches here and there as to depth, and a few stray revelations as to vegetable and animal life at the bottom of the sea, we know as little of the ocean as the ancient Phœnicians knew, who, first of all civilized peoples, ventured forth upon its waters, or the Norse Vikings of more recent times, who braved its storms in search of adventure and booty.

How like is the mystery of the earth-encircling oceans to that yet greater mystery that encircles human life! Little as we know of the sea, we know at least something of its ports and harbors, of its storms and calms. What ports has

the other and greater ocean beyond? What and where its harbors? What its storms? What its calm? Orthodox Israelites make a practice, at the approach of the new year, of going to some nearby running stream to cast into it their sins, that its waters may swallow or carry them far beyond. Even so come many of those who are sick and tired upon the ocean, or to it, to cast upon it their ailments or weariness. And yet, notwithstanding all the aches and exhaustions that have been cast into it, it is as fresh and vigorous, as sprightly and care-free to-day as it was at the beginning of time. One is strongly tempted to paraphrase that verse of the opening chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes, that reads: "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is never full," etc. Many are the aches that are cast into the sea, and yet the sea is not only not full of them, but also does not even know of their existence. More and more it seems to stretch forth its wide arms, and to call aloud: "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden and distressed, and I will give you rest."

In one of his plays, Shakespeare speaks of parting as a "sweet sorrow." There certainly was no sweetness in the parting from my Congregation on the Sabbath when I last occupied my pulpit, before entering upon my journey around the world, and when I took leave from dear ones and friends who gathered at the station to bid me a last good-bye. The farewells during the past four weeks approached in feeling very closely to that which Byron must have experienced when he wrote the words, "Such parting breaks the heart."

For a dozen years and more I cherished the hope of some day making a winter tour to the Orient. The more unrealizable that hope seemed because of the pressure of my many and varied duties, the more I nursed it. The anticipation is turning into reality; the seemingly impossible is becoming possible —I am on the way to the Orient. There were moments, however, prior to my leaving, and since, when the thought of being away from my post of duty for ten long months, and from my people and other friends, whom I love no less than they love me, seemed to be overwhelming, and the feeling of homesickness so poignant that it would not have required much coaxing for me to give up the trip and to continue as before in my field of labor.

I have long known what hold my Congregation has upon my heart; but I never felt it as deeply as in the hour of parting. And they, in their turn, have made clearly manifest, especially during the past twenty-fifth anniversary year of my connection with them, that my relationship with them is more than that of mere minister and congregation; it is that of parent toward his children, of brother toward brother and sister, of near and dear relative of almost every household of Keneseth Israel. I have shared their joys and sorrows. Very many of them, over one thousand, I have confirmed. More than eleven hundred couples of them I have united in holy wedlock. At the homes of many hundreds I have performed the last rites over the remains of dear ones. Many have come to me with their burdens and cares and perplexities for counsel and solace. There has been established between us, during the twenty-six years of our close association, a bond that made parting and the thought of long absence almost too keen for endurance.

Having worked as long as I have, it is difficult to become used to the thought that I am to be free from my daily routine of more or less pressing duties for nearly a year. Work has been the breath of my life. If I have labored zealously, it is because I satisfied a craving of my nature. I can as little think of living without working as existing without breathing. And it is this that makes work as much of a pleasure to me as a necessity.

And, notwithstanding my long vacation, my work will continue, even if far away from my post of duty—work of a different kind which, I trust, may be fruitful of gain to my people as well as to myself. I shall go to school again, re-enter the University, the greatest of them all, the University of the World. Where before I have studied about people in the Far and Near East, I shall now study them face to face. Where before I have read and studied of ancient countries, I shall now enter them and study their customs and religions at close range, and possibly wrest from some of them, or from the ruins of their civilization past and gone, the secret of their rise, power and achievements, and the cause of their decline and fall. My observations will no doubt verify one of the oldest experiences of mankind, one

reiterated in the New Year service of our Manual: "The best school is the world."

The strenuous labors of the Holy-Day season, the hardest of the year, the preparations for the annual meeting of the National Farm School, the arrangements to make this institution as well as the Congregation feel my long absence as little as possible, the many farewell calls, receptions, dinners, sent a very tired man aboard the train on Tuesday evening, October 21st. And the dismal weather that greeted me next morning, after a night of but little sleep, was little calculated to lessen my weariness or homesickness. But the train itself somewhat compensated for the weather's lack. There are probably but few finer ones than it on any road. It covered the distance between Philadelphia and St. Louis in less than twenty-two hours. It had aboard, beside the usual equipment, a stenographer, a manicurist and a valet. It was fitted out with means of furnishing market reports, with a library, writing desk, stationery and U. S. mail box. Electric lamps were attached inside each berth. Telephone connections were attached in the observation car while the train was standing in the station at St. Louis. A barber plied his tonsorial art while the train was in motion, and a bath could be indulged in by any one who could not possibly do without it.

I could not but think of my first journey westward, on a Pennsylvania train, thirty-eight years ago, when on my way to Cincinnati to enter the Hebrew Union College. That distance then required two nights and one day. If diners and sleepers there were then, I knew them not. My seat in an ordinary coach was my berth then, and a few sandwiches constituted my meals. The fare itself nearly exhausted my means. No such welcome awaited me in Cincinnati as awaited me in Kansas City, and later in Oakland and San Francisco. Surely I have reason to thank a kind Providence for the marvelous change in my career between the years 1875 and 1913. I have been more fortunate than most men, and have fared far better than I have deserved.

October 30, 1913.

I arrived in Kansas City at 8 o'clock in the morning on Thursday, October 23d, and was heartily welcomed by my daughter, Eleanore, and her husband, and a number of old-time friends. That day being *Sh'mini Atzereth,* the last of the Holy-Day Cycle, I was at the Temple at 10 and in the pulpit a little after 11, preaching, by invitation of its Rabbi, to a fair-sized congregation, among them being a goodly number who were of that community when I had charge of it during the four years 1883-1887. That congregation was my first and the only other congregation I ever had, and though twenty-six years have passed since I left it, my love for it is as strong as it was when I first took hold of it, and the attentions that are shown me by many of the people of that community who sat under my ministry show that they are no less devoted to me.

A belated telegram from home was repeated to Kansas City. It was from Rabbi Max D. Klein, of Adath Yeshurun. I make special mention of it because it is especially pleasing to me to be able to record that my relationship with my fellow-Rabbis of Philadelphia, whether orthodox, conservative or reform, is such that all but one of them (and he a late arrival), either in person or by letter or by telegram, wished me Godspeed on my journey. The amity that exists between the up-town Rabbis of Philadelphia is not, I am sorry to relate, duplicated in many of the other large cities of our land.

And it is also pleasing to record that a goodly number of farewell messages reached me from Rabbis of other cities, showing the kindly sentiments entertained for me by my colleagues elsewhere. Even along the road many kind attentions were shown to my wife, daughter and self. When the train reached Harrisburg at 11 o'clock at night, a box of flowers was handed in for us with the compliments of Rabbi and Mrs. Freund and Mr. and Mrs. William Strouse. At Indianapolis the arrival of our train was awaited by Rabbi and Mrs. Feuerlicht, accompanied by half a dozen representatives of the Jewish community of that city. At Denver, Rabbi Friedman awaited us with an automobile to show us something of the

city during the train's scheduled stop of one hour; but, unfortunately, it was two hours late, and its stay was too short to permit departure from the station.

In Oakland we were met by a committee and taken to the leading hotel to freshen up. After the ceremony of the cornerstone-laying of their new Synagogue, at which I delivered the address, we were entertained at dinner at the home of Rabbi and Mrs. Friedlander. This was followed by an informal reception, and this by an automobile ride as guests of the President of the Congregation, through the city and suburbs, including the university town of Berkeley.

Upon our arrival in our hotel at San Francisco, we found quite a number of boxes of flowers awaiting us, which number constantly increased during our stay in that city, and continued up to the time of our arrival in our steamer cabins. A private reception was tendered us by Rabbi and Mrs. Martin A. Meyer at the Club, to which a number of prominent people were likewise invited. Some of the people of that hospitable city placed their automobiles at our disposal, and thus gave us an opportunity to see much of that wonderful metropolis of the Pacific within the short time at our disposal.

The journey from Kansas City to San Francisco was long and tedious. It required three nights and two days, and almost the entire length of it led through dry and dusty plains, deserts and mountains. There has been a great dearth of water in that region all summer long, and the rainy season, that should have set in some time ago, is slow in coming this year. The result is, whatever the eye lights upon shows the want of water painfully. Those Far Western States have everything to build up a vast and prosperous population. They have salubrious climate, mountains bristling with mineral treasures of all kinds, millions of acres of fertile, virginal soil—all they need is water and population. Once they shall have the former, it will not be very long before they will have the latter. And they could have both, were our Government to give those regions the same consideration it now gives to the building of warships and to the increase of armaments. The cost of two or three such ships would provide irrigation to all that vast region, would furnish an

outlet to large numbers of our Eastern congested centers of population, would provide them abundantly with food and clothes, and would enable them to help feed the Nation besides. By its construction of the Panama Canal, the Government has shown that what no individual or dozens of individuals can do, the Nation as a whole can accomplish easily. It can water the plains, build homes upon them, equip farms, move people upon them, teach them the art and science of farming, market their products, aid them otherwise till self-supporting, till able to pay back all that has been expended upon them, and own their farms. There will then be less outcry against the high cost of living, for thousands of people who now consume food without producing any of it will not only produce all they consume, but also lower the price of food by lessening the demand for it. The possibility of solving our great food problem lies in the Far West, and the key of the solution is in the hand of the nation. What we most need in Washington is more statemanship and less politics, more of economic science and less of military skill, more of men who can foresee and prevent, and less of men to lament after it is too late.

In the twenty-two years that have passed since I first crossed our continent, the changes have not been as large as I had hoped to find. The isolation of the sparse settlements seems almost as great now as it was then. Probably the greatest change lies in seeing nowadays an automobile where formerly was seen a prairie schooner. The latter, however, belonged to some pioneer; the former, very likely, belongs to some corporation. The plains are as treeless as they were then, and, therefore, as waterless and as storm-ridden. Gone are the vast cattle ranches that flanked the railroad a score of years ago. The land lies almost as unbroken as it lay then. The people seen at the station or along the road seem, for the most part, to be foreigners, and even these the restrictionists would have kept out, had they had their way. Of all political madmen, the maddest surely are the restrictionists. Instead of inviting desirable foreigners by the thousands to come and settle upon our Western lands which fairly cry out for them, they try to keep back even the few that have

the courage to do pioneer work for the Nation's good as much as for their own.

Why do people speak so rapturously of the blueness of the Italian sky, when we have a superior grade of it in our own country? I have traveled in Italy twice, and neither time has its sky been as azure as is that of the Colorado mountains and plains. For mere scenic beauty, whether of sky or mountain, whether of land or water, one need never leave the borders of our land.

A truly charming city is Oakland, Cal., and one of a richly promising future. From a one-time insignificant town, it has rapidly grown into a city of more than 200,000 souls. It is the terminus of three great transcontinental railroads, and is now preparing to become a seaport town as well. Its streets and business houses are most creditable, its schools and churches beautiful, its residences charming. Its drives up the hillsides overlooking the bay and San Francisco and the ocean beyond afford views not easily excelled. Its magnificent trees, gigantic palms, eucalyptus, acacia, peppers, old oaks—its flowers in rich bloom and fragrance even late in October, and ornamenting profusely every one of the finer residences, their sidewalks, fences and walls, give the place the appearance of a park rather than an active, progressive city.

San Francisco is another translation into reality of the fabled story of the Phœnix setting its nest afire and arising from it rejuvenated. The city, which twenty-two years ago I saw consisting for the most part of frame, has become one of stone and iron. Its business houses would do credit to any of the great cities of the East. Its streets are throbbing with commerce. Wherever one looks, he sees a future the greatness of which not even the most sanguine dares to define. With the opening of the Panama Canal at hand, and with San Francisco as one of its nearest ports, the people of that city have an asset which they are not slow to recognize. They are living and working for the future as well as for the present. Their great courage after their earthquake disaster of a few years ago and their wonderful enterprise show that they are deserving of all that shall come to them.

FRIDAY, October 31, 1913.

It was promptly at 1 o'clock noon, Tuesday, Ocotber 28th, that our good ship *Korea,* of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, glided gently from its San Francisco pier on its long journey across the Pacific. A number of friends had gathered to bid us a hearty God-speed. Among these were Rabbis Meyer and Kaplan, of San Francisco; Rabbi Friedlander, of Oakland; the father of Rabbi Meyer, Mrs. Herbert Schamberg, formerly of Philadelphia, and Mr. Brown, head of the Utah Jewish Agricultural Colony, who had come to San Francisco on business in connection with the colony. Others had sent their farewell greetings aboard the steamer in the form of telegrams, letters, flowers, candies and cigars, and some of these came all the way from Philadelphia. These farewell messages and tokens were certainly cheering to us far away from home, starting on a voyage across the largest of all the oceans to a country the reaching of which requires sixteen days' sailing, with only one day's stop on the way, at Honolulu. The beautiful flowers sent us still grace the table of the captain, at which, at the latter's invitation, seats have been assigned to my party. The kindness of some of my friends thus lends cheer and brightness to all the dining-room, and the donors of them may feel themselves amply rewarded by the admiration their tokens of friendship have won from many of the officers and passengers aboard the ship.

The scenes on the pier and among the passengers as the ship sailed forth were the same as we are accustomed to at the ocean piers in New York—the same last embraces, the same tears and sobs, the same waving of handkerchiefs and last farewell shouts. The human heart is everywhere the same. Whether it be in the East or in the West, at home or abroad, the pang of parting is as keen as the joy of greeting is sweet. We cannot look unmoved upon the going of our dear ones, nor behold their returning without being deeply stirred. Since the catastrophe of the *Titanic,* partings on piers have become sadder, I believe, than they have been in recent times.

I have sailed on quite a number of ocean steamers, some

of them the greatest and best in their day, but not one of them has sailed as smoothly, as free from vibration as the *Korea*. It is of the size of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, of the North German Lloyd, though its equipment is not nearly as luxurious, nor does its table furnish as large á variety of food; but what it does furnish is plentiful and well prepared. And when we consider that, though covering a distance nearly twice as large as that which the Atlantic liners cover, and charges no more than they do, nor even as much, and provides better accommodations as to cabins, it gives its passengers more than their money's worth.

And I do not know of any essential that the other steamers have which the *Korea* has not. It is fitted out with a wireless telegraph plant and with submarine telegraph service. It has bilge keels, double bottoms and water-tight bulkheads. It has an electric fan in each cabin, and an electric lamp in each berth. It has electric fans in its dining-rooms and a swimming pool on its deck. Beside music at meals, it provides concerts every afternoon and evening. It provides entertainment for little ones and big ones, and of life-boats and rafts there seem to be more than needed for the safety of all the passengers.

The ship is comfortably filled with first cabin passengers. What of second cabin and steerage passengers there are seem to be Japanese and Chinamen. Those of the first cabin passengers who are not tourists are people who are either living in the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Philippine Islands, Japan and China, or they have business there. Some of these are of our faith, and it is interesting to hear the story of their lives in those far-distant lands.

The steerage passengers, about 300 of them, are exclusively Chinamen, Japs and a few Hindoos. White men are not allowed to travel steerage. The number of second cabin passengers is 36.

The crew is almost entirely composed of Japs and Mongolians. They are good workers and always at it, and they keep the ship scrupulously neat and clean. And these same people are our dining-room and cabin stewards. Attired in their native costumes, they glide along noiselessly, their minds upon their work, and their work directed toward the comfort

of the passengers. When I consider the economic efficiency of the Japanese, I cannot but marvel at the shortsightedness of California in wilfully depriving themselves of a class of people of which that State is in most urgent need. I suspect that back of the exclusion of the Japs is union labor and a desire on the part of politicians to court its votes, a combination that has never benefited either labor or the best interests of our country.

I mentioned above wireless telegraphy among the equipments of the *Korea*. But of what good would it be were, God forbid, a serious accident to befall our ship? This is Friday morning. We left the pier last Tuesday noon; with the exception of a single ship, which passed us day before yesterday, there has been nothing afloat or anything else in sight. And the officers tell us that, with the exception of the day's stop at Honolulu, there will likely be nothing in sight till two weeks hence, when we shall approach the Japanese shore. Vast as the Pacific ocean is, twice as large as the Atlantic, the largest of all the oceans, its vastness is made vaster still by its loneliness. On the Atlantic, not a day passes but some steamer, brig or schooner is visible along the horizon. Here there is nothing to divert the eye from the boat, and from the heaving and billowing waters beyond. What ship could wireless telegraphy summon to our side in the hour of need, seeing that there are so few to traverse the sea, and their sailing time so far apart? The Canadian Pacific line starts from Vancouver and takes the northern course direct to Japan, many hundreds of miles beyond our course. The two Japanese lines, though taking the same course as ours, are so scheduled as to time that they are either much ahead or much behind us. If obliged to take to our life-boats, of which there seems to be an ample sufficiency, even if all went well, we would probably have to spend many a day and many a night in them before we would be picked up.

This year is the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific by Balboa. It seems incomprehensible that so vast a body of water should have been unknown to Europe and to the older Asiatic civilization until the year 1513; and had it not been for the spirit of adventure and for the lust of gold, it might not have been discovered then nor long after.

With such an ocean as the Pacific and such a continent as America waiting for ages to be discovered, the people of the older continents certainly failed to avail themselves of golden opportunities.

Is there a difference between the Pacific and the Atlantic, as far as sailing is concerned? If there is, I cannot tell it. So far the weather has been excellent, and, consequently, the sea has been very quiet. There seems to be little or no sea-sickness. The officers, however, tell me that, notwithstanding its name, "Pacific," it can be as violent as the Atlantic, and even more so, when visited by a typhoon. Their last passage from the Orient, they tell me, was quite a stormy one. As a general thing, however, the prevailing opinion is that the name of these waters do not belie their nature.

How much alike human nature is! In the smoking room gambling is going on among white men day and night; on the steerage deck below, yellow men indulge in similar sport. The white man employs play-cards and betting pools; the yellow man has little portable tables and dice. Many of the latter are of the crew, and so addicted are they to gambling that the ships would be without crews were the pleasure of gambling denied them. Their best customers, it seems, are first cabin passengers.

One striking difference between Atlantic and Pacific travel seems to lie in the absence of beverage consumption at the table. On the Atlantic nearly every passenger has at his principal meals either his bottle of wine or his mug of beer. Europe has so strongly imposed its custom upon the American that, whether he wants to or not, he feels himself almost obliged to comply with the rule. Here, on the Pacific, I have not yet seen any of these beverages on any of the tables. Here the American custom prevails. But the American bar-room is not wanting in the smoking room, the barkeeper of which is a Chinaman and the custodian of the liquors a Jew. Perhaps the European custom is after all the better, the less conducive to excess and drunkenness.

The new ocean traffic between Europe and America is largely in the hands of Europeans; that between America and the Orient is in the hands of Americans and Japanese. Judging from the present three splendid trans-Pacific liners

of the latter, and their mighty shipbuilding industry and skill, the time may not be far distant when Japan will occupy a commanding place not only of the Pacific, but also of the Indian and Atlantic oceans as well.

The Japanese people interest me greatly, and I am told that I will find their country fascinating. It seems that I will have exceptional opportunities for observing that land and its people. In the first place, my little party is under the conductorship of Captain Beardsley, a representative of the Raymond-Whitcomb Touring Agency, who, besides having been a sea captain himself and an instructor in a nautical school, has made a tour of the world twelve different times, and is almost as much at home in the Orient as in his native Massachusetts. In the second place, I have with me letters of introduction, which, if need should require, would secure for me counsel and aid of some of the foremost men of the countries which I am to visit. To mention a few of the names of people to whom I am bearer of letters:

His Excellency, Baron K. Takahashi, Minister of Finance, Tokio, Japan.
President Harada, Doshisha College, Kyota, Japan.
President of the Republic of China, Yuen Shai Kai, Peking, China.
Doctor Morrison, Adviser to the President of China, Peking, China.
General Li Huen Hung, Vice-President Republic of China, Woodrang, China.
Dr. Gilbert Read, Shanghai, China.

and other similar letters to these and other countries in the Far and Near East. In addition, I have special letters from the Government of Washington and from the Governor of our State to the diplomatic and consular officers of the United States, stationed in those far-distant countries. And I may also mention that the Ambassador of the United States to Japan, the Hon. George W. Guthrie, is Past Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Pennsylvania, of which I am Grand Chaplain.

Last evening one of my fellow-passengers asked me if I was on a business trip to the Orient. When I told him that my business is to be a study of the countries and peoples in the Far East, he dropped the subject. He probably has no further use for me. Study, perhaps, does not count much

with him. Talking of business reminds me of the following item of news in last Monday's issue of the San Francisco papers: "Mr. Joseph Krauskopf, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, en route with his family to the Orient, is stopping at the St. Francis." In another column was an account of my address at the cornerstone-laying of the Oakland Synagogue the day before, and in still another column mention was made of my having taken part in the Beilis Ritual Murder Mass Meeting, that took place at San Francisco Sunday afternoon, at the time when I was in Oakland. My name had been placed on the program in anticipation of my arrival in time. Of such news is much of newspapers made.

It is growing warmer; we are nearing the Tropics in our course toward Honolulu, which lies 18 degrees south of our starting point. Yokohama, our objective point, lies directly opposite San Francisco. Had we taken the straight course, we would have saved 800 miles of travel. They tell us, however, that the capital of the Sandwich Islands is well worth a visit.

The waters are hourly growing bluér, revealing increasingly lower depths. There are spots in the oceans where the depths exceed five miles, and the Pacific ocean contains more such spots than any other. Some of them are located around these parts. To have a proper conception of a depth exceeding five miles, one needs but bear in mind the fact that the highest mountain in the world, Mt. Everett in the Himalayas, is 29,000 feet high, and soundings of ocean beds have revealed a depth of 31,000 feet, almost six miles.

Compared with these depths, how shallow seem some of those waters with which we are familiar nearer home. If, from some cause, 600 feet of the surface of the Atlantic were to evaporate, the British Isles would cease to be islands, would become a part of the Continent, and people going from Paris to London would no longer need to dread the trip across the Channel. The whole journey would be made on dry land. Another consequence would be that the continents of Asia and America would be land-united at the Behring Straits. And going a step further and imagining the ocean surface to sink 3000 feet below its present level, we would find that the continent of North America would become one

of the continents of Europe; an ordinary railroad train or wagon road would span the distance between the two. "Consummation devoutly to be wished," some would say. But they would not say it long were they to know the consequence on climate, even on the maintenance of life, such a change would produce. A thousand times rather seasickness than the sinking of the ocean by a hundred feet.

Despite the calmness of to-day's weather, the ocean is heaving and billowing. Whether or not it be true that there is no rest for the wicked I do not know; but I do know that there is no rest for the sea, at least not on top or near the surface. In the depths below, however, all is calm and cold and dark, no matter how agitated or how warm or how bright above. Not even the most violent storm can stir up those deeps. Not even the most brilliant sunlight can light up its darkness nor loosen the spell of its cold. Were it possible during some raging storm to sink deep into the sea and keep the breath of life, we would find absolute quiet, but a quiet that would mean death if we did not come provided with heat to keep warm and with light to guide our way. Who would not prefer the storm above, with all its dangers, to such a dark, freezing, deadly calm below?

I have already cited the Biblical verse, "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is never full; unto the place whence the rivers come thence do they return again." Truer words than these have never been written, and one cannot but marvel at the wisdom of the ancient writer. Runlets find their way to rivulets, rivulets to brooklets, brooklets to streams, streams to rivers, rivers to the sea. Whether they flow on the surface of the earth or make their way through subterranean channels, not a drop but finds its way to the sea, as vapor if not in liquid form, indirect if not direct. Scientists have figured out that the annual contribution to the sea of the River Seine is five cubic miles; of the River Rhein, 10 cubic miles; of the Mississippi and the Yangtse Kiang, 125 cubic miles each, each year. And yet, notwithstanding these colossal contributions, the rivers do not run dry, neither does the ocean overflow. What becomes of the water?

The ocean is not a selfish receiver. It spends yet more liberally than it receives. It is the greatest purifier and

refiner of which the world has knowledge. It cleanses the waters that come to it mixed with all manners of impurities. It transmits them to the air, sends them forth on the wings of wind and storm, which scatter them over the earth as rains, which nourish man and beast and plant.

Truly, "all the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is never full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thence do they return again."

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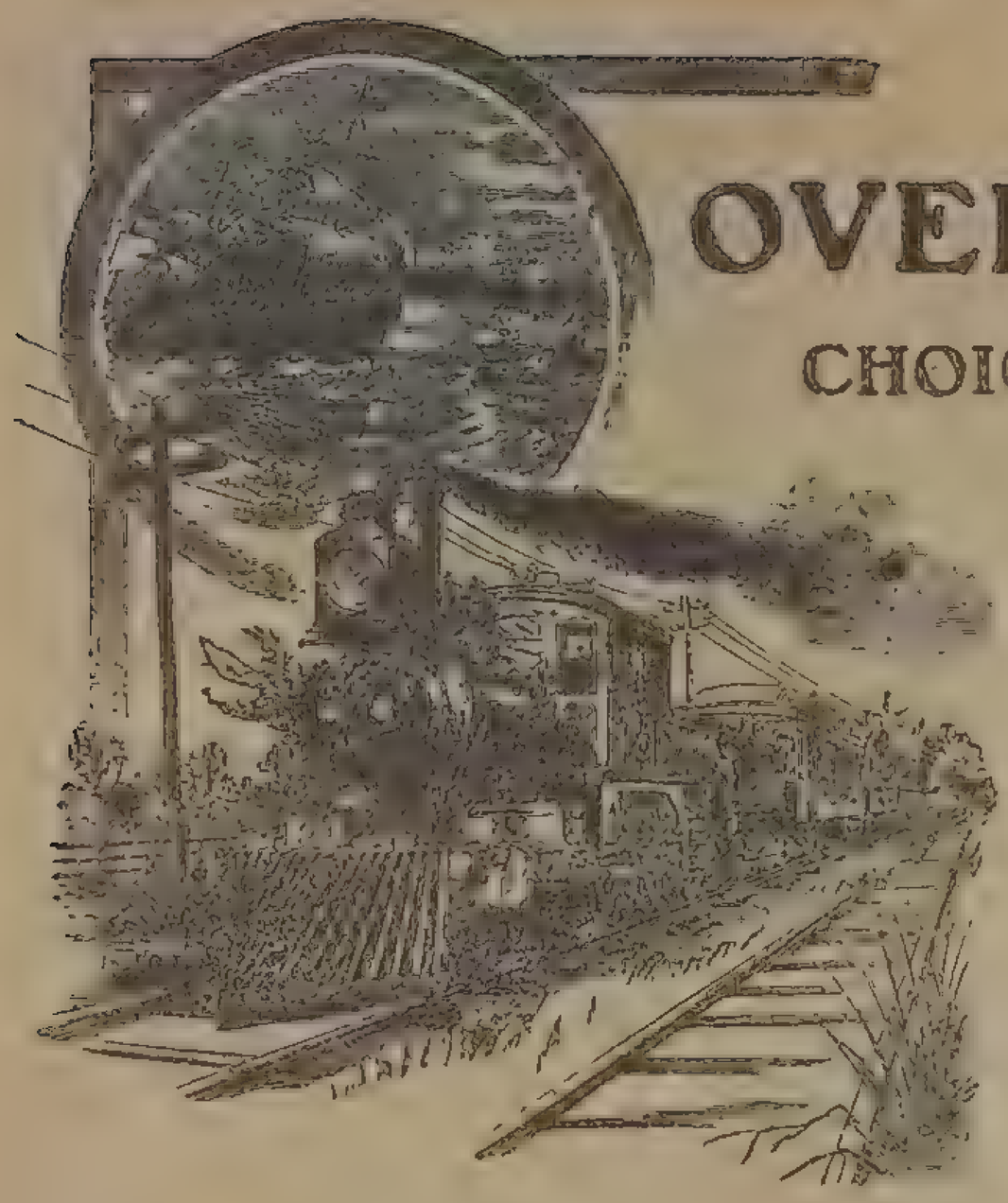
WAGING WAR ON IGNORANCE

BY

Rabbi HENRY BERKOWITZ, D.D.
Chancellor of the Jewish Chautauqua Society.

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Philadelphia, Pa., November 30th, 1913,

BY

Rabbi Henry Berkowitz, D.D.

Chancellor of the Jewish Chautauqua Society.

A winged word flitting from lip to lip, like a bee from flower to flower, is the honeyed phrase, "America is a synonym for opportunity." America, the greatest Democracy in the history of the world, is a synonym for opportunity of what kind? There are various answers to that inquiry. The first answer is given by one who leaps into the arena of public notice, clad in fantastic garb of red and white stripes with vestment of blue, on which silver stars glitter like jewels on a breastplate. He is the proverbial "Yankee," a grotesque figure which still evokes the plaudits and the laughter of the encircling multitudes. Generous, tolerant, liberal, hospitable, cherishing in his heart a thousand great virtues, but wearing on his sleeve a hundred petty weaknesses, he is rude, uncouth, boastful and vain. Charged with the electricity of enthusiasm, he needs but to be touhced off to shoot forth brilliant flashes of brag. Let him but mount the rostrum, and the American Eagle flaps her wings uproariously, while he makes the welkin resound with thunderous peals of bombast. To him America is the opportunity for the exercise of political power, for here every man is a sovereign ruler in the most glorious dominion on earth.

Another answer to our inquiry is given by that type of American well portrayed by Mr. Howells in "A Hazard of New Fortunes." He rubs his hands with glee, and his portly frame is convulsed with the laughter which rings from his inner, smug, self-satisfaction. Generous, tolerant, liberal, hospitable, as all Americans instinctively are, he dispenses

prodigal gifts as he sits secure in the midst of his vast possessions. From his mountains of coal and iron, his gold mines, his teeming prairie lands, from his two oceans on either side and the isles of the seas beyond, wealth comes streaming into his coffers. "Nothing succeeds like success," is the maxim of his homely philosophy, and sometimes he does not insist on too many scruples in achieving success. To him America is the opportunity for making money, and money the synonym for all power.

Often the fear is expressed lest a few men, ambitious for political power, may turn America into a mere opportunity for the Demagogue. More urgent still is the dread lest a dozen multi-millionaires may turn America into the supreme opportunity of the plutocrat. "The Democracy," we are told, "is being transformed before our very eyes into an Oligarchy. The government by the many is a mere name; in reality, ours is the government by the few."

Now, it is true that we have based our government on universal suffrage. We have given the vote, with scarcely a restriction, to any who may care to have it, excepting to women, who alone seem anxious to have it. America is not merely the opportunity but the equal opportunity of all, rich or poor, ignorant or wise, irrespective of race, creed or color. Lincoln gave us the most simple, work-a-day definition of democracy as a form of government—"Of the people, by the people, for the people." While glorying in the privilege that has come to us after generations of conflict, we dare not blind ourselves to the fact that our democracy is the most serious, grave and difficult experiment in self-government ever attempted in history. Not that we need greatly fear the demagogue who attains political power, for the wonderful checks and balances of our Constitutional Government have heretofore, and will, we confidently trust, hereafter, balk every usurpation. Not that we need fear the plutocrat, for the wisdom and moral energy of honest statesmen is surely finding the right means of coping with the new problems of capitalist combination and the conflicts of the classes.

The one real danger we recognize lies in the ignorance of the masses, both because they are plastic to-day alike to the touch of demagogue and autocrat, and also because to-morrow

they may become the rebellious mob, overriding both of these and striking down the majesty of law and order itself. The masses of the people are likely to be ignorant and prone to act on impulse, whims and prejudices; therefore, democracy may level down rather than level up. What then? Shall we, because of these dangers, avow the democracy a failure and withdraw the popular franchise? That was not Lincoln's view. He trusted the heart and the common sense of the common people, and his trust was not in vain. There shall be no weakening of that trust in these days, but more than ever shall it be our duty to meet the dangers of democracy with more democracy.

If our danger lies in the democracy of ignorance, then must we combat that ignorance with the democracy of education. This is but a fulfillment of our traditions, for in the early days Washington himself pronounced these golden words: "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, public opinion should be enlightened. Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge."

In the spirit of that admonition, New England more than two hundred years ago founded the Public School System, which has spread throughout the land and attained to such marked development as to constitute to-day what is perhaps our most valuable agency for training in citizenship to insure the perpetuity of the Republic. "There is probably no other single institution," said the eminent English publicist, William H. Lecky, "to which America owes so much." Indeed, this testimony is daily before your eyes as you see the marvelous transformation wrought in the immigrant child in school-room and school-yard. A vast array of teachers is engaged throughout the land in drilling the largest army of pupils ever recruited in the history of mankind for the war against ignorance. The heterogeneous races, creeds and classes are thus blended into the elements of which are compounded one splendid, sturdy American people inspired with holy enthusiasm in behalf of the high ideals of freedom and fair play. One who has beheld the thrilling ceremony of saluting the flag at the Educational Alliance in New York has had an object lesson, never to be forgotton, of how our public educa-

research into all fields of human inquiry, and to great movements which seek to make life healthier, happier, sweeter, more refined. Thus does the practical yield homage to the ideal. "So far, so good"—but the education of culture, while it goes far, does not go far enough, and fails to reach the highest good.

No experience in life is more painful than when we are deceived in some fine gentleman of the highest culture, or some lady of the most delicate refinement, whom we have cherished as the very embodiment of high idealism. That keen disappointment is not alone a rude shock to our sensibilities, but a startling revelation that even the education of culture does not in itself insure character. One may graduate at the highest school only an intellectual prig, a cad or snob. Keenness of intellect may make for nothing more than cleverness, cunning, shrewdness and deceit. One of the most intelligent men I have ever met was in the penitentiary for counterfeiting. I found him in his cell studying international law from books in various languages, probably to learn how to evade the laws of all nations.

To quote the obscure critic again: "With your building of many high schools and universities, jails are not being demolished." This is no doubt an extreme statement, but it expresses the fatal weakness in our warfare on ignorance. Our modern technical education looks to the careful training of the hand and the head, but leaves the heart unmoved. Our exquisite classical studies feed the imagination of our youth in the most plastic period of life on literatures which glorify sensuousness and ribaldry, exalting into heroes and demigods those whose actions are characterized by every form of baseness and viciousness.

A revulsion against these errors has seized upon the leaders of thought and the guides of our youth. A new trend is manifest to-day in the work of all our National Educational Associations. They have set themselves earnestly to the task of dedicating all instruction to character building. Arithmetic and algebra, geography and the sciences, art, esthetics, history and the literatures are all alike to be made effective in strengthening the moral fibre of the growing generation. To infuse with the spiritual force of moral energy all utili-

tarian and all cultural studies alike is the avowed motive which actuates the latest tendency in modern education.

Again, we need to be on our guard against lurking dangers. These dangers lie in the prevailing conception that to spiritualize knowledge means to inject into it sectarian religious interpretations. The hue and cry has gone up throughout the land that the public schools are "godless." They have failed in the moral education of youth. Witness the new shame which has come upon our generation in the necessity for juvenile courts and the multiplication of reformatories. Behold the growth of vice and corruption in our cities! See how cheap is the sacred right of the franchise, when votes are for sale for a pittance!

Stung by these outcries, over-zealous friends of religion have leaped to the conclusion that to remedy these evils we must introduce religion into the schools. In some places sectarian hymns are sung; religious topics are assigned as themes; school-rooms are adorned with texts and pictures of a sectarian character; Christmas, Easter and Good Friday are commemorated by exercises and religious symbolism or honored by vacations. The Legislature of Pennsylvania last winter enacted a law making it obligatory upon every teacher in the public schools to read a selection from the Bible.

Those who are responsible for these things are undoubtedly honest in their intentions, but they are sadly misguided. They are playing false to the highest interpretation of democracy, which makes America a synonym for opportunity to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience, and not according to the dictates of some other man's conscience or lack of it.

The glory of the New World above the Old World is the absolute separation of Church and State. Therefore, while all teaching in our public schools must be moral, none may be sectarian. This is the distinct province of the home and Religious Schools. But it is charged that these have failed so largely that, therefore, the State must intervene. Against this charge I enter my earnest protest and denial. The fact is that the interference of the State tends to rob the home and the Religious School of their opportunities by so absorbing the time, interest and zeal of the pupil that mere frag-

ments of these are left for the specific task of character building. The Religious School is the step-child of the educational system. Consciously or unconsciously, both children and parents are led to feel that its claims are subordinate. This you know to be true, from the carelessness and indifference with which the demands of the Religious School are treated as compared with the scrupulousness with which those of the secular schools are obeyed. Yet we know that the whole fate of the child as an individual depends not on our success in imparting knowledge to him, but on the effective inculcation of right principle; and we know that the whole fate of the Republic rests not in the culture, the skill or the money-making propensities of the people, but in their strength of character.

Let us give up the attempt to inject religion into the public schools. At best, this is but a mere toying with a serious problem. Instead of this, I propose that the two systems of education, the secular and the religious, be kept strictly apart, but be co-ordinated in effecting the proper development of the child. How shall this be done? I have a definite and practical proposal to make, which I should like to see inaugurated in Philadelphia. Let a commission be appointed by the Superintendent of Public Education, consisting of himself and representatives of the educational work of all our religious and ethical schools. Let this commission agree upon a plan by which credits shall be accorded to each pupil in the Secular School for work done in the Religious School. Already a similar plan has been put into operation in Oregon and elsewhere, giving credits to boys and girls for tasks performed in the field, the shop, the garden and the home, thus dignifying even the menial services as a part of the education for life. How much more, then, should religious education be similarly exalted!

Just as credits are given for a knowledge of Greek and Roman History, so also let credits be given for a knowledge of Jewish History or Church History. As credits are given for a knowledge of Latin, Greek, French and German, why should not credits be given for a knowledge of the Hebrew Language? As we exact an acquaintance with the literatures of the various peoples, why not honor with equal respect the

greatest literature of the world—Biblical Literature? Secure for these and other studies of the Religious Schools their just valuation, and you will standardize these schools. Then, behold how they will rise in the esteem of the people! The homes and Religious Schools will be vitalized to fulfill their grave responsibility. Parents who have no religious affiliations will be spurred on as never before to conform to the impulse given their children by this new system of character building.

This plan is practical. Already Columbia University gives credits to students for work done in the Jewish Theological Seminary; Cincinnati University, for the work of its students at the Hebrew Union College; Texas University, for that at the Austin Seminary. The University of Missouri has entered into this movement, and that of North Dakota has proceeded farthest by granting recognition for similar efforts made beyond their walls in Sunday-schools, churches and clubs. These experiments point the way for an expansion to include a similar recognition by all universities and high schools, as well as secondary schools.

By this means the homes and religious schools of all denominations will be left free to exercise that distinct function which the secular schools may not and must not touch upon; that is, to impart those sanctions of conduct and grounds of obligation which infuse into morality a vital and imperative force. Each religion has its own effective modes of impressing those sanctities which seize upon the souls of its devotees and constrain their impulses toward right action and noble endeavor.

Consider, for example, what a tremendous impulse would, by these means, be imparted to the Jewish people in this country to educate themselves and their children in their own wonderful history and religion. It is because of their grave ignorance of these that hosts of Jews are lacking in self-respect and invoke the contempt of others. How can we expect to combat successfully the prejudice and misunderstandings which feed upon ignorance, unless we are equipped with the proper knowledge and inspired by a true appreciation of our heritage? To this end, we need to be banded together in a great movement for popularizing the knowledge

of our own law and religion. A recognition of this fact prompted me, twenty years ago, to venture upon such an undertaking. In order to stimulate the scattered Jews of this land to inform themselves and their children on Jewish subjects, the well-known and well-tried methods of the Chautauqua System of Education were adopted. Thousands of persons have been reached and supplied with simple and practical modes of self-instruction. The standards of teaching in our Jewish schools, in villages and towns throughout the country, have been materially influenced for good by the Jewish Teachers' Institutes convened from year to year. All this effort has crystallized in the organization of a Correspondence School, which has already enrolled more than seventy students working under a faculty of experts. Of this faculty Rabbi Landman has recently become a member, instructing the course on the Hebrew Prophets.

Doctor Krauskopf has devoted himself to the laudable enterprise of educating Jewish farmers at the National Farm School. The Jewish Chautauqua Society helps to keep them on the farm by making it possible to educate their children as Jews. We have a paid director in the farming colonies of South Jersey; another who is serving the farmers of North Dakota, traveling over an area of some two hundred miles.

A field secretary has been for years traveling through all the sections of the country, from Maine to California, bringing the message of Judaism to the scattered communities of Israel.

At the request of the United States Commissioner of Education, we have been sending lecturers and instructors to impart Jewish knowledge to the students at the summer schools of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. Their wonderful success calls for a further expansion of this important work as the funds shall allow.

The outstanding feature of the Chautauqua work has been the popular assembly. These assemblies have met year after year, in various communities from the Atlantic to the Pacific, providing an open forum for the free discussion of all Jewish subjects by men and women, Rabbis and laymen, Jews and Christians alike. The Twentieth Anniversary Assembly is to meet in Philadelphia, December 25 to 31, 1913. You and

all the Jews of Philadelphia will thus become the hosts of the visitors who are to come here from many sections of the land to participate. In this mustering of the forces engaged in waging the warfare against ignorance, I ask your whole-hearted support and co-operation.

To set this work upon a permanent basis and to permit of its proper expansion a national fund of one hundred thousand dollars is needed. The list of annual subscribers must be augmented. Philadelphia has nobly sustained the other national Jewish organizations which have their headquarters here, notably the Jewish Publication Society and the National Farm School. After twenty years the Jewish Chautauqua has earned a like claim to your support.

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OUR MORAL TENDENCIES

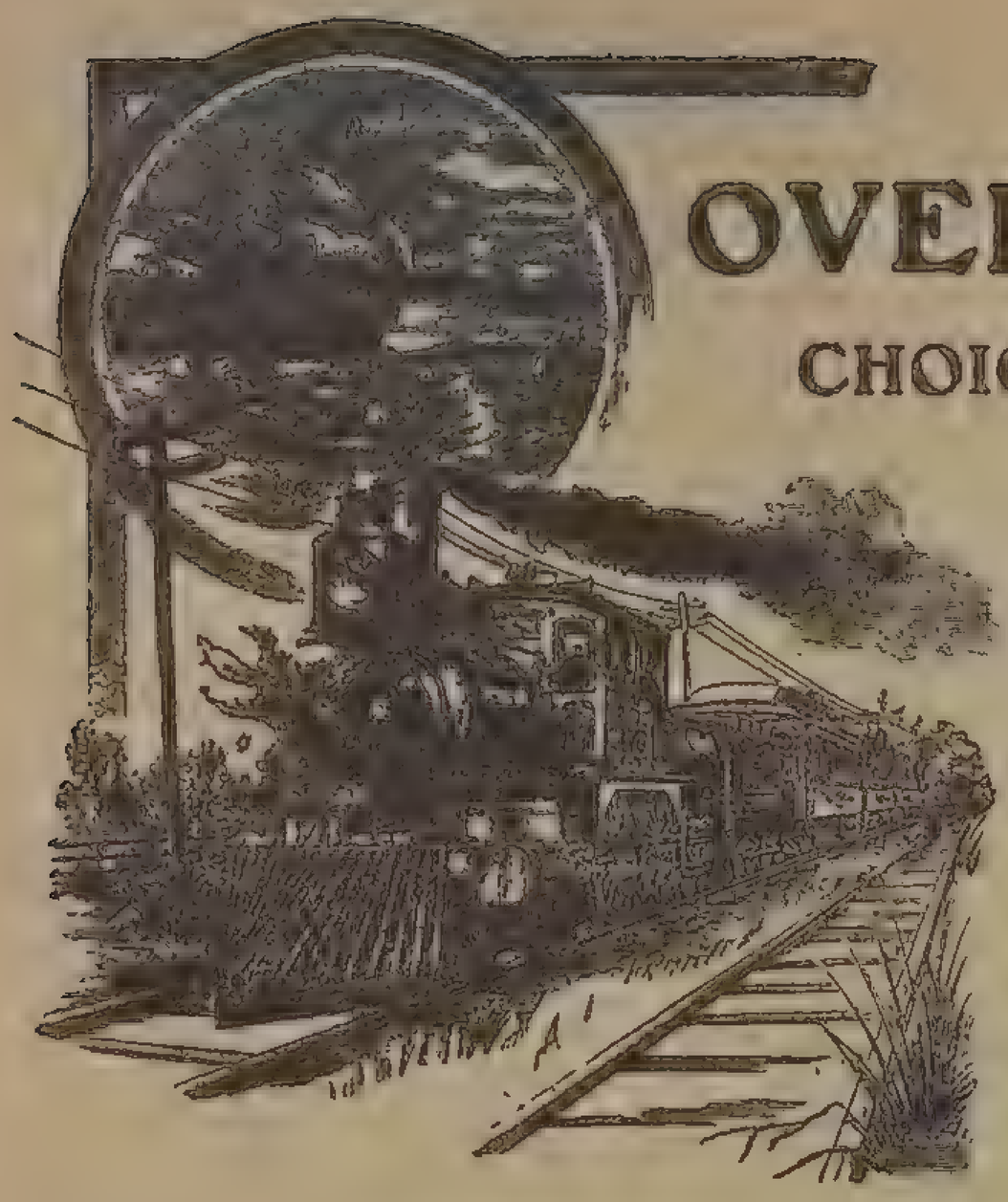
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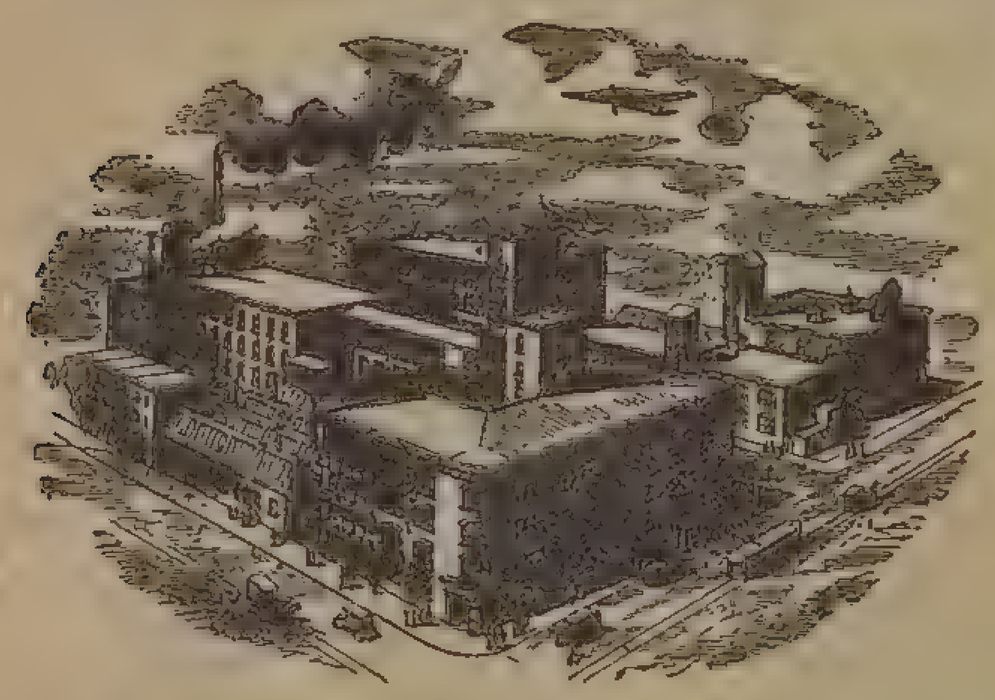
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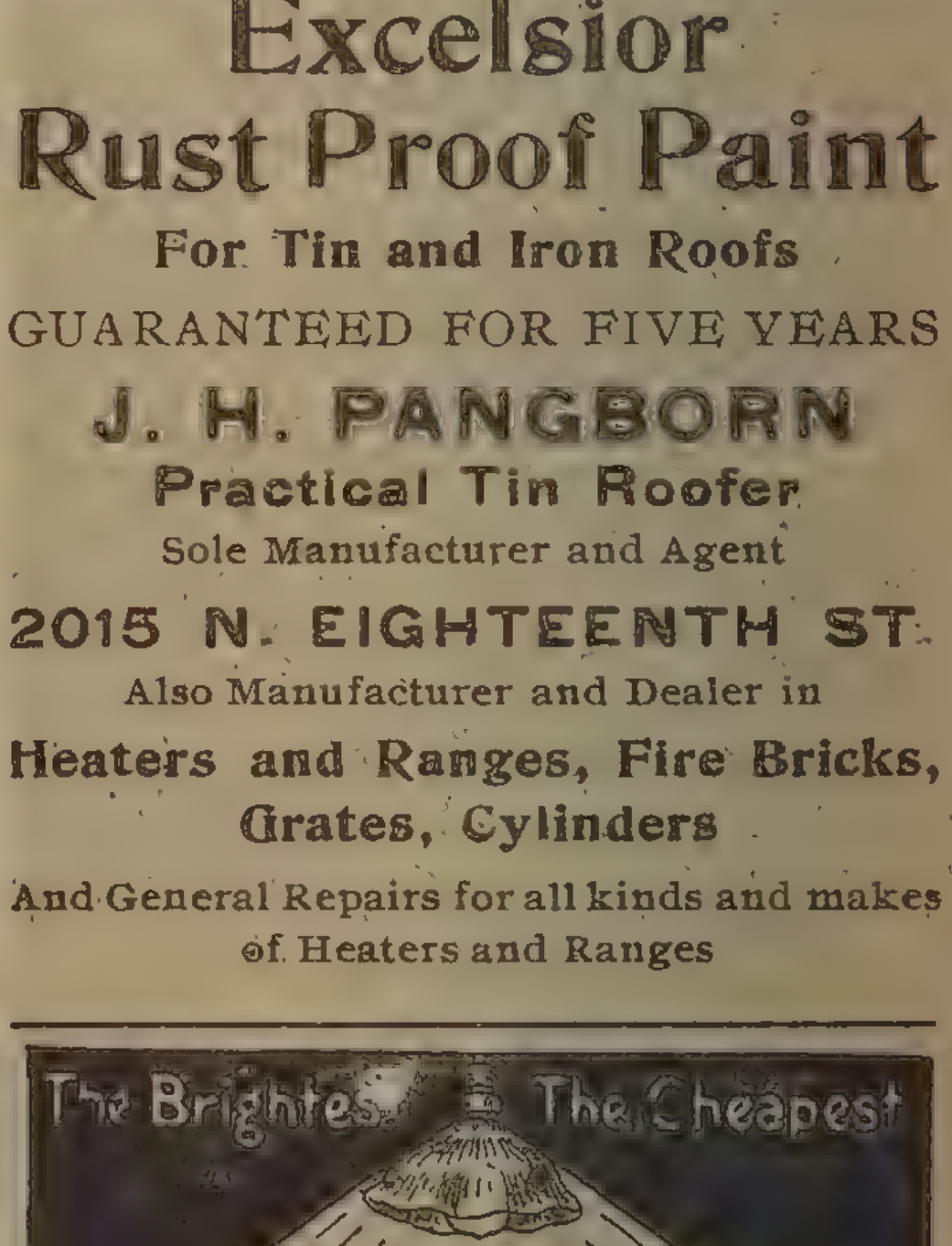
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Our Moral Tendencies.

A Discourse at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Isaac Landman,

Philadelphia, December 7th, 1913.

"Mockery and frivolity," says Rabbi Akiba, "are the forerunners of immorality." This teacher, patriot and martyr of the second century of the Common Era, came to his conclusion after he viewed the moral condition of Rome and measured it with the yardstick of the Jewish moral law. He saw immorality flaunted throughout the Empire. He asked the reason why. He found the answer in the frivolity of the people of all classes and in their mockery of the gods.

"Mockery and frivolity are the forerunners of immorality."

Another Rabbi, a contemporary of Akiba, Rabbi Gamaliel II, is credited with a remark equally striking and equally applicable to the situation in the Roman Empire, as these great Jewish teachers analyzed it. "Since shamelessness has augmented," the Midrash quotes him, "men have lost their dignity." Pride and splendor were not lacking in the centers of Roman society in Gamaliel's and Akiba's days, but dignity, self-respect, high-mindedness had passed out with the coming in of the prosperity under the Cæsars that was sweeping the Empire to its destruction at the hands of the savage hordes of Northern Europe.

'Shamelessness brings loss of dignity."

There is not a student and moralist of our time who could have analyzed and described the moral tendencies of this generation more clearly and succinctly than do these two quotations from the ancient

These quotations analyze our moral tendencies.

Rabbis. Shamelessness in dress and behavior have swept away our self-respect. Frivolity in amusement and dissipation in the association of the sexes have robbed us of dignity. Mockery of all that is sacred and holy in religion and in life has undermined our spiritual stamina. The interaction of all these is degrading us into immorality.

Our drama and literature mirror them.

Whither, indeed, are we tending morally? The stage, said to be the glass in which a generation is mirrored, reeks with the dirt of the gutter and the stench of the sewer. Current fiction breathes the passion of sexuality and out-Maupassants the master of sex-coarseness and brutality. The daily press shrieks its murder stories and screams its social scandals in blinding black and blushing red. And the answer of producer and publisher is that "business is business," and "This is what the people want."

There is a demand for immoral books and ndecent plays.

To our dismay it must be admitted, that the producers of plays and the publishers of fiction and news are correct. Plays of immoral themes are splendidly patronized, books and magazines that cater to indecency are among the best sellers, and the newspapers that print the vilest news and features have the largest circulation. Judge the situation from whatever angle, and we find operating the ancient law of demand and supply. Theatre owners and managers are not our teachers of morals. Publishing houses, like other corporations, must pay dividends. As long, therefore, as there is a demand for the vulgar, the obscene, the unholy, it will be gratified.

We do not want the clean, the artistic, the spiritual.

To add to our dismay, the additional fact must be admitted, that apparently there is no demand for the artistic, the clean, the spiritual. The past few years have witnessed the utter failure of all altruistic attempts on the stage and in literature. The experience of all these undertakings has been: The people do not want them and will not pay the price. Artistic presentations on the stage, for art's sake, starved to

[illegible] Publications of the highest order and literary [illegible] have gone begging even for bookshelf space. [illegible]gazines and newspapers have altered editorial [illegible] to satisfy the clamor for the sensational, the sexual, the salacious. And the cry has long been heard in the land that churches and synagogues, the homes of spirituality, are sadly wanting in attendance.

On the stage and in literature we get what we want.

It is well enough to deery the so-called commercial theatre. The theatre is a business, and [illegible] to run it on a plan of art for art's sake have failed of support patronage. It is well enough to deery the peril of insidious influence, the newspapers of indecent facts and the magazines of contaminating fiction, but as long as the reading public want that kind of stuff they will not be denied.

Technically, drama and literature have not declined.

Disinterested critics, who are not moralists and who can face facts sternly and dispassionately, will grant, I believe, that our stage is not at all degenerate. Modern plays show keener study of human emotions, clearer grasp of the psychology behind them, better technique, more careful staging and greater sincerity on the part of authors and players. Nor can it be held fairly that our literature has declined. Our novels are less far-fetched in plot, better constructed and more carefully made; our magazines and newspapers are assuredly edited more efficiently and more skillfully produced. Technically, and as products of the dramatic and literary laboratories and workshops, we are far in advance of the past generation.

It is our taste and morals that have degenerated.

It is only to the content of our drama and literature that we can conscientiously object. The themes are indecent and vile, and these themes are played up and written up so well technically that they are the more shocking and outrageous. But it cannot be denied that the commercial theatre fills a want. If it didn't, it would soon go out of business. The questionable literature answers a demand. If it didn't, the stalls would soon cease to flaunt it and the shelves to

be weighed down by it. The condition of our morals as indicated on our stage and in our literature cannot rightfully be placed at the doorstep of producer and publisher. It must be brought right home, where it belongs, *to us*. If anything has declined, it is not our drama, but our taste. If anything has degenerated, it is not our literature, but our morals.

We are flippant, shameless, frivolous and mocking.

Morally, our generation is on a downward grade. Home life has disintegrated for those who are absorbed in the constant pursuit of sensational pleasure. Our tendencies are toward flippancy and shamelessness, and therefore society has lost dignity and high-mindedness. Our tendencies are toward frivolity and mockery, and therefore are we devoid of the artistic and the spiritual. We must be passing through the moral conditions of Rome of the second century that called from the Rabbis quoted the criticisms and the warnings: "Since shamelessness has augmented, men have lost their dignity." "Mockery and frivolity are the forerunners of immorality."

Prosperity and irreligion csuse these tendencies.

Two causes have produced these moral tendencies in our generation—prosperity and irreligion. These two do not necessarily go hand in hand. The prosperous may be exceedingly religious and the irreligious may not come from the monied classes. That is why Sir Alfred Russell Wallace can conclude, somewhat exaggeratedly, in his last public utterance on our morals, that "our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom."

The prosperity-tired business or professional man and his reiation to the stage and literature.

If it is conceded that drama and literature are the surest mirrors of a generation, then the situation is easily analyzed. The typical audience, that is supplied with the typical insipidity or immorality of the present-day stage, is made up of the so-called tired business or professional man, his wife and his daughter. The tragedy of the tired business or professional man is that he is really tired of himself and that he is pampered by his equally tired wife and frivolity-mad

daughter. He is tired of himself because his daily labor, his constant and insatiate pursuit of the dollar, and even his actual accumulation of wealth, bring him no inner satisfaction and, therefore, no happiness. He unfits himself for developing a taste for art, for music, for drama that deal with the inner life. He may talk about the romance of commerce and the poetry of science; but his heart is dead romantically and his soul starved poetically. He takes no time to think of anything else but his business and his recreation. So, his jaded mind has to be fed on rubbish. He can't associate happily with an author who thinks on the printed page or who has his thoughts translated into action on the stage. For his recreation he must have the girl-and-song show and the light fiction that will ease his stupefied mind and lighten the burden of his cares; or he must have the shocker and thriller that is supplied by the vile, the immoral, the criminal, now served up regularly as the appetizing dish by our dramatic and literary chefs. But none of these affects his inner life or satisfies his sick or starving soul. The tired business or professional man continues tired despite his recreation—tired especially of himself.

His equally tired wife and daughter.

His womenfolks pity him because he labors so strenuously. Therefore they must accompany him in search of his foolish and absurd recreation. Empty-souled and urged on by his self-indulged women, the poor, tired fellow cultivates his recreation with the same vim that he applies to his business; and the mother and daughter, with a far greater vim than they apply to home and culture. That is why we have in society the imitation of what is seen on the stage, in dance and dress. Mother and daughter employ the cheap and obvious methods to attract men in society that are the stock in trade for drawing the tired husband and father into the show-house or the innocent youth and dissipated fool into houses of ill fame. Indeed, we are told that demi-mondes no longer paint gaudily and

dress flashily, so that they may be distinguished from the respectable women and girls in the street.

The pathos of the situation.

Women dressed attractively in the past without being gaudy and shameless. We danced gracefully before without being vulgar and sensational. We sang and played and held social intercourse during former generations without losing dignity and being dissipated. But now, dress, dance and play have become an absorbing quest and an obsession. Cafés are crowded day and night. Food is tame unless it is seasoned by a cabaret. The vogue in the stylish cafés is dancing between courses. Isn't it all very pathetic! The poor, jaded, tired husband and father; his dear, loving, pampering wife; their silly, frivolous, empty-headed daughter; and what can be said of, or hoped for, their son!

Imitative tendencies of the less fortunate

That is how unwonted prosperity has dealt a killing blow to self-respect, dignity and high-mindedness. The less prosperous and the poor must, perforce, follow the pace of the rich. The rich give prestige to frivolity and shamelessness in dress and behavior. Obviously garish clothes of an obviously immodest cut must be imitated. Obviously sensual dances must necessarily be more vulgarized and carried to extreme. Therefore do the mirrors of stage and literature, all along the line, reflect a hideous picture of moral incompetence and degeneracy.

Irreligion and the morals of our generation.

Irreligion has dealt our morals a second blow from another direction. The science that has broken the phalanx of the old theology has touched slightly a great number and has shattered their faith. These do not heed the fact that from the crumbled old theology a new and reasoned faith is arising. They devote themselves entirely to anti-religious thinking and reading. They remain unacquainted with the hundreds of books dealing with the new phase of religious belief and with the newer attitude that religion is taking toward life.

The new aim of religious striving.

Religion no longer purposes primarily to make men good, but to develop men spiritually. Better representation in the halls of legislation, more equitable legal enactments and more stringent enforcement of the laws on the statute books are the newer forces that tend to make people good. We have not yet reached the condition which Rabbi Johanan ben Zakkai held up as an ideal to his disciples: "May the fear of God be as strong in you as the fear of man." Legislation and its enforcement can make men fear the law, but they cannot make them inherently moral any more than prohibition can stave off the craving after drink, or police regulation can stamp out vice, or police censorship of the stage can elevate the drama, or library boards can alter the literary taste by excluding indecent books from their catalogues, or indiscriminate harping on our moral degeneracy can develop a lofty spirituality.

Character the fundamental of morality.

Irreligion has demolished our powers of self-control and self-sacrifice, the two forces that make for character building; and character is the fundamental of morality. Couple with irreligion the havoc that prosperity has wrought among the affluent, and imitative jealousy among the less fortunate, and we have the clear analysis of the direction in which our morals are tending.

No substitute for religion as the force in character building.

Now, no substitute has yet been discovered for religion as the most effective moral force. But it is the frivolous and the shameless who are farthest removed from the influence of Synagogue or Church, of the old school of theology or the new; and the revilers and mockers persist in their ignorance of the new ideals that are animating Church and Synagogue. Some sort of action is needed, therefore, to restore the spiritual and moral force of religion to its own, to make it again the dominant factor in building character, to spiritualize the lives of men, if moral grandeur is once more to crown our generation.

Concerted effort by religious leaders needed to uplift our moral standards.

The movements for moral uplift, not of the fadist, but of truly spiritually minded men and women, are a hopeful sign for the future. The striving for social justice, which has been the ideal of Synagogue and Church since social justice was first conceived by the Prophets, is another hopeful sign. More important than these, however, must be a concerted movement on the part of synagogue and church leaders to rid their institutions of their outworn theologies that cannot attract the frivolous and repel the mockers. Imbued with a genuine missionary spirit, they must begin to teach Religion's new attitude toward life to Religion's natural heirs. Under such force the tired business and professional man and their families will soon be awakened to sanity, to self-respect, to dignity, to spirituality and the irreligious scoffer will soon be restored to a new and vital faith. The moral tendencies that now press us downward will vanish and new tendencies will take their place to lift us upward to the most ideal moral heights.

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PHILADELPHIA

VOL. XXVII Sunday, December 28th, 1913 No. 7

A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

II.

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

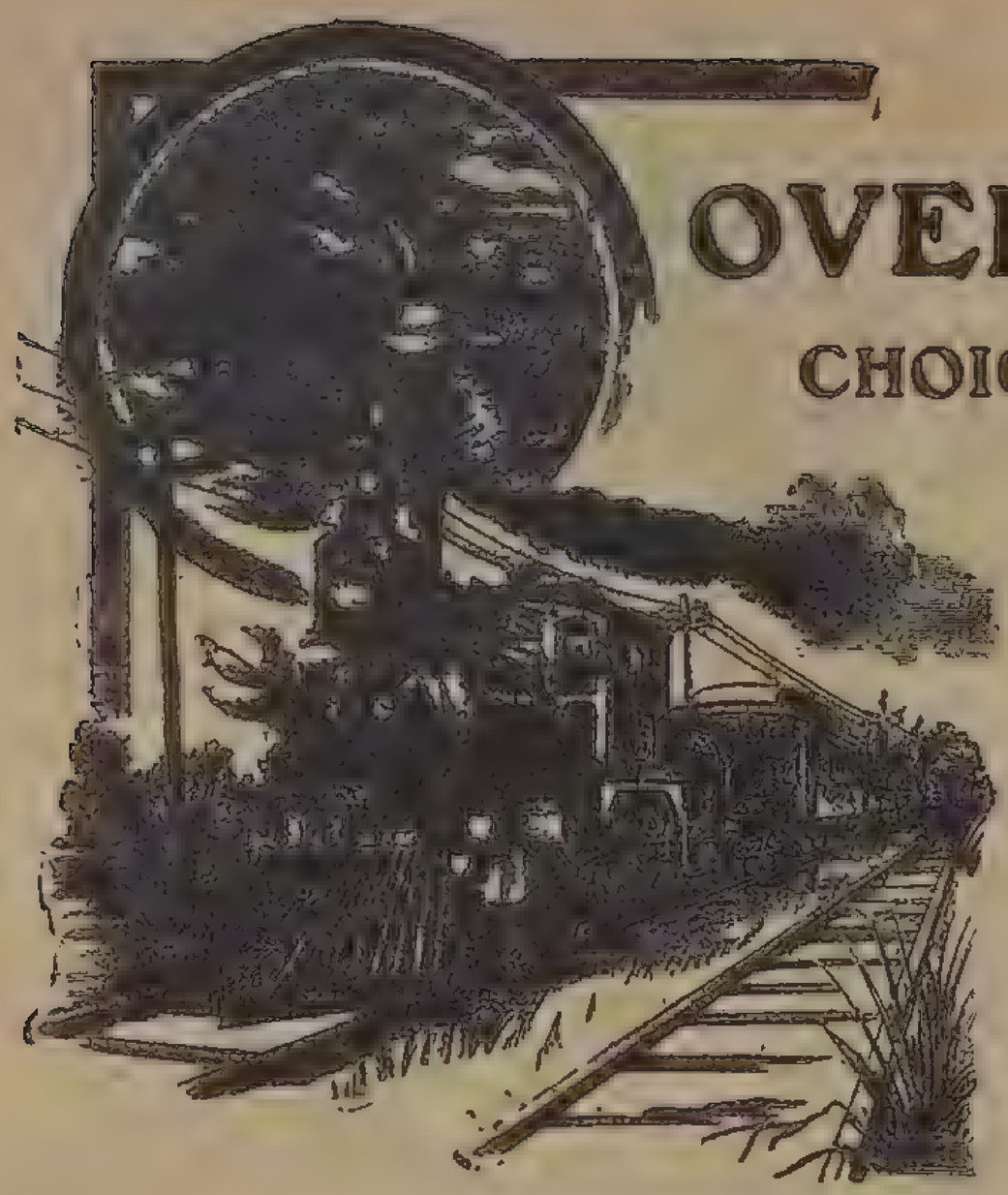
By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Sunday, December 21st, 1913

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A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient.

II.

A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

And read from the Pulpit, Sunday, December 21st, 1913.

Pacific Mail S. S. *Korea*,
En Route to Yokohama,
November 2, 1913.

It is one thing to make a far distant journey, it is quite a different thing to derive real benefit from it. Unless one has eyes that have been trained to see, and ears that have been trained to hear, and brain to think and heart to feel, one might as well stay at home, and spare himself the expense and inconvenience of travel. What profit has he who can look upon the vast, rolling ocean and see nothing but water, and a watery grave, six feet below its surface; who can look upon a starlit sky and see nothing but specks of light, or upon the moon and wonder whether it was really made of green cheese; in whose heart a sunrise awakens no ecstasy and a sunset no thought of the beyond? These thoughts came to me when, looking enraptured upon a marvellously beautiful sunset that clothed the entire western horizon, sea as well as sky, with a garment of gold and crimson, a passenger approached me and, stopping at my side, remarked: "Rather monotonous, isn't it?" A look of surprise and sorrow was my only answer.

How different the feeling of the poet (Heine, it was, I believe), who, upon looking at a beauteous sunset from a lofty mountain height, remarked that the crimson orb of day, sinking beneath the horizon, was but a crimson rose cast by the hand of God to ornament the nuptial veil of his beloved bride, the earth.

And Heine it was, who, standing one night upon the shores of the North Sea, and pondering upon its mysteries, composed the following lines:

"Am Meer, am wüsten, nächtlichen Meer
Steht ein Jüngling-Mann,
Die Brust voll Wehmuth, das Haupt voll Zweifel,
Und mit düsteren Lippen fragt er die Wogen:
O lös't mir das Räthsel des Lebens,
Das qualvoll uralte Räthsel,
Worüber schon manche Häupter gegrübelt,
Häupter in Hieroglyphen Mützen,
Häupter in Turban und schwarzen Barett,
Perückenhäupter, und tausend andre,
Arme, schwitzende Menschenhäupter—
Sagt mir, was bedeutet der Mensch?
Woher ist er gekommen? Wo geht er hin?
Wer wohnt dort oben of goldenen Sternen?

Es murmeln die Wogen ihr ewiges Gemurmel,
Es weht der Wind, es fliehen die Wolken,
Es blinken die Sterne, gleichgültig und kalt,
Und ein Narr warted auf Antwort."

One of the earliest chapters of the Bible tells us of the invention of the first musical instrument, the harp. A more fitting time for the invention of that instrument might have been after the *Confusion of Tongues* at the tower of Babel. When the people could no longer understand each other's speech, one common means of communication was needed, and that was, and is, and ever will be: Music. It is the language all men can speak or understand. Its birthplace is the heart, and when the heart speaks all must listen. Long before the infant can lisp articulate speech it can comprehend and speak the language of music. It is the last language to warm and cheer the aged. Love knows no sweeter tongue, hope no more inspiring speech. As the poet said, it has charms to soothe even the savage breast. The orchestra of our steamer is composed of Filipino musicians. Their speech is unintelligible to us, their looks unattractive. Yet when they speak to us in the language of Wagner, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Strauss, Liszt, Verdi, we understand them as clearly as we do our closest friends, and feel drawn toward them because they warm and exalt our hearts. At a concert last night, one of the stars, a Jewess, gave a beautiful rendition of one of the arias from *Samson and Delilah*. All applauded raptur-

ously, though among the applauders there were those who did not understand a syllable of the words to which the music was set. What mattered the words as long as they felt the spell of the one, and only one, international, inter-human speech? Had one of the greatest of actors recited one of the greatest of soliloquies, to those not familiar with the speech, the recitation would have meant mere words, nothing but empty sound.

I spoke above of a Jewess being the star songstress aboard, to which I may add that two Jewish young men received a vote of thanks from the passengers last night for the varied and splendid entertainments and programs they had arranged. I have observed it frequently that where enterprise is wanted the Jew is at hand. Therein lies one of the secrets of his success, and also one of the causes of the general dislike of him.

Divine service, in accordance with the ritual of the Episcopal Church, was held in the salon this morning, under the auspices of a bishop, several clergymen and a number of missionaries, who are on their way to the Orient to convert the heathen (as if there were no heathen at home to be converted to the law of right-doing and right-thinking). The Jewess of whose fine voice I spoke above was asked to lead the extemporized choir. Inquiring of me as to what she should do, I advised her to ask for such a selection of hymns as would make it possible for her to sing without doing violence to her religious scruples, and I loaned her Temple Keneseth Israel's Hymn Book for that purpose. Her wish was cheerfully complied with, and all the four hymns sung were such as we are familiar with in our own Temple service. I am happy to know that we have made such progress in hymn-singing that in this part of the service of our Christian brethren we can conscientiously join, also in the responsive readings of verses of the Psalms.

Unfortunately, the Episcopal Ritual, and that of other Christian denominations, manages to tack on and slip in references to the Trinity doctrine when least expected and where they least belong. The frequency with which the term "Jesus Christ" is used in the service is striking, and the needlessness of it more striking still. And I could not

but notice that when the congregation was asked to join in the *Apostle's Creed* the response was not nearly as strong and as hearty as was the hymn-singing. And the reason why is not hard to tell when one thoughtfully reads the text of that creed, which is as follows:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead, ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins, the Resurrection of the body, and the Life everlasting.—Amen."

It is asking a good deal of one who has had a university training, or even but a high-school education, or is but an ordinary thinking man, to subscribe to a creed such as this. A college-bred young man sitting beside me told me that this was not his denomination, that, for the lack of a Unitarian church in his town, he attended the Congregational church. Another in the congregation asked me a few days ago what the belief of Judaism is. Upon telling him that the main difference between Christians and Jews lies in the latter rejecting the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus, he replied "I also do not subscribe to that teaching, nor do a large number of other Christians whom I know." Alongside a creed such as this, how simple and rational that of Keneseth Israel's Ritual

One God over all,
One Brotherhood of all,
Peace and good-will among all.

The sermon was preached by the bishop. After listening to it I understood why he was sent far away to minister among the heathens. The books used for the service are all the property of the steamship line. I wonder whether any of the Atlantic liners on which many Jews travel would furnish gratuitosly Jewish service books, and, if they did, whether they would find use for them?

As only those see God who have God within their hearts, so do only those see beauty of sky and earth and sea who have beauty within their souls.

En Route Mid-Pacific,
Between Honolulu and Yokohama,
Tuesday, November 4, 1913.

Sailing again after a thirty hours' stop at Honolulu, the capital of the Mid-Pacific group of Hawiian Islands. A twelve hours' stop is usually the limit of passing steamers at this port. Our longer stay was due to an unusually large tonnage of freight that was unloaded and loaded there. Even this longer stay afforded us little more than a glimpse of this valuable possession of the United States in the Pacific Ocean. Unless one sees something of these islands, one can scarcely conceive the strategic importance of them, should there ever be trouble between us and any of the Oriental nations on the Pacific. Like a small Alpine range, they rise from out of the sea, put there, one is almost tempted to believe, on purpose, for the protection of the United States. Before I had known anything of them, I believed that the name *Sandwich* had been given them to convey the idea of a thin slice of land sandwiched between vast layers of ocean, 2100 miles to California, east of them; 3400 miles to Japan, west of them; 4400 to Australia, south of them; and all the way to the Arctic and beyond, north of them. Truly, like a crumb in a bucket, seem these little islands within the vastness of the surrounding seas.

Honolŭlu is not only the capital of the Island of Oahu, the third largest of them, but also the capital of the entire group of them, known as the Territory of Hawaii. Its former royal residence constitutes now one of the Capitol Buildings. The ex-queen still lives there, in quite a stately residence, and receives an annual pension from our Government.

The city represents a happy combination of our far-western spirit and that of our Sunny South. It has all the enterprise of California, and all the dreaminess and romance and charm and vegetation of the South. In addition, its ocean breezes are like those in one of our New England sea-coast towns in spring. A better health resort than it must prove itself to be, can scarcely be conceived.

Its population of over 50,000 represents many races and peoples. Hawaiians, Americans, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Portuguese, and more than a score of other nationalities. The first-named are in the majority, and, judging from their looks, they seem to be a mixture of American Indian and Mongolian. The newer generation seems to have a considerable admixture of Caucasian blood.

The business-life of the town, as well as its architecture, are largely American, though those of the Chinese and Japanese are much in evidence. The lay of the city, at the foot of the hills, which, in places, reach to a height of 2000 feet, is exceedingly picturesque. Magnificent roads lead almost to the very top, and circle the whole island, requiring full seven hours time of a good motor car to complete the round. The ocean is in full sight almost during the entire journey. An important military post is stationed here, and the forts bristle with guns. The ubiquitousness of soldiers gives the city a military aspect. Electric cars afford easy communication with all parts of the city; railroads with the farming districts, and steamboats with the other inhabited islands. The islands are entirely of volcanic origin, the lava soil is therefore rich. Tropical trees and plants abound everywhere; the date palm, the royal palm, the fig tree, the bread-fruit tree, the royal poinciana, the banana, mango and cocoanut tree, the coffee and pineapple plant, the rubber tree, rice, sugar cane. The latter is the largest product of the island, and it, as well as the others, are in full growth even at this season of the year, and all the year round. They have commenced cotton and tobacco cultivation with promising success. Flowers of magnificent richness of color luxuriate everywhere. Fruits such as we raise in our Eastern States do not prosper here. They claim to have perpetual summer, the highest temperature never exceeding 85 degrees and the lowest never falling below 60 degrees. Sweltering heat and chilling cold are unknown to them. The only snow they know is that on top of some of their interior mountains, which exceed the height of 13,000 feet. A large part of the population walk barefoot. Surf-bathing takes place all the year round. In company with a number of other tourists, I took an ocean bath on

their spacious beach this noon and found it as delightful as one of our Jersey shore baths in August. To one accustomed to Jersey shore bathing, with its flat, monotonous sand as a background, a shore such as this, lined with richest tropical plants, is surely a delightful change. The art of swimming seems to be specially cultivated among the Hawaiians.

As our steamer approached its pier a dozen or more of native lads swam out to meet it, and as coins were dropped to them into the water by the passengers, they dived far down for each, and never failed to bring it up. I have never seen either superior swimming or more graceful diving.

Judging by the number of colleges and schools, the education of the people is well looked after, and, I am told, that they are very apt, and very fond of it. They are musical, and especially fond of flowers, wearing scarfs of them around their necks, and otherwise ornamenting themselves with them.

A very creditable museum exhibits native products of all kinds, and some of the people's early history. It was given to the city by one named Bishop, a white man, who had married a native princess, through whom he came in possession of large and rich lands, and in gratitude he erected the museum to her memory upon her death. Another white man, who became rich in a like manner, gives to the city the free use of his magnificent private park of 15,000 acres. Our Fairmount Park, at home, the largest in the United States, has but 4000 acres. And the National Farm School thinks itself big with its 360 acres. Special mention must be made of the Aquarium. It is said to be the finest in the world, and I do not doubt it. Such curiosities of fish, such colorings, inconceivable shapes and kinds, I could never have thought posssible, had I not seen them with my own eyes. No artist's pencil, no painter's brush, no photographer's lens, can do them justice. Where these fail, my poor pen can never hope to succeed.

Two daily papers are published here, and a number of weeklies and monthlies. They have a number of beautiful churches, but no synagogue. I was told that some 30 to 40 Jewish families live here, but they lack cohesiveness.

Unfortunately, different people of different religious or irreligious antecedents, of different beliefs or unbeliefs, of all manners of intermarriage, make poor congregational material. Some day we shall have to enter upon missionary work among our own.

I would not have liked to have missed my visit to Honolulu. It will long continue a pleasant memory. We may well be proud of this possession of ours. We have larger and richer ones than it, but none prettier. It is our *Riviera*, our *Monte Carlo*. I do not blame these people here for spreading broadcast what Mark Twain has written of them. Expressing my own opinion far more beautifully than I can, I shall repeat his words: "No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, through half a life-time, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun, the pulsing of its surf-beat in my ears. I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plumy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack. I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes. I can hear the splash of its brooks; in my nostril still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

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VOL. XXVII Sunday, December 21st, 1913 No. 6

IMMORTALITY AND SCIENCE

BY

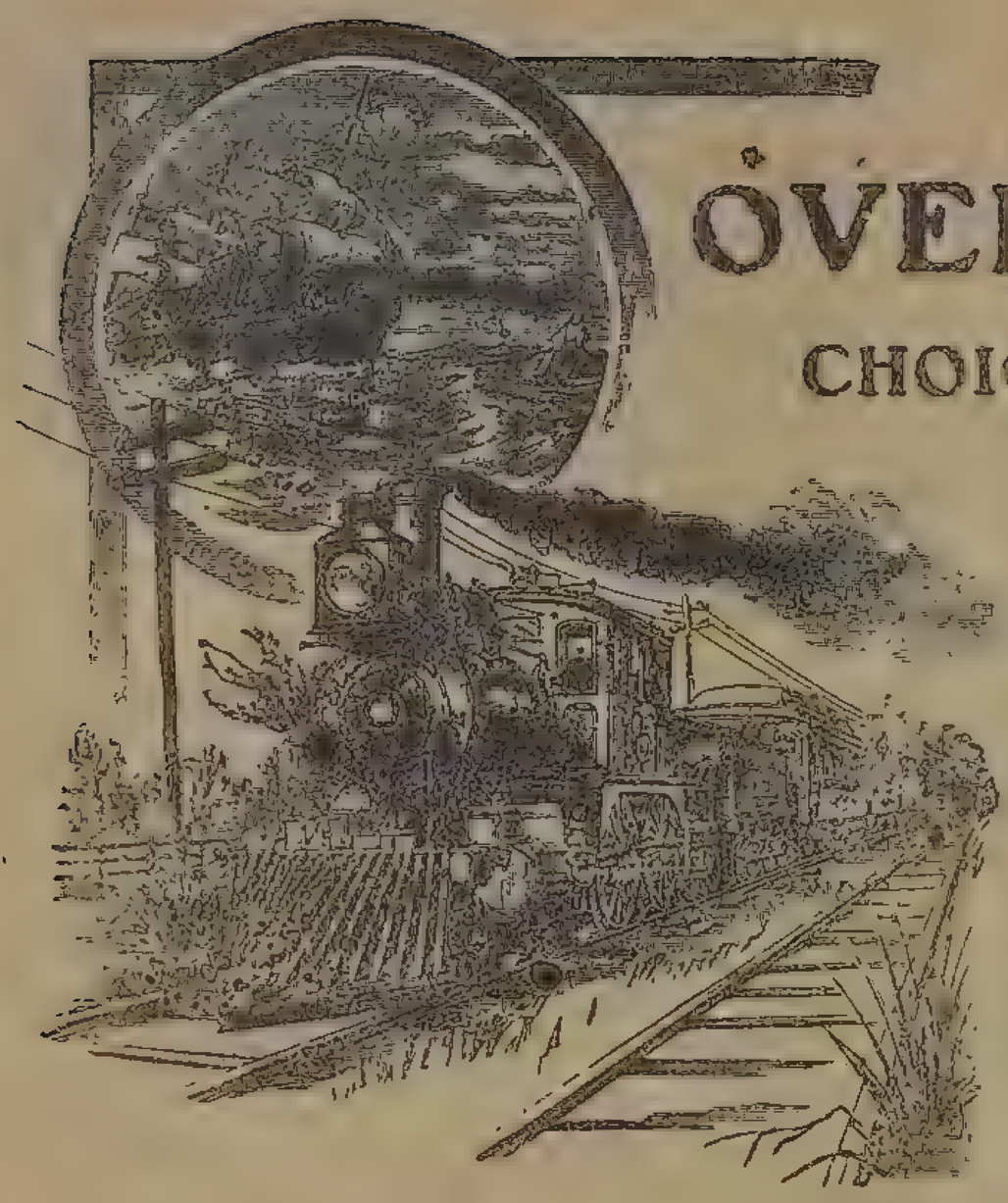
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Congregation Rodeph Shalom, Philadelphia

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Immortality and Science.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

Philadelphia, Pa., December 14th, 1913,

BY

Rabbi Eli Mayer,

Rodeph Shalom Congregation, Philadelphia.

In presenting any subject for public consideration, one feels the urgent necessity of defining it as clearly as com-mon-sense thinking and plain language permit. At the outset, therefore, it is best to define immortality. The position taken in this address is that, first and foremost, immortality is a religious belief—that is, it is the faith that God has blessed human beings with souls and that these souls are immortal. That this faith is reasonable, and to prove it to be such without undue use of mysticism and straining of the imagination—these are the ends sought by the discourse.

It has often been said that man's worst enemy is man Perhaps in the same spirit it may be said that religion's worst enemy is religion. This statement finds strong support when one considers the lengths to which the creeds have gone in their teachings concerning the life after death. Indeed, it may not be an exaggeration to say that for ordinary purposes, the word immortality has clustering fixedly to it the highly vivid pictures of hell, purgatory and heaven, with all the lurid and alluring imaginings that the ages have encrusted thereon. Hence, religion, whose attention should be centered on this life, holding men to the lofty ideal of patterning their lives after perfection, after God—religion has weakened itself by elaborating on a belief as beautiful as the rainbow, as hopeful and helpful as that harbinger of calm after the storm, and yet as evanescent for the present, immediate needs of normal life.

After religion had driven many a good brain and earnest soul from its sacred halls by teachings of hell fire and angelic heaven, men began to flounder and wander through atheism, agnosticism and philosophic doubt, striving to find some soul anchorage. Some had their souls calmed by philanthropic work; others organized societies of all shades of thought and opinion in which greatest emphasis was laid on moral conduct. The God-idea ceased to shine as a central sun; and faith in immortality waned like a dying moon.

It may be the subject of an interesting discussion as to whether religion with its insistent quibbling over non-essentials drove more men from the church than the discoveries of science. One does not hear so very much nowadays of the conflict between faith and science. But the echoes of that strife are still caught in certain religious camps where some frayed plumes of science are used to dress up such Biblical stories as that of Creation and the Crossing of the Red Sea; or the invoking of astronomy to locate the marvelous star that pointed the way to the manger in Bethlehem. But, after all, it does seem that the lion (Science) and the lamb (Religion) are lying peacefully side by side—Science as a guardian and corrector of Religion; Religion gently persuading Science to self-control. For science, with its tremendously wonderful discoveries in the realms of the very small, as the teeming life in a drop of water; and of the very large, revealing to us the stupendous suns whirling in space at a speed beyond human comprehension, science has developed and deepened the sense of mystery and awe so near the heart of religion. And as a corrector of faith in the Divine, it is compelling worshippers to proceed carefully in the statement of dogmas, and to lessen the emphasis placed on the incredible and the miraculous. At the same time the lamb of religion has not failed to exercise a gentle influence on the mighty conqueror, science. Cheap ridicule of the Bible is no longer the order of the day. Wild hypotheses regarding the origin of life and of the universe and of the destiny of the solar system are not indulged in. True, sincere science holds to its field of investigation and classification of the

phenomena of the universe, and marks its origins and latest bounds with the tangible and the real. The scientific philosopher leaves ample room for the earnest religionist when he issues a book on the topic—The Riddle of the Universe. Thus religion and science, the one in the realm of faith, the other in that of material knowledge, pursue their separate paths. The man of science can find any number of church doors open to him; the religionist need have no fears of the conclusions of calm, sincere science. The scientist has no test tubes, microscopes or telescopes to investigate the feelings of faith in God and immortality; and the believer looks not for material affirmation of these purely spiritual beliefs. The scientist deals with the knowable; the religionist with the unknowable. The one with the material, the religionist with the mysteries.

Impressed with this thought of the amicable relations between faith and science, one is surprised to note a movement on the part of science to enter the realm of faith, of religion. This movement brought striking notice to itself this fall in the address delivered by Sir Oliver Lodge, the great scientist, before the British Association on the subject: Continuity. Much of the address deepened the respect and regard which the average man feels for the modest and profound scholarship of the master mind. The speaker laid great emphasis on the thought that there is "arising a mistrust of purely intellectual processes and a recognition of the limited scope of science." In the light of this reassuring statement, it is all the more marvelous, incomprehensible, that in the very same address this leading scientist should invade the mystic regions of death, and, guided by phenomena which for want of a better term are called spiritualistic or mediumistic, he should definitely declare that "discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us on the material side and that we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm."

Astounding as this statement is from a man to whom the words "God" and "immortality" are usable only after the laboratory door has been closed, yet he goes even

farther, so that one can hardly credit him with these words at the close of his lecture: "Although I am speaking ex cathedra, as one of the representatives of orthodox science, I will not shrink from a personal note summarizing the result on my own mind of thirty years of experience of psychical research begun without predilection—indeed, with the usual hostile prejudice. This is not the place to enter into details or to discuss facts scorned by orthodox science, but I cannot help remembering that an utterance from this chair is no ephemeral production, for it remains to be criticised by generations yet unborn, whose knowledge must inevitably be fuller and wider than our own. Your president, therefore, should not be completely bound by the shackles of present-day orthodoxy nor limited to beliefs fashionable at the time. In justice to myself and my co-workers, I must risk annoying my present hearers, not only by leaving on record our conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by methods of science, carefully and persistently applied, but by going further and saying, with the utmost brevity, that already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death.

"The evidence, to my mind, goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us."

In this remarkable statement, religious values are not considered. The terminology of religion is carefully avoided. Instead of immortality, the scientist speaks of continuity. For soul, he employs discarnate intelligence. For the future world or life after death he hopes to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger; perhaps ethereal existence and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm.

It is quite necessary for the religionist to say whether he can accept such substitutes for long-cherished beliefs, and if he cannot, he must make most clear his position as against that taken by the scientist. It might be well to

say just what the belief of the religionist is and on what it is based, so that it may be clear why the scientist's stand is not acceptable; and, most important of all, that the basis of his materialistic belief cannot be recognized by religion.

The rock-bottom foundation for the belief in immortality is the supreme faith of the religionist in the existence of God. No matter how one chooses to characterize this belief as instinctive, innate, inspired or reasoned, the result is the same; there looms up in the mind the feeling that there is a good, almighty Power whose creation is as far above the grasp of human intelligence as is the delicate, intricate machinery of modern invention above the ken of the elephant or the worm. From prehistoric times to the present day individuals have striven to interpret the All-Perfect One. Israel, in the hazy dawn of time, wrestled with this problem and haltingly came forth into the light with the faith that there is a God Who has blessed all in a twofold way—to be a blessing to oneself and to one's fellow-men.

While Israel used the lamp of reason to lead him to the Divine Light, once he was in that radiance his small, helpful light was lost in the effulgence of the Supreme. God, faith in God, are mysteries, unfathomable of reason. "Canst thou by searching find out God" The Bible presents us with a series of pictures revealing Israel's struggles to reach and abide faithfully in this mystery of mysteries. In the beginning the light was very small, but Israel struck and remained on the true path. The Deity was never to be interpreted in material terms. The storm winds of adversity diminished for the nonce the glow of the light; the brain, fevered by prosperity, was bewildered by lurid dreams—but fleshpots and golden calves could not last forever. After their passing, the light glowed all the brighter, because of the temporary eclipse. So Israel proclaimed its faith in one God, of whom there could be no likeness in heaven or on earth.

This faith, with its thorough-going ethical implications, which mankind has accepted as its most precious blessing, is the one great teaching of the Bible. While there are distinct teachings of the superiority of man, that he is made

in the Divine image, yet there is little in the sacred volume upon which to base the modern belief in the soul and its immortality. The great sages and rabbis who lived before and after the rise of Christianity argued about this belief. There were teachers who said that a brief moment of the world to come was worth the entire life on this earth. There were bold imaginings drawn of God as a watchful Judge, who recorded all the doings of mortals in a book, passing sentence on the individual's life. This life was like an ante-chamber to a palace, so human beings should prepare themselves here, so that they may be admitted into the royal chamber. There were other great teachers who followed the Biblical emphasis on life here without thought as to the hereafter. Said a master-mind: Be ye not like servants, who serve the master for the sake of a reward; but be ye like servants who serve the master without the thought of reward, and let the fear of God be upon you.

The Talmudic literature and the New Testament contain many references to the life after death. Judaism and Christianity set forth the belief in the resurrection of the body. Christianity elaborated upon it, and tormenting hell fire, purgatory probation and heavenly bliss were and are prominent parts of orthodox Christian belief.

Judaism, true to its foundations, did not go to such lengths. The orthodox Jewish prayerbook contains the words: Blessed art Thou O God, who restoreth the souls to the dead bodies. But throughout the centuries the noble Jewish teachers and rabbis have ever striven to keep the monotheistic belief pure, and instructed the people in the ways of right doing on earth as the sign of their faith in One God, One Law: Holy shall ye be, for I the Lord your God am holy.

Reform, or modern Judaism, holds faith in the immortality of the soul, but omits all mention of the resurrection of the body. When the word soul is used there is attached to it the very same feeling of mystery as when the word God is used. There is and can be no thought of the material. As reason illumined the way to faith in God, so it brings one to faith in the soul. A belief in God necessitates a belief that humanity is a part, nay, a most signifi-

cant part of the Creator's work. As there is a God, so is there a purpose to creation. The soul of man being divine, it must grope and strive to realize the Divine Purpose. Science, concerned with the material world, is right when it says that the body is dust and returns after death to the earth whence it came. Religion agrees with that. But religion says that the mysterious within us—the soul, which can shine even in a decrepit and diseased body; the soul which can see though the eye is blind, which can hear though the ear is deaf; the soul which can grow stronger through the years—the years which mark the weakening and dying of the body—this soul is immortal, for it is from God and of God; and as God is eternal, the soul must be immortal.

The basis for this belief is as reasonable as that for belief in God. For every human being is conscious of high, lofty aims, ideals, far-reaching visions, dreams of joy and peace as remote from the concerns of the body as are the stars superior and removed from the sun. It does not sound reasonable to say that love, spirituality, idealism, self-sacrifice and unselfishness are just so many cell vibrations or automatic responses from nerve centers. As the word God is used for want of knowledge to designate the All-Perfect One, so the word soul is used for want of knowledge to name that in us which yearns to link itself with God, which the religionist believes is a part of God.

There are other urgings of reason that bring one to believe in the soul and its immortality. The human and divine sense of justice make one feel that birth and death cannot mark the limits of one's existence; that blank mystery was not meant to veil human sight forever. After nobly striving midst conflicting and varying standards of right, it does seem just to yearn that sometime and somewhere there will be afforded a solution of the mystery that hedges existence on earth. The deep longing of the soul to know the why and whither of life manifests itself in earliest childhood, for God keeps the sun as far away from the child as from the man; He makes the laughing boy and girl suffer the sight of death the same as the matured soul seasoned by long and wearing conflicts with life. The child

persists in asking why and whither. The answer of Socrates, that great type of the earnest man of knowledge, is: I knew I knew something when I knew I knew nothing. But in some mysterious way, the religious soul wings its flight to the dreamy infinitudes and returns to mortals with the message that man is not doomed to ignorance; that humanity, which through the body itself can show divinity; through the mind can imitate the Most High, and through the soul can feel itself and believe itself to be a very part of God—yea, humanity can have faith that life which is so mysterious from birth, so mysterious in death, will be made clear, will be understood in the world to come, in the immortality. There is no need to plot out schemes of rewards and punishments. There is just the feeling, insistent yet calm, a feeling encouraged by God's love, mercy and justice, that this yearning of the soul for the light will be satisfied.

Yet another reasonable feeling induces one to faith in immortality. Life's best interpretation is found in the love we win from others and the love we feel for others. Existence is unthinkable without the Divine blessings summed up in the words: mother, father, husband, wife, child, brother, sister, dear one, friend. The fleeting smile of a day, the kindly deeds of the years, the loving devotion of a lifetime bind hearts and souls together into a real, indissoluble union. The thought of a temporary separation is relieved of some of its sadness by the fond, sure hope of meeting again. What of the feelings when earth's last parting occurs? If life is thinkable only in terms of love, then death is thinkable only in terms of hope. To the healthy, normal human being, death, while never feared, is never desired. To the soul with faith in God, it is flatly, absolutely unreasonable to think that the All-Perfect One has blessed humanity with such a rare gift—a soul capable of loving and being loved as revealed in parental devotion, filial ties and noble friendship, but that it all is as the dust of the highway. A parent's grief over the loss of a child is a grief that love justifies; it is a grief with which religion sympathizes; a grief which reason attempts to calm not by the empty—yea, irritating—behest to live in the memory

of what has been, but in the just hope that love is as strong as death; in the reasonable hope that God's gift of love is not a gift for a day, but for all eternity. It must have been an interpretation of life and death, akin to this, that inspired the great churchman Newman to write the immortal:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

There are other good grounds for a belief in immortality which can be but touched upon because of present time limitations.

The feeling of individuality is one of the strongest in the human breast. The meanest and lowest of earth's denizens will assert their individuality in their hovels as much as the king and ruler in his government. The Bible voices this so perfectly in the glorious Eighth Psalm: "Lord, what is man that Thou shouldst remember him. Yet hast Thou made him but little lower than the angels." And Shakespeare echoes these words in his superb rhapsody on man's superiority: "What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!"

If in the ancient day man could not but feel his superior individuality, what must be said of this latest generation, which, with all its stumblings, works and dreams away to wipe out wrong, disease and war. Can reason identify human individuality with a clod of earth?

Further, if humanity could be convinced that it was but dust and the grave ended all, then the sons of Belial would

have converted, long ago, all earth to its doctrine of drink, eat and be merry, for to-morrow we die. But mankind as a whole will not see it that way. It has felt the call of the Highest, and is determined to build a strong to-day, despite the failures of yesterday. It refuses to believe that it will die to-morrow. It will leave to-morrow to the Power that makes for righteousness—to the All-Perfect—to God.

This hope and faith that God will take care of to-morrow is most alive in the heart of the religionist. He believes that God takes care of His creatures at all times. No mind can understand God's way with the living. No mind can penetrate God's way with the dead. But the religious soul does and must believe that as God guides and guards his children on earth, even so His Providence guides and guards them in death. As life's mystery cannot be solved, so death's cannot be. But as the faithful soul walks through the valley of life and fears no evil, even so will it walk through the valley of death and fear no evil.

Guided thus by faith and reason, the religionist posits his belief in God and immortality. What room can the latest stand of the scientist have in this doctrine? Practically none, inasmuch as the religionist calls his belief a mystery based on faith—a faith which he feels is reasonable, which he strives to keep reasonable, but which is as independent of material, scientific proof as God is.

The scientist speaks of continuity—plainly, a term which may not be taken for immortality. For its implication is a continuation of earthly life, not necessarily something higher. Immortality, to the religionist, means a new life—a feeling that the mystery of this life will be broken. True, this is dangerous ground to tread, for one can so easily be forced or tempted into more and more definite delineation of just what kind of existence the life after death means. But beyond the faith that there is life after death and the hope that it is unlike this life, nothing should, nothing can be said. He who does his present duty conscientiously need not concern himself as to the future. The vast majority of men have always striven to do the best they could with the light they had; and mistakes have been due more to ignorance and human limitations than to downright

evil intent. The ignorance and limitations of this swiftly passing life must fall away, as does the body, in the life of the soul that is called immortality. So, not mere continuity, implying earthiness and communication with earth, but immortality and communication with God—that is, a pure spiritual belief, is the religionist's faith.

As conduct, holiness, God-likeness is the be-all and end-all of the soul, the scientist's term: discarnate intelligence is not acceptable, for the chief impresison it leaves is that man's mission is to become an intellectual giant. A man of brains, a mountain of knowledge is as little the object of life on earth as the heaping of great riches. Both are serviceable only in so far as they further the cause of the spirit and heed the call of the soul. The term discarnate intelligence is a remarkably fine effort to compromise—to imply the spiritual in the word discarnate and yet hold on to the material, to plain brain functioning by using the word intelligence. In religion, all men are believed to possess souls; and judgment is passed on them not by using the meteyard of knowledge, but fundamentally and eternally by the test of character. The implication in the term discarnate intelligence is the supremacy of knowledge. A man of character without knowledge is highly acceptable. A man of knowledge without character is abnormal, to put it charitably.

And now to the scientist's strangest statement of all—his imagining of the future world or life after death. He says "that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions may interact with us on the material side and that we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm." This is the most materialistic of all, and justifies the ordinary interpretation put upon all of his terminology. His attitude is that of the scientist. He is not interested in bringing some hope and faith to humanity in the life after death, but as the student enters his laboratory and calmly dissects the object of his study and reports the results of his search, so this scientist "hopes to attain some understanding of the nature of a

larger, perhaps ethereal, existence and of conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm."

Here is plainly the picture of the knowledge seeker, nothing more or less. And knowledge seeking is most laudable, but it never has, it never can, satisfy the soul, even as naught that is material can. Again must it be said that as God is a mystery whose nature is unknowable, so the future life is a mystery and is unknowable. The term discarnate intelligence can have as little meaning in science as the term soul, so to the religionist it is empty talk to think of establishing communication between this life and that beyond the grave. It is as empty as trying to find a way to have a literal conversation with God.

After all, this scientist's invasion into the mystic realm of death perhaps would not have been such a serious matter were it not for its basis: the spiritualistic or mediumistic phenomena, which he refers to as psychical phenomena. For years, Sir Oliver Lodge, with a few other brilliant, leading men of science, have been investigating and experimenting with persons popularly known as mediums. He says that years ago he held the same prejudices against such characters and their seances as all orthodox scientists had. But of late years, he has been compelled by actual evidence to change his opinion; and he desires now openly to record his conviction that occurrences regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by methods of science, carefully and persistently applied. To his mind, the evidence proves that discarnate intelligence under certain conditions may interact with us.

Evidence of this kind has been in the possession of humanity since the dawn of history. The type may be called abnormal, supernormal or subnormal, but there have been individuals who could put themselves or be put into a trance, in which state they delivered occult messages and were said to have brought up the shades of departed ones and compelled them to speak to the living. Rome and Greece had soothsayers and oracles; the Bible refers to necromancy. Fortunate, it must be considered by religionists, that the Bible squarely condemns the practice of consulting mediums. Highly interesting in this connection

is the Biblical account of how King Saul suppressed all such practices; and then at the melancholy close of his career, himself falls a victim, as told in the vivid description of his visit to the woman of Endor, who brought up the shade of Samuel.

It is most essential, most good, that science turn its attention to these strange phenomena of the brain or mind and strive to enlighten humanity regarding them. The various psychical societies have been patiently conducting investigations and experiments, but as yet little more than a tabulation of the various kinds of abnormality has been the result. While it has been assumed in some quarters that all brains possess in latent form the strange powers of telepathy or mind reading that certain individuals seem to have, there has so far been no proof of this, nor has any way been discovered whereby these latent powers can be universally developed. While hypnotism is beginning to yield to scientific investigation, it is far from being reduced to the terms of an exact science. And the pioneer, as well as modern and exhaustive work, on all these psychical phenomena, "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," written by F. Myers, a co-worker of Sir Oliver Lodge in this field, leaves the general impression that the thousand and one cases cited of unusual psychic action are merely a grouping of exceptions rather than material from which a body of rules can be drawn.

It is therefore a just cause for astonishment to hear a great scientist speak in such positive terms on such a debatable subject and from private experiments on some non-normal persons ordinarily called mediums. No good that can possibly come from such statements will outbalance the harm done to a certain gullible and suffering part of humanity. As it is, there have been those in whom the spirit of religious faith was weak, so that when death came they were overwhelmed. Worn out physically and mentally by grief, they have been the easy prey of the spiritualist and the medium. Assured by these seekers of gold that they could be put into communication with their dear departed, the bereaved having no faith in God and putting reason in abeyance, sought the spirits of the dead.

While reason is not an infallible guide, yet it is one of the safest, for it is the parent of common sense, and common sense would refuse to believe that if the dead were so anxious to communicate with the living they could only do so through such base channels as people who demand a fee. Ought not one's indignation be stirred at the thought of such literal traffickers in souls? The only effect that Sir Oliver Lodge's words can have will be to advertise and lend a certain scientific guarantee to such a pernicious tribe of parasites. If only for this reason, one cannot but wish that the learned man would have possessed his soul in patience until his private conviction was as evident to all as is life and death.

As it is, religion must remind science to stay in its own field. When it can exhibit a discarnate intelligence in a test tube or have scientifically reproduced on the phonograph a message from the larger, perhaps ethereal, existence, it will be time for religion to think of revising its teaching on immortality. And religion stands ready to heed the corrections of science even as it is grateful for the deeper faith science has made possible. But let science continue true to itself, for it cannot touch God; it cannot speak of the soul, it cannot picture immortality. A belief in these mysteries is necessary, helpful, reasonable, for they have ever attended a struggling humanity, and, gripping it firmly, have held the individual to faith in himself, in his fellows and in his future. They have impelled him to the belief that he can be and should be little lower than the angels—that is, his road leads to the All-Perfect One—and, blurred as his vision may be here on earth, it will be clear in the immortality.

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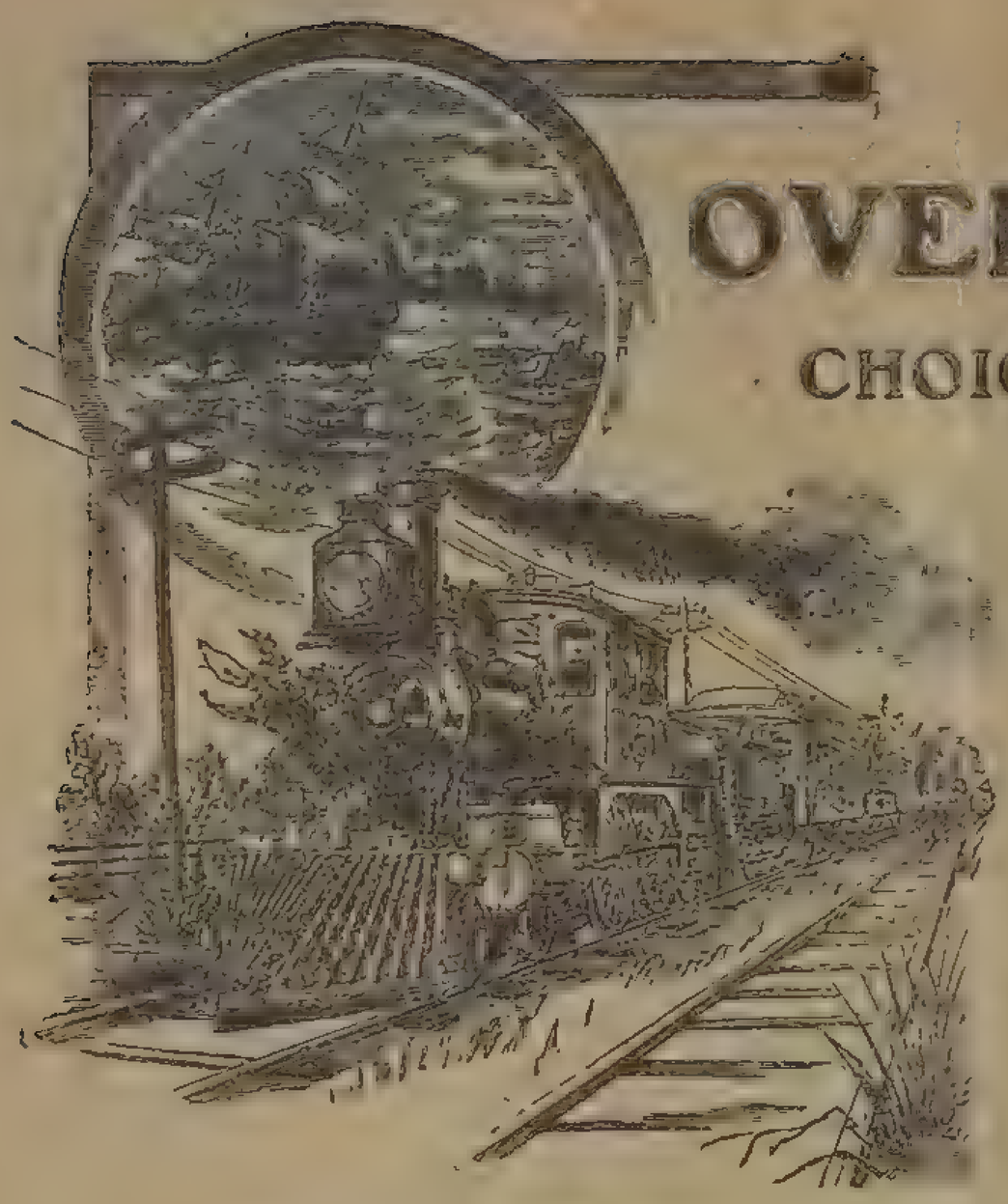
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Rabbi Alexander Lyons, Ph.D.
Of the Eighth Avenue Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Jew in America is the most fortunate Jew of the centuries. He is a man that, with unusual equipment, faces a corresponding opportunity. As a Jew, he is heir of ages. The idealism, the striving of his people through their remarkable history, converge in a measure in him. He is a repository of the Jewish spirit in all of its accumulated richness. He is, from the standpoint of his valuable heritage, one of whom can be almost literally said what Chesterton, the distinguished English essayist, called the Jew generally, a man "born civilized."

The gem must have light to beam with brilliancy. Man must have opportunity, either furnished or made by himself, to exercise and embody his capabilities. The Jew in America is blest with just such an opportunity in abounding measure. To be an American means not only to have opportunity, but, as if this were not sufficient, it implies the enjoyment of stimulus. America says to each of her children, native or adopted, "Be true to yourself, and I will supply you with both opportunity and encouragement." America does this because it is confronted with some of the largest tasks ever undertaken by a nation, and requires for their fulfillment the contributed assistance of every available resource of her children. The Jew in America, along with his fellow-citizens, enjoys in unqualified measure the same blessed opportunity.

As if this thought were not sufficient invitation to the realization of his large capability, we are further urged on to aspiration and effort of high import by the fact, as Doctor Kohler (*American Hebrew*, December 1, 1905) has said, that "the Judaism of America will determine the life and thought

of the Jew of the world and aid in the shaping of the destinies of the future." We are accordingly charged with tremendous responsibility that to the right-minded is an enviable opportunity. Such in point of potency is the Jew in America.

How are we meeting our situation? The wonderful progress here of our people is an oft-told and familiar tale, and needs for our present purpose but a passing intimation. Educationally, we are conspicuous not only in our well-known zest and insatiable thirst for educational acquirement, but in our attendance at institutions of learning, and in our standing there, we are, from the standpoint of our proportion in the population, disproportionately prominent. The student body of the great College of the City of New York is said to be predominately Jewish. The intellectual avidity of the Jews of America, taking them generally, is occasion for frequent remark by those librarians whose work lies in districts predominately Jewish. The extent and seriousness of the reading in these quarters is rarely approached and never surpassed elsewhere. Indeed, such is the intellectual eagerness of our people in American life, that many of us seem to me at times to be in danger of becoming top-heavy.

As a result of our intellectual application, we have made our mark in American life in realms professional. Not only are we conspicuous in numbers in our presence in the various professions, but we have impressed ourselves to such an extent, that any one that in any sphere desires to secure the best available professional advice, is likely to come into relation with one of our people.

As an evidence of what we have risen to civilly, it is even mooted that there is a decided Jewish vote. There is ground to doubt this, and, even more, to deplore it. May we never vote as Jews, but always as Americans. And yet candor must acknowledge that, by reason of his importance in various directions, the Jew in America has attained to such recognition that he must be reckoned with politically. May this fact always urge us to the highest expression of patriotic activity.

Our commercial achievement is blazoned conspicuously along the highways and byways of American life. Indeed, it has been so great that non-Jewish writers have at times, in

their incautiousness, exaggerated it, as when a writer in *McClure's* of the present year said that we are rapidly acquiring a monopoly of the land, and that we not only clothe the masses, but also shelter them. Of greater credit, however, is the fact that our success in material and intellectual directions is not without moral complement. We are far from being and doing all that we are capable of in works charitable, but even here we have even by non-Jewish acknowledgment deserved honorable mention. Chicago's most generous giver has been said to be Julius Rosenwald, a Jew. We can safely say that in other communities of America the Jews are doing at least their proportionate share. Of this we may be certain, that they not only try to care for their own, but do much toward alleviating the burdens of those beyond the compass of their immediate denomination. This much cannot always, or even often, be said of others. The Jew in America again and again makes testamentary provision for non-Jewish charities. The compliment isn't as often reciprocated by the charity of his non-Jewish fellow-men.

Such, in brief, is an indication of our achievement as American Jews in the expression of our powers in the opportunity of our environment. It declares us to have merited our American home by having made return for what we received. But let us bear in mind, and that is the purpose of my present message, that achievement must always be proportional with equipment, conduct according to culture, beneficence according to wealth, and duty in keeping with ability. This insistence of the duty of such correspondence has always been fundamental to Jewish teaching. It is a well-known Talmudic dictum that a man in any way distinguished must live his life with greater caution, and that the Almighty judges our achievement according to our power and possession. This Jewish conviction finds inspiring exemplification in the thrilling incidents of this very week of Chanucca through which we are passing, wherein we are told of the refusal of the aged Eleazar to yield to the demands of the Grecian persecutors of his people, on the ground that his conduct would be misleading. Put now the test of the requirement of conduct according to competency to the achievement of the Jew in America.

Our greatest ability is not commercial or intellectual, but religious or spiritual. The history of our people is proof of this. The otherwise inexplicable career of Israel is easily accounted for on the ground of its illustration of the power and success of religious trust against the comparatively futile possession of mere brute force. The pronouncement of Zacharia (4, 6), "not by valor nor by might, but by God's spirit," is literally descriptive of Jewish history as an explanation of its persistence. We find excellent illustration of this spirit, which is fundamental to Jewish history, in the Maccabean struggle which we are commemorating. It was preeminently a victory of Jewish spirituality over pagan materialism. Jewish literature, from its very beginning down through its most conspicuous expressions, as, for instance, in the Talmud, is an attempt to construe life in relation to the universe in terms of spirituality. The greatest contribution of the Jews to the world through their Bible, and especially through the irresistible force of the prophets, is plainly and palpably spiritual.

I say the direction of our greatest capability is not intellectual or material, but spiritual, and it is my contention that in this direction our achievement is not proportional with our capability. In our religious life, which is an exhibition of our spirituality in operation, we have sufficient religious labels, but not a corresponding religious reality. We hear much of Orthodoxy. Properly understood and properly lived, Orthodoxy is worthy of profound respect, but much, and probably most, of our Orthodoxy is only a theory. We hear of our Reform Judaism. There is much of it that is pure, persuasive and effective. In general, however, most of our Reform Judaism is still more an expression of convenience than of conviction. We hear a great deal about Conservatism. Just what is meant by this long observation has failed to enable me to say. It is too personal, too subjective to justify a movement and a following. It is too much of an indescribable, indefinable piece of religious elasticity to permit of discussion and judgment. It does, however, appear to be too comfortable to be orthodox and not courageously consistent enough to be Reform. Both Orthodoxy and Reform, properly conceived and consistently carried out, are conservative. Con-

servatism seems to be a sort of religious mugwumpery. We have a kind of Conservatism among us that is a definite thing. It is common to our several Jewish denominations. It is a conservatism of soulless religious remnants, and a fetishism of fear. The small in ceremonialism has usurped the sublime in religious conduct. Superstition has supplanted reverence. This is a result of living too much for the past, forgetful of the claim of the present and the greater clamor of the future. There is too much theoretical religiousness among us, although theoretical homage is constantly in imminent danger of practical demoralization, and, as Professor Royce ("Philosophy of Loyalty," 17) has well warned, "Loyalty must have practical exemplification." In spite of this, we are extensively content to maintain our religious life by proxy through our Rabbis or our absentee officials. What Thoreau has said is largely true of ourselves religiously: "There are nine hundred and ninety-nine patrons of virtue to one that practices it."

Further, we have abandoned, or are abandoning, our holiest religious institutions. Passover has extensively, almost literally, passed over; although, in the importance of its fundamental idea, it could easily, along with some of our other festivals, become a common observance of our entire civilization. Our Atonement, with its sublime and impressive suggestions, is losing hold. Our Sabbath, which through our religion has passed into larger human possession, is extensively dead or dying, and in larger part we are in danger of becoming a Sabbathless people. Our commemoration of the Maccabean victory, which was a victory for humanity, is eclipsed in the general Jewish consciousness by the celebration of the birth of the Christian Saviour, which usually comes about the same time. To multitudes of our Jews, Christmas means more than Chanucca. We are easily a prey to our environment, and have extensively adapted ourselves at the cost of some of our finest aspects. Our Temples are more extensively neglected than frequented, and of those who come many do so because they have nothing else to do. There are few whose attendance is an expression of their love for the Sabbath and of their desire for spiritual nurture and expression. Of course, attendance at Temple is not necessarily synonymous with good

Jewishness, but it has an important, indicative significance. And of American Israel generally can be literally said, in the words of the Chronicler (2 Chron. 29:6), that "They have forsaken God, have turned away their faces from the habitation of the Lord, and turned their backs."

In the track of our spiritual weakening we have subordinated religion to success. It has become something occasional, to be used, like a physician or undertaker, at birth or burial. God is good enough for us when we are in trouble; in prosperity, we are good enough for ourselves. Too many of us are like the man who advised his son to get on, get honor, and then get honest. We believe in getting rich and then religious. Aside from the regretability of this from the standpoint of our spiritual duty, it is fraught with serious danger. Professor Eucken ("Ethics and Modern Thought," 61) has well said: "Religion and morality must be valued more than anything else in life, or else they will inevitably become to mean less." We have proved this in our religious life, with the result that there can be said of us what Jeremiah (2:11) attributed to his people, we "have changed our glory for that which doth not profit."

Now, what I desire to emphasize to the Jew in America is that the true glory and highest possibility of the Jew here or anywhere is not intellectual culture or material attainment, but religious interest and spiritual expression. The fact that there is no other people to whom, according to general acceptation, God is so near when they call upon Him (Deut. 4:7), is our real wisdom and insight in the eyes of other nations.

Such being so, our greatest possibility and consequent duty being spiritual, I wish to give expression briefly to certain urgent needs for the development and realization of this our finer capability in American life. We must begin with our children. We ought to have more truly Jewish homes, not in ceremonialism merely, but in their attitude of reverence, of pride, of interest in things Jewish. We are Jews, and, especially in our home life, nothing that is Jewish should be foreign to us. We should Judaize our homes by lessening our paganism and increasing our piety, the piety which has a hallowing influence and gives evidence of a firm belief in us in the presence, in this world, of a Supreme Being whom

we should persistently consider and to whose will we should seek to conform.

We ought to have better Sabbath schools. They ought to be, in equipment and in religious impress, our chief consideration, even above that which we bestow upon our congregations. The work of the Jewish Chautauqua in this direction cannot be too highly recommended, and should be, throughout our country, extensively furthered. Our Sabbath schools should furnish the best available equipment and gather within their influence every available Jewish child.

I think that there is need of an elevation of our ministry, although in some instances we have leaders of inspiring activity. Generally speaking, we need a ministry less responsive to the wishes and more attentive to the needs of our people; a ministry less concerned to save the world, which is too big a problem, and more solicitous to save their congregations, which they often think too small a problem. We have too many ministers open to the suspicion that they are misled by a desire for public recognition, who seem to consider nothing beyond them that will attract and bring people to them. In consequence, we have pulpits essaying themes, in difficulty and variety, such as would stagger even an exceptional university professor. But our ministers are not entirely to blame. As was said of old, is largely true now, "As the people are, so is the priest." Let our people take the right attitude, determined by the right knowledge of the nature of religion and the function of Temple, and we shall have proper preachers. Our ministers should be prophets, not profits in the sense of men who attract congregations and fill treasuries, but men of inspiration, of a God-consciousness—men not required to preach with mechanical regularity so many times a week, whether they have knowledge or inspiration or not, but men who are prophets in the sense that, inspired of God, they speak for God, and, speaking for God, they speak forth to men. We do not need ministers to instruct or entertain, but to inspire, to cheer, to check or encourage us. Let our people feel this genuinely and demand it, and our pulpits will respond to the call.

We ought to develop and spread our Sunday services such as you here are conducting so magnificently. Our Seventh

Day Sabbath is dead or dying. Our young and old are, through economic exigencies, prevented from having religious instruction and stimulus. I do not know whether Sunday service will ever supplant our historical Sabbath; I doubt it. But I am certain that it is an indispensable compensation for what we are losing through the decline of Saturday observance.

Too much of our Judaism is only accidental through our nativity or nationality. This is often only a blind, vague feeling that represents the momentum of the past, without definiteness of goal or ambition as to present or future. It is a mere drifting that has no positive spiritual value, and may be spiritually harmful. Judaism is a great deal more than accident of birth or a national connection; it is a message and a mission. Our accidental Judaism should, therefore, be converted into a Judaism of conviction, a conviction that roots in knowledge and admiration. To this end we ought to do what we can to spread, by Chautauquan and other educational agencies among us, a knowledge of the history, ideals and hopes of our people. It is still too difficult among us to win a reception for Jewish literature, even as so splendidly popularized by our Jewish Publication Society, that is doing so much good and ought to be enabled to do many times more.

We shall not, however, realize any of these desiderata in behalf of our greater and better spiritual life unless we succeed, as we ought to try to do and can do, in bringing our religious loyalty out of the realm of theory, where it is a mere soulless conventionality, into that of practice, where it will evidence its true worth and the worth of our devotion. We need to bear in mind what a distinguished citizen of the Empire State has said (Hedges, "Common Sense in Politics," 88), that "The measure of a man's virtue, spiritually or otherwise, is the sacrifice he will make in order to live up to his principles." I wish that American Jewry generally were inspired by the consistent devotion to principle and conviction of a poor old ignorant Southern negro, whom I once encountered on a Sunday morning in presence of his home and besought to sell me some of the luscious fruit that was growing at the side of his little hovel, when he told me, with a grandeur that was as touching as it was unconscious, that

he could not sell me anything because it was his Sabbath: that I might walk in and help myself. If, according to Jewish teaching, he is to be esteemed our teacher from whom we can learn even the least bit, this old negro could well become a dignified educator of many in American Israel.

Such are some of our needs, if we Jews in America are to be true to the duty imposed by our religious possibility. And these things we need, aside from the claim of duty, for our own sakes. We must have a religion. Only the fool says in his heart there is no God, as the Psalmist has well remarked. We need religion as a genuine reality, and not as a mere theory or accidental occasional interest, because of our limitations. No matter who or what we are, we require the supplementing of our weakness by the addition of the strength and support and courage that well forth to our proper solicitation from the heart of the mystery of the universe. We need such religiousness because of our moral deficiency, our moral capability and our requirement of spiritual stimulus to realize our potency. In Jewish life religion has always been the mainspring of character, and, as our religious interest weakens, our moral efficiency is likely to wane. Finally, we must have the presence of a pronounced spiritual interest in our lives because, as a result of our history and nature, we embody elements not wholly safe without the restraint and constraint that is furnished by religion. And in addition to our personal need, there is the claim of patriotic gratitude upon our stronger and more genuine religious loyalty. America has meant much to us. It has been our first true, civic home. It is, as the distinguished Madame Montessori on her recent visit said, "one of the hopes of the world." And America needs, as Professor Eucken has said, "spiritual influence as counter-balance to its excessive emphasis of the material." Here is a precious opportunity for the gratitude of the Jew of America to evince its depth and worth. America has been an indescribable blessing to us. Let it be our ambition, through the realization of our finer possibilities and especially of our spiritual potency, to become an indescribable blessing to our beloved country. We are told that, when our religion was given at Sinai there was a world-wide tremor of influence. Let us aspire through spiritual assertion

thus once again to thrill, with the benefit of our contribution, the soul and life of this American people. We are doing much in all directions. We are doing something in the realm religious. We need not fear comparison with others. But in the religious sphere which is our forte we must not be content to be merely no worse or as good as others; our ideal must be to be at least a little better than others. Let us go on striving and achieving commercially, educationally and ethically, but, as more fundamental and of larger and more lasting significance, let us aim to be the spiritual leaven in the greater realizations of this home that we love with such ardent affection. The Jew in America should aspire along the way that I have indicated to become the best possible Jew in the world, in order that, through the realization of this devotion, he may become the best possible American.

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VOL. XXVII Sunday, January 11th, 1914 No. 9

A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

II.—(Continued)

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

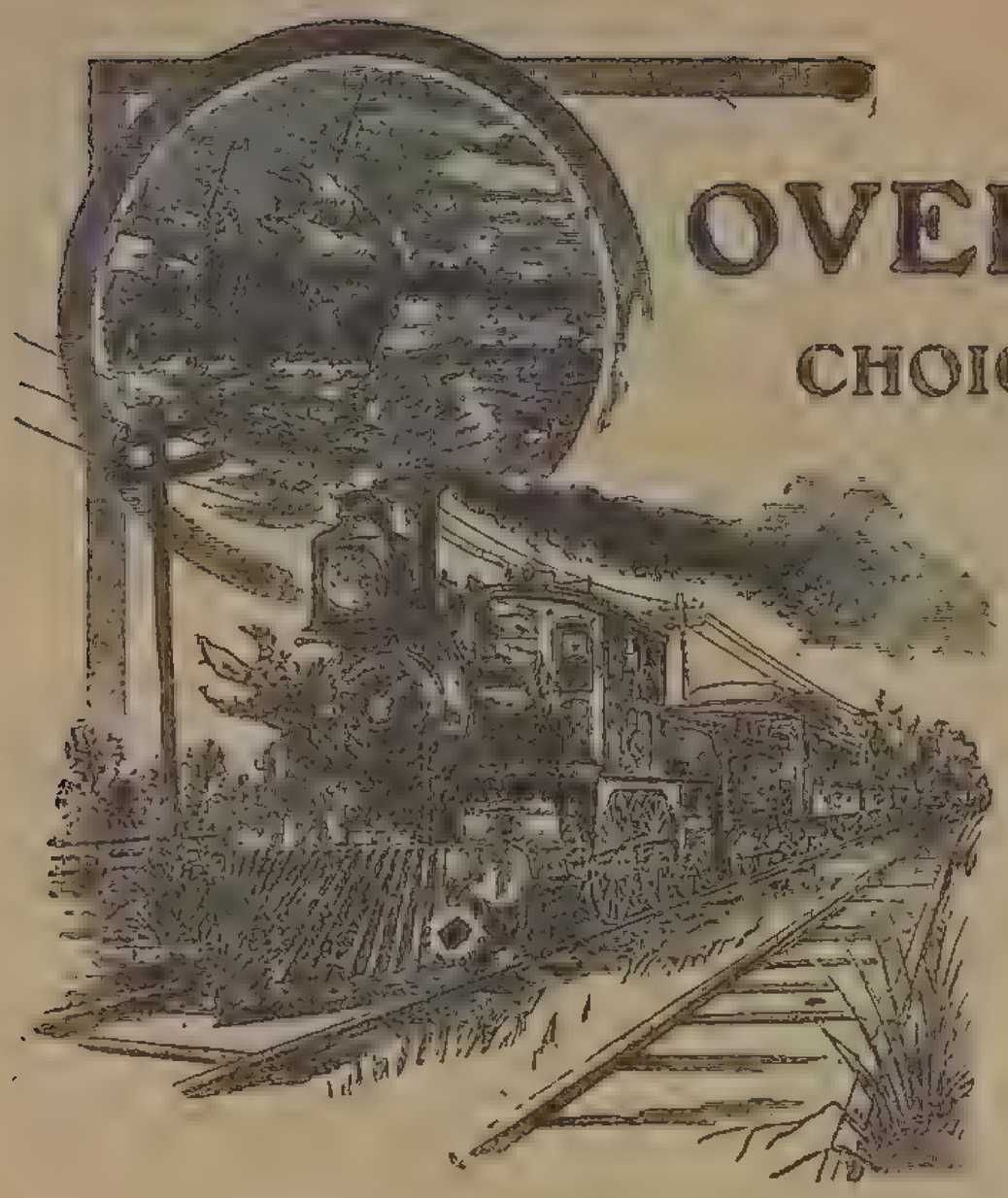
By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Sunday, December 21st, 1913

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Two disappointments my visit to Honolulu had for me, by reason of the shortness of our stay; one was my inability to get the nearby island of Molokai; the other to get to the island of Hawaii. The latter would have afforded me an opportunity of seeing two of the greatest active volcanos in the world. *Kilauea* and *Mauna Loa*, and any number of colossal extinct craters. The former would have brought me to the Leper colony, made immortal by the humanity and martyrdom of Father Damien.

The present generation probably knows little of the heroism of that Apostle to the Lepers, who, during my early ministry and throughout my student-days, possessed my soul as few martyrs of modern times have done.

Through some cause, numbers of the natives of the island of Molokai and some of the other islands fell victim to the horrible plague of leprosy. To prevent the spread of the disease the Government collected the stricken within a confined space, there to die a slow, miserable death. Those who have seen, at Munich, Holbein's realistic picture, *The Lepers*, who have seen the faces of the victims covered with large, round, reddish knobs, arms covered with brown blotches, necks studded with running ulcers, legs swathed in bandages through which matter oozes, heads covered with rags or plasters, with an opening here and there to show the foulness which they hide, fingers, joints and limbs dropping off—those who have seen that picture may have some faint conception of the revolting and ghastly nature of the foul disease, and the cruel fate of the unfortunates to whom Father Damien consecrated the best years of his life.

He was in the prime of his early manhood, in robust health, a man of education and refinement, with every prospect of advancement in his profession, when he heard of these suffering lepers and their cruel abandonment. He resolved to give up all for their sake, to go to them, live with them, minister to them, suffer and die among them.

When he came among them he found the area within which the lepers were confined a living graveyard. They herded together in squalid grass-huts like cattle, without distinction of age or sex, suffering not only from their disease, but also for the want of the necessities of life. Undismayed, he entered upon his work, became physician of soul and body, teacher, magistrate, mechanic, farmer, cook, undertaker, gravedigger. His labors reaped rich rewards. The lawless became law-abiding. The virtueless acquired the meaning of morality. The despairing acquired faith and hope. The shiftless became industrious. Wretched grass-huts turned into neat cottages and barren soil into garden spots.

Eleven years long the dreadful disease spared him. His admirers, the world over, began to think that he might escape. But he was doomed. The poison-breath of the fatal malady reached him at last. Yet even with the fell disease upon him, he continued his labors, calmly resigned to his fate, more concerned about the others than himself. Five years long he struggled with the merciless foe, and when he succumbed at last, he was mourned not only in Molokai, not only in the Hawaiian Islands, but also in all the civilized world. If he could not cure he at least taught the world how to ease the sufferings of the unfortunates. Where others shunned them, he drew nigh unto them. He taught civilized society to make a remedy against leprosy its concern. And he has succeeded. A few days ago a distinguished physician of San Francisco announced a cure for this dread disease. Great will be mankind's debt of gratitude to this physician if his discovery prove itself a cure. But greater still will be its debt to Father Damien, who, at the cost of his own life, paved the way for an ultimate cure. May his memory long continue sacred, and an inspiration for the alleviation of a hundred other sufferings which cry aloud for men like unto the Apostle of Molokai.

The only living creatures on these waters visible outside the ship are birds and flying fish. The birds are in search of food, and it would seem that their food must be hard to get, seeing that they have to fly two and three days' journey, and even more, to obtain it. There are those who say

that some of the birds fly all the way across the wide Pacific, from 3000 to 5000 miles, with but an occasional rest on the surface of the water. If that be so, some of the seasick passengers might well repeat the words of the Psalmist "Oh, for the wings of the dove, that I might fly away and be at rest."

The flying fish are more abundant, and very interesting. They vary in length from 8 to 12 inches. Their bodies are blue and their wing-like fins shine like silver. They rise from the water, with a sudden, swift upward spring, which raises them 10 to 15 feet above the water, when they descend and skim on the surface for a considerable time. Sometimes they disappear as suddenly as they appear, having probably escaped from some enemy beneath, only to leap into the jaws of another fish lying in wait, or to be seized by some keen-eyed bird of prey, which reminds me of a question and answer which I read somewhere: Asked a young one of an elder, "How do fishes live in the sea?" The other replied "Just as men do on land; the great ones devour the little ones."

Some of the other passengers tell of having seen whales at a distance. If whales there are hereabouts, they are certainly not as numerous as they were in the North Pacific waters on my journey to and from Alaska, a few years ago. There were days there when they were scarcely out of sight, often close to the ship. Some of them must have been 50 feet in length, if not larger. Their enormous heads take up one-third of the size of their bodies. The weight of some of them is said to be as large in tons as their length is in feet. Yet they shoot along as lustily as little gold fish in an aquarium. Having no teeth, man need not be in such fear of them as of sharks, which likewise abound in these waters. But a blow of their tails against the side of a whaler is enough, at times, to crush or sink it. Swimming along, they hold their enormous mouths wide open, gathering into it large quantities of water. This they spout forth through their nostrils every little while, retaining in their gills whatever small food is contained in the mouthful. This explains the waterspouts with which we are made familiar in pictures of whales.

Whalers and often deep-sea fishermen tell us that the maternal instinct is quite developed in whales, seals, otters and other large mammalia-fish. Some pathetic tales are told of the self-sacrifice of mother whales for their young. Upon one occasion a harpooner deliberately sent his harpoon into an infant whale, hoping thus to take the mother. He did not miscalculate the strength of maternal love. She refused to save herself by flight. Fearlessly she aproached the boat, seized the wounded, fettered little one, and hurried away with it, using up many hundred feet of the fisherman's line. As the little one was dragged back, she came back with it, making gigantic efforts all the way to free it from the fatal rope. Not until three harpoons had been dispatched into her body, and death had conquered her after a struggle of an hour's length, did she relinquish her hold upon her offspring, which she had loved dearer than herself. And yet, such as these we call sea monsters and man we call human.

Thursday, November 6, 1913.

An edition of the *Ocean Wireless News*, published aboard the steamer, has just been issued. It brings some of the latest news of the world. Its most important items to me are the threatening war between Mexico and the United States and the result of last Tuesday's election in Philadelphia and New York. I hope the war-cloud will soon pass away. While the result of such a recourse to arms is not doubtful, still, even the speediest and most brilliant victory on the part of the United States will involve shedding of human blood. To my mind not all of Mexico is worth the life of a single American soldier. Having seen something of the horrors of war, when, during the Spanish-American War, I was sent by the War Department of Washington, to Santiago, as one of the National Relief Commission, I sincerely hope that wisdom may guide our statesmen in Washington into finding ways and means to prevent another needless sacrifice of health and life.

The election results in our and neighboring cities is no surprise to any one in those cities who knew how to trans-

late into the future tense certain happenings of one and two months ago.

The *Wireless News* also tells us that it is in communication with the *Manchuria*, a sister ship of this line, a thousand miles away, coming from Japan, and gives its exact longitudinal and latitudinal location. Even though it is now fully two days' voyage distant, still, to one in mid-ocean it is no small comfort to know that help is comparatively nigh, should occasion have need of it.

What a wonderful discovery wireless telegraphy is—that of making an electric message climb up a pole to the top, jump across space, fastening itself to the top of another high pole in the far distance, descend on it and deliver its message. And yet, simple as it is, it required many thousands of years for a Marconi to rise to harness into the service of man the ether waves in our atmosphere. Man always knew that his uttered speech could be heard by another, and at some distance away; that the voice traveled through space, that the stronger the force with which the sound was uttered the further it traveled and the more distinctly was it heard. Might he not also have known that by using a stronger power with which to propel the sound, and by using a more rarified medium than air he could make himself understood at much greater distances? That force Marconi discovered in *electricity*, and that more rarified medium in *ether waves*. But it required the work of men like Edison to make a Marconi possible. Perhaps even greater possibilities than wireless telegraphy surround us to-day, which will make future generations wonder why we neither saw them nor applied them.

Even the sub-marine cable, regarded now as a commonplace, was not thought of much before the middle of the last century. When Professor Morse first proposed it he was generally laughed at. When he asked for money to enable him to install it the newspapers warned the people against investing their money in a visionary's enterprise. He was considered less of a dreamer when he pinned Calais and Dover together by means of a cable, and still less of a dreamer, when his cable spanned the entire Atlantic, and made it possible for Europe and America to communicate

with each other within a few minutes' time. To-day, over 200,000 miles of cable lie on the ocean beds and connect with each other the remotest parts of the world.

What boon the world owes to Morse may probably be best seen when we consider that a century ago an Englishman, living in India, thought himself fortunate if he received an answer to his letter from home within a twelvemonth. As late as the close of the eighteenth century an insult offered by China to an English embassy was not known at home till one year after. To-day the home government would demand an explanation within a few hours after the offense and present an ultimatum a few days later if the explanation be unsatisfactory.

Verily, in the galaxy of mankind's greatest stars the name of Edison, Morse and Marconi will deserve to shine among those of first magnitude.

We rarely encounter a cultured man but that we learn something from him; we rarely enter a civilized land but that we leave it the wiser for having visited it. Honolulu teaches a lesson which we may profitably follow at home. It announces in its papers that the Hawaiian Territory will celebrate Arbor Day on the 14th of this month, and that the Governmental Agricultural School, located at Honolulu, will give, free of charge, twenty-four seedling trees—timber or fruit—to any one promising to plant them and to take care of them. An excellent way of encouraging tree culture. I trust the day may come when the recently installed Arboretum at the National Farm School may be able to dispense the same benefits under the same conditions. It is interesting to note that a former teacher of horticulture at the National Farm School was, until recently, head of the Agricultural School at Honolulu. He resigned to enter into the more lucrative business of fruit growing in California.

A novelty worth mentioning is sea bathing aboard our steamer. A canvas tank, about 20 x 15 feet, is attached on the open deck to the mast derrick arm. During bathing hours ocean water is constantly pumped into it, and an opening beneath affords a constant outlet. It affords accommodations to as many as a dozen bathers at a time, and

is heartily enjoyed by women as well as by men. Bathing suits for both sexes are provided by the steamer.

Rigid fire drills are being held on this steamer once a week. To keep the passengers from being needlessly alarmed, they are apprised of it in advance. But the officers and crew are surprised. At the will of the captain the fire-gong is sounded and the fire-horn blown. From every direction the crew comes scurrying and scampering on the upper decks, and take their respective stations, with an officer in charge of every dozen or so. At given signals, the putting on of the life-preservers is shown, fire-hoses are put into play, lifeboats are lowered, rafts are gotten ready. To each passenger his lifeboat and his place therein is assigned, and to it and to no other would he be obliged to repair in the hour of need. It is especially pleasing to note the speed and intelligence with which the Chinese crew discharge their work. Some such speed and skill and discipline as this on the *Titanic* might have meant the saving of many hundreds of lives.

Friday, November 7, 1913.

I have been following for some time the flight of a bird alongside the ship, and the more I looked the more I marveled, and the more I thought of that verse in one of the closing chapters of the Book of Proverbs in which the author mentions among the things that pass his understanding, "the way of the eagle in the air, and the way of the ship in the midst of the sea." With all our knowledge acquired since his day, we cannot yet tell by what means the bird guides its course across the trackless sea. Where its compass? What its chart? What knowledge does it possess which human mind has not yet fathomed? Had it the power of human speech, it could make revelations perhaps which would make us marvel still more.

The flight of this little bird here recalled that of another some years ago, on the Atlantic Ocean. While sitting on the deck of the transport *Iroquois*, on its way from Santiago to New York, during the Spanish-American War, a little bird suddenly alighted on the rail, hopped about for a little while, looked at me as if there were much it wanted to

say, but could not, and then, with a parting chirp, it flew away and was lost in the infinitude of space. It was during a twilight hour. Near me lay stretched a number of sick and wounded soldiers, some very ill, some dying. My mood reflected the sombre hue of my environments. I made an entry in my diary reading something like this: "This evening a little bird suddenly appeared on the rail of the ship, and almost as suddenly disappeared. Whence came it? Why came it? Whither flew it? My only answer was the echo of my questioning. After trying in vain to discover the tracks in the immensity of space, I looked upon the wan and feverish faces of the sufferers, and wondered whether they had observed the bird and whether its parting chirp had conveyed any message to them. Soon, very soon, their lives may take wing and fly away. Whither? Who can tell? Who has told? Who will tell? Why must these die who have so well deserved life? Was it for this they were born? Is it into the better they shall pass? The wind sighed; the sea moaned; the billows heaved; the ship groaned; all around me there were sounds, strange and weird—but no answer to my question came. Will the answer never come?"

And this is our question still. Will theology always speak of a life beyond, and never prove it? Will philosophy continue to speculate upon it, and never demonstrate it? Will science always deny it, and yet always open the question anew?

I crave your pardon, ye men of science. It is not fair to stamp you all as deniers of the immortality belief. A time there was when there was ample warrant for such a statement. Science has grown more reverent since. Three or four decades ago, when new discoveries and new disclosures of nature's long-kept secrets fairly intoxicated scientists' minds, and moved the tongues of some of them to wild utterances of wild unbeliefs—then it was that to many the term science stood almost for a synonym of atheism, and the denial of the hopes of religion was regarded as a sign of superior intelligence. A change has come over the spirit of science. We hear but little in our days of conflicts between science and religion. Science has sobered from its intoxication. It is not half as sure now as it was then. It

knows a hundredfold more to-day than it knew then, and, therefore, knows better how little it does know. It had expected to solve the mysteries, to lift the impenetrable veil. Beyond its revelations of a few laws of nature it has solved none of the eternal problems. Its knowledge is but another kind of ignorance. We ask of it the same questions to-day which men asked of the prophets and sages of old. Its answer is their answer: Lo, we know not anything. We see, and yet are blind. We hear, and yet are deaf. We speak, and yet are dumb. The cradle and the coffin keep inviolate their eternal secret. The oceans ebb and flood; the planets rush through space; the storms rage, the volcanoes spew forth their intestinal fires—but none gives answer to what we seek to know.

"The way of the ship in the midst of the sea" was the other mystery that puzzled the author of the closing chapters of the Book of Proverbs. And it puzzles us no less. When we consider the voyages of considerable distances which the ancients made, the Phœnicians as far as Spain, the Romans as far as Great Britain, the Norsemen perhaps as far as America, with no compass to guide their course, with no charts and lighthouses to warn them against danger, we cannot but ask: How steered they their way? How found they their ports? How kept they clear of rock and reef?

And the mystery increases when we consider the comparative frailty of their boats, mere shells, covered with hides, canvas, or frame, with no other power than oars manned by human hands, aided later by sails. And how insignificant the size of their boats when compared with the leviathans of our day. A 30- or 40-oar power was deemed exceptionally large. The great fleet of 197 vessels which during the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England, routed the Spanish Armada had but one that was over 1000 tons in weight. A ship of 300 tons exceeded the average in that day. Figure out the size of a ship it would require and the number of rowers and yards of sail it would take to propel across the Atlantic a steamer of the size of the *Imperator*, and cover the distance in the time it takes the latter to make the voyage.

And yet, small as their ships were, and insignificant as was their propelling power, and ignorant as they were of compass, charts and lighthouses, they nevertheless ventured forth on their voyages of discovery on far and unknown seas. Truly, of all brave men, some of the bravest have been seafarers of former days.

Saturday-Sunday, November 8-9, 1913, 10 A. M.

Lost—a day, one never to be found. In less time than it takes to write this sentence our ship crossed the imaginary line of 180 degrees Western Meridian, and thus leaping twenty-four hours forward in the sea of time, caught up with the calendar of the Orientals. A few hours ago it was Saturday, November 8, 5 A. M.; a second later it was Sunday, November 9.

This dropping of a day, and being none the less in harmony with the calendar of the world, is not a little puzzling to some of the passengers aboard. But the mystery clears when shown that the sun, in its course from east to west, by way of the south, is not seen at the same place at the same time by all the people of the earth. It requires 4 minutes of time to travel 1 degree—i. e., 60 nautical miles or knots. Therefore, people who live 60 miles west of the place where the sun rises first behold it 4 minutes later, and those living 10 degrees west, or 600 miles, first behold it 40 minutes later; 100 degrees, 400 minutes later. Now, the globe has been divided, from pole to pole, into two halves, of 180 degrees each. From Greenwich, England, west to the 180 degrees in the Pacic, is called west longitude; from Greenwich east to the 180 degrees in the Pacific is called east longitude. By the time the sun reaches Greenwich, 720 minutes, or 12 hours, have passed since its rise was first beheld. By the time it reaches the 180 degrees west longitude, another 12 hours have passed. Therefore, the passenger from the west arriving in the Orient would find himself one whole day behind time, had not the provision been made to drop the belated day in the midst of the Pacific, at 180 degrees.

Lost, a day! What the loss of certain days would mean in the lives of some of us! What joys we would have missed,

what gains, what triumphs we would have had a certain day dropped out of our existence! What sorrows, heart-aches, disappointments we would have escaped had certain 24 consecutive hours never had a place in our lives! In the one day which we skipped on the high sea what agonies may not have been endured somewhere in the world! What ecstasies may not have been enjoyed! How many have entered life on it; how many have passed away? How many have sealed on it their nuptial bond; how many emerged from it heartbroken? To how many may not the day, which has been non-existent for us, become a red-letter day in their calendar? I shall keep my eye on the 8th of November, 1913, and see what it has meant for some of the others, even though it has meant nothing for the passengers of the *Korea*, and of the other steamers on these waters at this time.

Orthodox Christians, as well as Orthodox Jews, might have found themselves in some predicament this morning had they wanted to worship on the day each regarded as his Sabbath. The Christian might have objected to worship on the Jewish Sabbath, and the Jew to offer his Sabbath prayers on the Christian Sunday. What an illustration the dropping of this week's Saturday is of the immateriality of the calendar day! What is Sabbath in one part of the world is workday in another. Prayer to be acceptable unto God must concern itself with spirit and not with time. It is the amount of heart which it contains that gives it its value, not the day on which it is offered.

Saturday, November 15, 1913.

We are within sight of Yokohama, outside of the harbor, awaiting the quarantine officer, having made the voyage under the protection of Providence, in 16 days, not counting the 30 hours we have spent in Honolulu, nor the day we dropped in mid-ocean. On that voyage we covered 5500 miles, which, added to the 3000 miles from Philadelphia to San Francisco, makes our journey, thus far, one-third around the globe. The passage was a comparatively calm one, very restful, warmer than it usually is at this season

of the year. With the exception of an occasional bird or fish, we saw nothing during these entire 16 days outside our ship, but sea and sky.

We are told, however, that the busy life of Japan will more than compensate for the loneliness of the Pacific. The harbor of Yokohama stretches toward us its two breakwaters like unto two welcoming arms. To these breakwaters an interesting story is attached. Shortly after our treaty was made with Japan by Commodore Perry, the feudal lord of one of the provinces fired upon a number of foreign steamers, one of them carrying the American flag. In penalty thereof Japan was made to pay the thus attacked nations an indemnity of $3,000,000, $800,000 of which was the share allotted to the United States. As the damage to the American ship amounted only to $20,000, it was considered wise by us to cement our friendship with Japan by returning to it the unused sum. This Japan expended on the erection of the breakwaters in the harbor of Yokohama, the port of Tokyo, its capital, an enduring witness to the American's sense of justice.

In full sight, back of the harbor, some 40 miles distant, rises indescribably beautiful, what is regarded to be the greatest sight of Japan, its sacred, cone-shaped, snow-covered, volcanic mountain, more than 12,000 feet high, Fuji-Yama. The shores are dotted with picturesque cottages. More stately residences are perched on the bluff back of them, which, I am told, are inhabited by foreigners.

Bearing in mind that Japan is largely of volcanic origin, as Hawaii is entirely so, and that both are groups of islands, one is tempted to believe that many another group of islands or even a continent may at one time have spanned the distance between Asia and America. The still active geysers and extinct craters in the western part of our country, the volcanos and earthquakes in Hawaii and Japan, give more than hints of the great cataclysm that must have taken place in these parts of our globe long, long ago. Some such theory as this would explain the Mongolian-Indian looks of the Hawaiian, the Asiatic features of the American Indian, and the course the latter may have taken, largely overland, in making his way from Asia to America.

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A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

III.

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

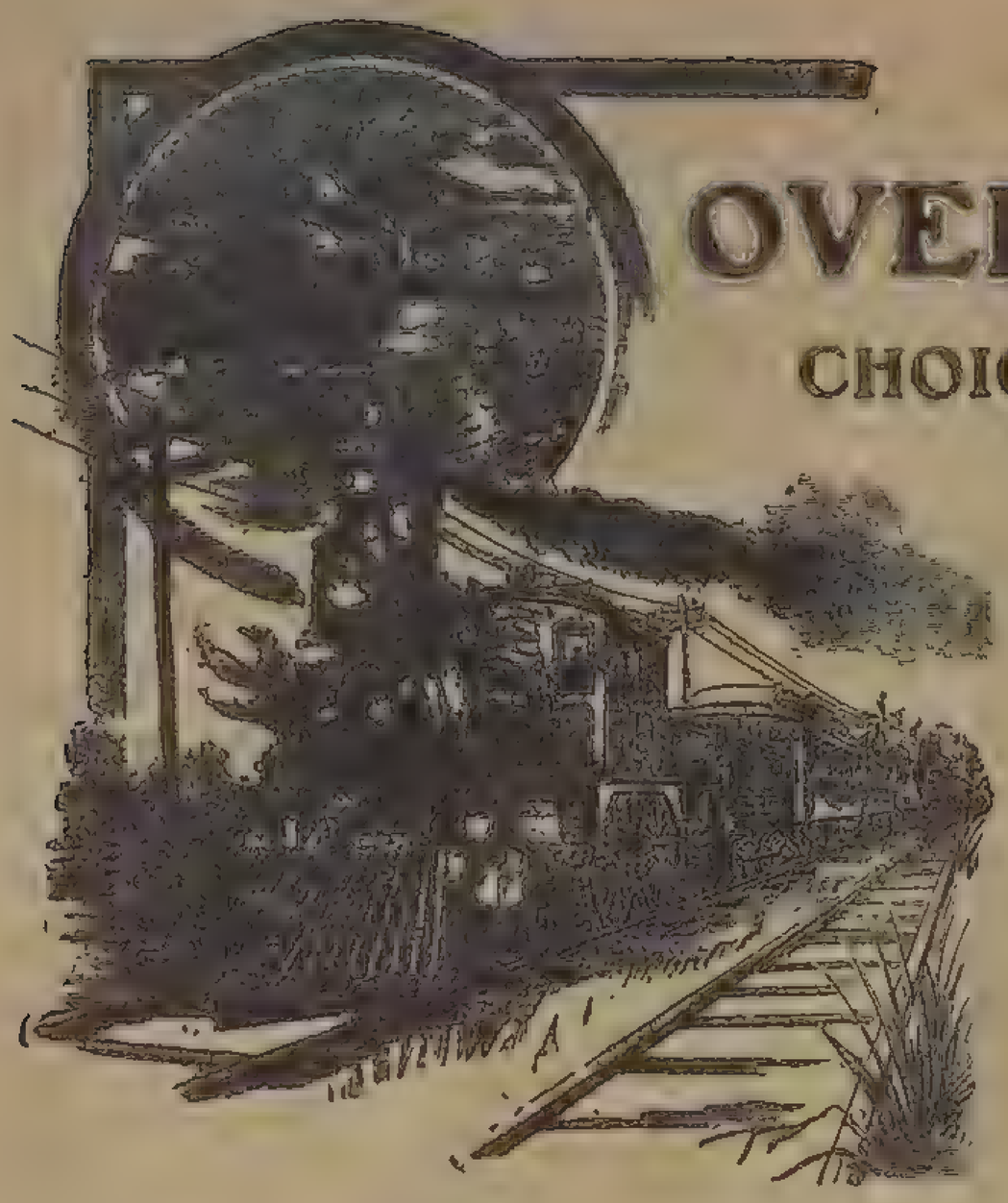
By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Sunday, January 11th, 1914

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A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient.

III.

A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

And read from the Pulpit, Sunday, January 11th, 1914.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, November 16, 1913.

Passengers aboard a steamer on a far-away sea constitute a world in miniature. One comes in daily and close contact with people of many races, classes, creeds and speech. The seat adjacent to mine at the table was occupied by an Englishman who had been a resident of Shanghai, China, for the past ten years. Opposite me sat a German count and his mother, the former engaged in diplomatic service, fresh from Peru, South America, and bound for Peking. One of the passengers, with whom I read French, was a bride of a few weeks, hailing from Paris, and on her way to Hong Kong, where her husband is engaged in business. Another person was a Chinese merchant located at Honolulu, on a visit to his mother and daughter in China, whom he had not seen in seventeen years. Another was an Irishman, a representative of a large ship manufacturing concern, the builders of the unfortunate *Titanic*, on his way to the Orient in the interest of his firm. Still others there were representing similar differences. The limited space of a steamer, the enforced close contact, the need of sociability, the feeling of like littleness and weakness in the presence of one of the mightiest elements of nature, an element that knows no difference between speech and looks, be-

tween rank and station, between count or commoner, between merchant-prince or stoker, between a Strauss or an Astor and a steerage immigrant, as was only too painfully proved in the *Titanic* catastrophe, all there beget, within a short time, a closeness of friendship which would be long in consummating on land, if it could consummate at all. External differences are largely crowded into the background. We see the like beneath the unlike, the human beneath the foreign, the man beneath the accident of birth or title. Glad as one is to reach land, the pleasure is marred by the sadness of parting from friends thus acquired. There is a feeling that in all likelihood the ways of those who part on the wharf may never cross again.

Some of the passengers had friends awaiting them at Yokohama, and there were the usual shouts of welcome from those who came in boats to greet them, and the joyful calls of recognition from the dear ones on the steamer, as it drew close to the shore. Expecting none myself, and participating silently in the joy of the others, I was not a little surprised when one of the officers approached me with a cablegram and two letters that had been brought with other special mail to our steamer by the boat which had conveyed the quarantine officers to us. The cablegram was from Mr. Nathan Straus, of New York, containing his greetings to me from the border of the Atlantic, upon my safe arrival on the yonder shore of the Pacific, eight thousand miles distant. Unless one has experienced an unexpected greeting such as this, he cannot realize the joy such a thoughtful attention affords his friend far away.

One of the letters was from the United States Ambassador at Tokyo, Mr. George W. Guthrie, former Mayor of Pittsburg, as well as former Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Pennsylvania, under whom I served as one of the Grand Chaplains. In that letter he tells that both he and his wife will be glad to welcome my little party and myself at the Embassy at our convenience, a courtesy which we deeply appreciate and of which we shall gladly avail ourselves. The other letter contained special permits, issued by the Imperial Household Department, for us to visit the Imperial Palace and Castle at Nagoya and Kyoto, a priv-

ilege not accorded to the general public, and for which I have no doubt I am entirely indebted to our distinguished fellow Pennsylvanian.

Shortly after reaching shore I obtained a copy of the Tokyo English paper of that day, *The Advertiser,* which contained a few items of world-news, the first of any kind to reach us in ten days. And I did not miss the lack of news, showing, it seems, that the craving for it morning, noon and night is an artificial one, and one that can easily be dispensed with. What we probably have missed most have been several hundred accounts of murders, corruptions, lynchings, divorces, infidelities and other vices and crimes of all sorts, and a dispensation from reading columns of such stuff as that for quite a number of days is probably not the least of the benefits of such a journey as mine.

The first glimpse of Japan is one of bewilderment. As the eye grows accustomed to the newness and strangeness of the scenes, the bewilderment turns to picturesqueness and quaintness. One not only sees, but also feels that he is in the Orient, in the midst of a civilization which, though much different from that which surrounds one at home, is not without much merit of its own. Though the touch of modernity is visible everywhere—in the steam and electric cars, electric light, lightning-rod, telephone and telegraph, automobiles, bicycles, Victrola (rendering Japanese music), kodak, moving picture shows, newsstands, hydrants, etc., etc.—there is fortunately not enough of it as yet to mar the attractiveness of the old. The quaintness of the original seems to stand out all the more strongly because of the newness of the adopted or adapted. As little as all trees and flowers and animals are alike in size and shape, in color and habit, so little ought people, all the world over, dress alike, or follow the same manners and customs. In its diversity lies one of the greatest charms of nature, so also lies one of the chief attractions of mankind in their differences.

But for these differences in mode of dress, in style of dwelling, and in many other things, the occidental, upon arriving on Japanese soil, would be greatly tempted to believe that he

has arrived upon some far-away English or American colony. The English speech is seen or heard almost wherever one turns. The stations on the railroads, the rules and regulations, the notices and warnings, are in Japanese and English. The same is true of the names of leading streets, and of the principal stores. Even the national paper money has English printed on one side. It is about the only speech one hears in the hotel, whose waiters are all Japanese. Even the magazines published in the native tongue have their corresponding English name conspicuously published upon them. In those parts of the Orient where England has not succeeded in planting her flag she may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that her speech has been established there to a large extent.

A strange sight to an American coming from a part of the country where only stone and brick houses are seen, are the frail dwellings of the native Japanese, especially in the country districts, where by far the largest part of that people is located. At first one is strongly tempted to regard them as toy houses. Excepting some of their shops, they are one story high, and a very low story at that, composed, for the most part, of bamboo sticks, light frame, occasionally of thin clay. Large parts of them consist of partitions of thin oiled paper, which, when in front, take the place of windows, and which, moving in grooves, can be pushed aside, leaving the entire front exposed. The peasant houses are almost invariably thatch-roofed, on the peaks of which various kinds of flowers are planted. How such fragile structures can weather wind and storm is quite a marvel. And one cannot wonder at the conspicuous place given to the idol of the fire-god, for a fire among these dwellings must certainly spell dire calamity to hundreds. If these little houses contain more than one room, they are separated from each other by nothing more than a paper-covered sliding partition or panel. They contain nothing of what we call furniture—no table, no chairs, no beds or lounges, or such stoves as we know. When eating, the Japanese sit on their heels (an art which the American finds exceedingly difficult to imitate). Light, little tea-tables are put in front of them, or they make use of their spotless mat-covered floors for their

dishes. At night a quilt is placed on the floor as a mattress, and a quilted kimono constitutes the remainder of their bedding. The women place a low, grooved support under their necks to preserve their elaborate hair-dressing, on which they expend much care. Hats are never worn by the women. They regard their abundant jet-black hair, aided by the skill of the hair dresser, sufficient ornament. Men wear, almost without exception, caps and derbys such as we wear. In yet other ways have these adopted our mode of attire, excepting shoes, adhering still to the wooden-soled sandals, which are held loosely secure by a band inserted between the big toe and the one next to it. The feet are either bare or socked; if the latter, those of the men are invariably black, those of the women immaculately white. The same rule applies to the children of both sexes. The wooden footgear is made necessary by the scarcity of leather in Japan. Until recently, little or no cattle was kept in all that land because there is not soil enough to raise food for them. A horse is quite a rarity. There is little that a horse can do that man does not. It is this lack of horses that accounts for the popularity of the *jinrikisha,* the taxi of Japan, a small, low, light, two-wheeled wagonette, capable of holding one person, drawn by a fleet-footed Jap, who trots along at a goodly speed, at a small charge for his service. It is a far more acceptable means of transportation than many a cab service in other lands, and as the wheels revolve on ball-bearing axis, and as the runners, picturesquely garbed, are especially trained for the service, and are eager for it, and seem to like it, one has little reason to feel squeamish about being drawn through the streets by human power.

Returning to the description of the little homes, I must add that their light and frail construction is due to necessity rather than to device. It is the only kind of a house that is safe in a country as subject to earthquakes as is Japan. Three ranges, containing about 200 volcanoes, 50 of them active, traverse the land. Not a day but an earthquake is experienced somewhere in that country. Calculations by Japanese observatories give as an average number four shocks a day. Fortu-

nately they are but rarely serious. The buildings that have suffered most have been stone and brick houses built by foreigners. Such houses, however, are fast increasing, adopting architectural structure that promises greater safety.

NIKKO, November 17, 1913.

American travellers in Japan are often struck by the importance attached by the natives to bows and prostrations. At first sight, a conversation between two or more Japanese seems to consist of little more than a series of bows—high bows, low bows, medium bows, bows of all kinds, accompanied by all manners of smirks and smiles. Even when we foreigners enter their little homes, they seat themselves on their heels, and laying both their hands on the floor in front of them, they bend their heads forward until their brows touch their hands. This is their mode of welcoming their guests. They lay much stress upon this and other forms of etiquette. To them it is the outward expression of inner culture. To refuse to drink a cup of tea with them after such a welcome is regarded very bad taste. To them the ill-mannered person is ignorant, if not unmoral. To be pleasing to one's fellow-being is a part of their religion, and it is therefore that much stress is laid in their system of education upon the acquisition of proper manners in mode of dress and speech as well as in behavior. Their voice is always low; their bearing always reticent and modest. To be laughed at because of bad manners, or to be found fault with because of rudeness, is regarded to be about the worst thing that can happen to a Japanese. The titles they bestow upon one another are as courteous as is their mode of address. The word *honorable* is constantly applied not only to the person, but also to articles of wear. If one accidentally runs against another, both stop and exchange a number of bows in apology before they proceed. Swear-words of any kind are said to have no place in their vocabulary. Our forms

of kissing are not practiced among them; neither, I believe, is handshaking.

As a people, the Japanese are almost invariably small and slight, the women yet more so than the men. A height of five feet would seem to be their average. In looks, the women are more attractive than the men. The children, attired in bright-colored kimonos, are more attractive still. Some of them seem to be the very originals of the beautiful Japanese baby dolls with which we are familiar at home. The streets fairly teem with these little ones. There is no fear of race suicide in Japan. Scarcely a woman, or a grown boy or girl, or even but half-grown, but they carry a babe on their backs (often several additional ones trot along at their sides), tucked within their kimonos, that seem to be especially made for that purpose. Only very rarely does one see a baby carriage. Judging from the looks of things, the terrible loss of life during the Russo-Japanese war will be compensated within the present generation. However much the elders may differ from us, the street-life of the children is very much like that of ours. They play marbles, they fly kites, caress dolls, enjoy their candy, pet their dogs, play baseball, look longingly upon the luridly painted blood-curdling scenes of the moving picture shows, gape at the charlatan who is crying out his goods at the street corners, play soldiers, and the like. The fondness displayed by the mothers for their children is the same that is known to us at home. Childhood and motherhood are the same the world over, so also is youth, judging from the enamoured looks one occasionally observes between young maidens and their swains.

The more one sees of the Japanese the more convinced he becomes that, as a whole, they are a people exceptionally fond of cleanliness. We are told that the daily bath is a daily necessity, even with the common day-laborer. Several baths a day, it is said, is quite a common practice among the wealthier. Wearing but little clothes under their loose-flying kimonos, dressing and undressing involves but little trouble and little loss of time. Considering, however, that they do not obtain water within their homes as easily as we do ours, nor heat it

as readily, and that the temperature of the water at which they take their baths generally reaches 120 degrees, these frequent ablutions of theirs represent no small regard for the cleanliness of the body. We are told that such baths take place in portable tubs, frequently outdoors, and that the bathers often entertain their friends while in the tub.

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VOL. XXVII Sunday, January 25th, 1914 No. 11

A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

III.—Continued

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Sunday, January 11th, 1914

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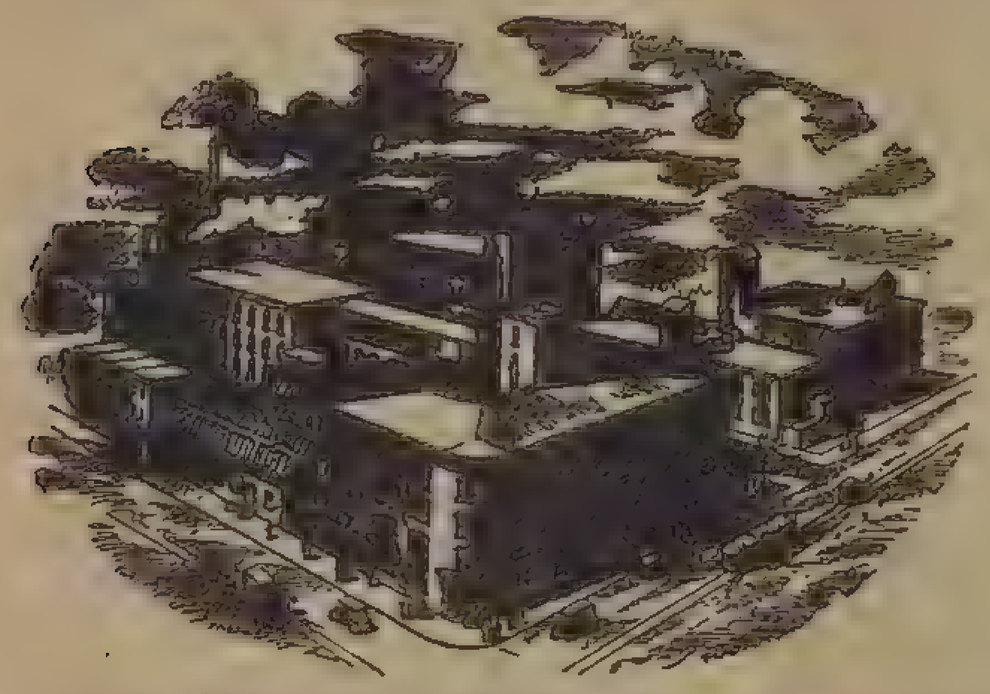
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NIKKO, November 18, 1913.

In the Good-Friday service of the Episcopal Church, prayers are offered for the conversion of Jews, Mohammedans and other heathens. Conversion to what? Impartial comparison has before this been instituted between Christian and Jewish morality, and the verdict has been in favor of the latter. The same is claimed for the Japanese by those who have lived long among them, and know whereof they speak. They are not a people of saints. They have their failings as we all have. But, I am informed, there exists less vice and crime, less domestic infidelity, less drunkenness, less oppression and injustice and intolerance among them than in Christian lands. It is said to be the general answer of the Japanese when asked by a missionary to renounce their faith for that of Christianity: "When you will show us a higher morality in Christian lands than we enjoy in our own we shall be ready to adopt your faith." They are not slow in adopting the good of occidental civilization when they see it. Apparently they have not yet discovered it in the Christianity of the Christians with whom they have come in contact most—the Russians, for instance.

I was privileged in Yokohama to visit a school for Japanese girls, ranging from ten to seventeen years in age, about 100 in number, run by the Woman's Union Mission. I was deeply interested in their opening chapel exercise, their hymn-singing, Bible-reading, prayers both in Japanese and English, and especially appreciated their chanting of the Priestly Blessing in honor of the visiting American Rabbi to whom a seat was assigned on the platform. Attired in their native garb, prayerful in demeanor and expression, they presented as pretty a picture as one can possibly behold. Whatever private opinion one may have of the real benefits of the missionary movement in a highly civilized country such as this, one cannot but deeply admire the noble self-sacrifice and painstaking labors of the American young women who leave their homes and country to engage upon a work of love such as this, and the splendid education they give their pupils. The studies pursued are, for the most part, secular and in the Japanese tongue; though, of course, a large part is assigned to English. The ulterior

motive is to train these pupils into becoming missionaries to their own. Not having as yet visited a girls' school conducted by Japanese, I cannot tell whether as good an education is not given in the native schools. There are those who say that the opportunity of learning good English and other useful studies, and of being boarded while at school, all free of charge or nearly so, is the greatest attraction for the native to such schools as this, of which there are a goodly number in different parts of this country, conducted by different denominations. Very interesting was the visit to the different rooms of the establishment where the pupils and those of their teachers who are Japanese live and dine, sleep and bathe, native-fashion. In recognition of their hospitality we had to sit upon the floor and sip a cup of tea with them. Unlike us, they use neither sugar nor cream with their tea.

Speaking of tea-sipping, I must make mention of our visit to a celebrated little tea-house, located on the bluff of Yokohama, at the landing of an old stone stairway of 101 steps, leading from below. The view from that teahouse is superb. At the foot, a great city of 400,000 inhabitants; to the right, the Pacific Ocean; to the left, far-famed and widely sung Fuji-Jama, clothed in his mantle of eternal snow. So like is this little teahouse to the scene of the Japanese home given in the melodious as well as pathetic opera, "Madame Butterfly," and so direct from there is the view of the harbor of Yokohama, that one is tempted to believe that it may have been that very cottage and that very harbor which the author had in mind when he composed the libretto.

We delight in boasting that the position of women among us is superior to that of the women of all other lands. It seems to me that the Japanese woman has little to complain of. Her position is of a more retiring nature by preference as much as by tradition. She shuns publicity. Domesticity is her atmosphere. The old teaching of Euripides that "a woman should be good for everything at home, and for nothing abroad" seems to hold good also in Japan. Like the Spartan woman of old, her ambition is to be the wife of a great man and the mother of illustrious children. To the Japanese woman no glory is greater than that of being a worthy wife and mother. To become such, she prepares herself early in the

manifold duties of domestic life. No matter how high the education she received, no curriculum is allowed to crowd out domestic art. When servants are kept, the women of the home are their guides and teachers, not their helpless dependents, as is only too frequently the case with our own women. A large family is said to be the ambition of every wife, and, judging by what one sees, it would seem that that ambition is realized by all of them. Artificial feeding of infants is next to unknown. If the Japanese woman be a worshipper, as it is said, of her father and husband, she has her reward in being worshipped by her children. Man being the provider, being obliged to struggle hard for the means of the family's subsistence, she is willing to pay him the regard that is due to father and husband. That such regard is not a species of base subjection is clearly seen from the happy and contented looks visible on the face of nearly every Japanese woman, and by the grace and charm their walk and talk display. If such looks and charm be the price for womanly subjection to man, I would strongly advise large numbers of our women to obey the Japanese instruction: to obey their parents when young, their husbands when wives, their sons when widows.

Of course, there exist in Japan women to whom much of what I said above does not apply. It is as wrong, however, to judge all the women of Japan by that class as it would be to judge European and American women by the scum of their sex.

The *Geisha,* the girl hired out by her parents for a number of years, as an entertainer at public places, represents an old-time custom that has lingered all too long in Japan. In defense of it, the claim is advanced that some women are needed for purposes of professional entertainment, and that, for the good of others, some few must make a sacrifice of themselves. There was a time even among us, and that not very long ago, that women who went upon the stage as actresses, songstresses and dancers were regarded beyond the pale of decent society. That time happily is past. The time will come when in Japan, too, society will pay its tribute of respect to those who employ their gifts of song and grace and elocution for its entertainment.

As to the vice problem that greatly perplexes us at home, Japan has had the courage of attempting a solution by concentrating and legalizing it in all its large cities. In how far it has succeeded in keeping it under rigid control and discipline, inquiry at the proper authority would probably ascertain. Judging from street appearances, its subjection seems to be complete.

In the evil of divorce, Japan is said to equal the United States. But the causes leading to it here, according to report, are different from those at home. Here it is largely due to the custom of newly wedded couples living with the parents of their respective husbands. The trouble-maker is said to be generally the mother-in-law. So ingrained is the sense of filial obedience that, if the daughter-in-law incur the displeasure of the mother-in-law, her husband must dismiss her. A change, however, is setting in. Young couples are beginning to start housekeeping for themselves, immediately after marriage, and distance from mother-in-law is beginning to lengthen the distance from the divorce courts.

NIKKO, November 19, 1913.

Wherever one turns one gathers the conviction that the Japanese are an industrious people. No one seems to be idle, and no one unhappy because employed. Wages and income are low, but wants are few and cheap. The diet is almost entirely vegetarian, rice and tea constitute the chief articles of food, and perhaps it is because their diet is so simple that they are so healthy and content. They possess a proficiency in some callings that borders on the marvelous. In work of pottery, porcelain, lacquer, enamel, ivory, silk and others too numerous to mention, they have probably no superiors. And in some of these callings women are as freely employed as men, with the difference, however, that they are not as well paid as the men. This, however, has not yet constituted a reason for the organization of a woman's-right movement.

Especially surprising to Americans is the employment of women in the harbors as loaders of coal. Seated on ladders at the sides of great ships may be seen scores of them, one above the other, passing small sacks or baskets of coal one to

the other, for hours at a time, without apparently tiring or losing their good nature. I wonder whether that kind of labor, hard as it looks, is any harder than that of our women at home in close, ill-ventilated, deafening factories, waging eight hours long and more each day a fierce combat with steel machinery and steam power. I wonder also whether a lot of our women might not be cured of a lot of mischief of which they are the source if they would work as diligently and clothe as plainly and feed as simply as do their sisters here.

Street venders have a large place in the merchant life of Japan. With their wares, such as household articles, eatables, coal, clothing, toys, pottery, flowers, carried in large trays, suspended from the end of poles borne across the shoulders, they walk the streets, sending forth, every now and then, a peculiar cry or long-drawn musical note, which, to the experienced ear, tells the kind of goods that is offered for sale. A plaintive note is heard early in the morning and after dark; it is the call of masseurs and shampooers, a trade that is largely in the hands of the blind, a practice which many of the equally afflicted among us might profitably follow.

That the Japanese are a hardy people is evidenced by the fact that, though November is as raw here as with us at home, large numbers of men, women and children walk entirely bare-footed and bare-legged. Even when wearing wooden-soled sandals, the tops of the feet are unshielded from the cold, a fact which is said to be true of many even in mid-winter when they have as much snow here as we have at home. Their only means of heating their little, thin-walled homes, of which mere thin paper forms the window part, is a small iron or clay-lined box filled with a little burning charcoal. The jinrikisha men have, at certain street corners, where they await trade, charcoal fires in little holes on the sidewalk, over which they warm their hands and feet.

Unfortunately for us we arrived here too late to see Japan in all its chrysanthemum glory. Yet what we saw of it quite sufficed to convince us that its world-wide floral reputation is more than earned. The marvels that we saw were such that, had we merely heard of them or read of them, we could not have believed them possible. We speak with pride of our chrysanthemum flowers of from six to nine inches wide. Here

they have a variety two feet in diameter, and the colors of which are as brilliant as its petals are long. But it is not in the size and colors of the flowers wherein the greatest marvel lies, but in the shapes which they are forced to assume. Think of large squares, globes, cubes, pyramids, boats, bridges, bicycles, automobiles, even forms of animals and human beings, composed of chrysanthemums and other flowers, not of cut flowers, but living plants, so trained that they must assume these shapes, and so arranged that different flowers must contribute their color and size to produce the effect required in the figure represented.

Eckerman, who was to Goethe what Boswell was to Dr. Sam Johnson, says somewhere in his *Conversations With Goethe* that so great was the latter's love and descriptive power of flowers that one could imagine that when God had finished nearly all of creation He turned to Goethe and said, "All has been brought into existence excepting flowers, these I have left for you to produce." Without wishing to detract in the least from the powers of Germany's greatest poet, I am nevertheless of the opinion that Eckerman's compliment is better deserved by the Japanese. A hundred species of flowers and more, that rejoice heaven and earth, have had their origin in Japan. Here is the home of the chrysanthemum, the wistaria, the azalea, the orchid, the peony, the lily, the iris, the morning-glory, the dahlia, the clematis, the spirea, the japonica, the hydrangea, aster, rhododendron, the camelia. I must not mention more, if I do not wish this part of my letter to read like a florist's catalogue. Here every month of the year is sacred to one or more flowers or trees. This month is sacred to the maple, and any one seeing that tree in its crimson glory does not wonder at the adoration which it commands. Surely, when at the advent of the modern era the gods of Olympus were driven into exile, Flora, the goddess of flowers, must have taken up her permanent abode in Japan, having found in that land a people possessed of an instinctive and sacred regard for her offspring. Their love of flowers is a religious cult. To that cult they have consecrated a number of annual festivals. During cherry-blossom time, for instance, in the early Spring, they go forth to the trees bearing these, not so much to admire as to adore. It forms a part of the nature-worship of

Shintoism, of which I shall speak later. Not only the love of the flower, not only a scientific knowledge of its structure, growth and propagation, is imparted in the schools of Japan, but also the art of its arrangement with a view to decoration, beauty and effectiveness. Temples invariably stand concealed within groves; shrines within clumps of trees. Not a country home, and scarcely a city home, but the flower is in evidence, often in rich profusion. Busily engaged as they are in things material, they have not allowed the hum-drum of life to crush out the love of the beautiful.

If nature has done much for the Japanese, they have done as much for it in return. We speak of the miracles wrought by the Pilgrim Fathers, and their early descendants and followers, in raising their scant food from New England's rocky soil. That miracle has been wrought here, is still being wrought, and with results that would seem impossible, were the facts not amply substantiated.

Here is a country, consisting mostly of islands, some 500 of them. Its land is largely mountainous, only 15 per cent. of it is arable. And yet, though but three times the size of Pennsylvania, it feeds 50,000,000 of souls, requiring less than $1.00 per capita of agricultural imports. It feeds more than 2000 people to the square mile. We in our country feed less than 200 people in the same area. No better comparison can be given to show what can be done with soil properly and diligently worked. Were we to till our soil as the Japanese till theirs, we could feed more than a billion of people, or ten times our present population. With such possibilities, how absurd our lament over high cost of living and insufficient food for tens of thousands in the congested centers of our teeming cities. The marvels wrought on these Japanese lands become more stupendous still when we consider that only the fewest possess the scientific knowledge of agriculture that obtains in our country, and that scarcely any of them are equipped with the superior implements with which our farmers are supplied.

By what art or magic are these miracles wrought? By superior skill and industry, thrift and economy. In all my travels, at home and abroad, I have never seen such diligence on farms as here. Man, woman and child are at work, and at the kind of work that yields result. Whatever their means

of fertilizing, I have never seen richer looking soil. Not an inch of it is allowed to go to waste. Not a weed seems to be given a chance to live. Not a grain or a fruit is permitted to the marauding bird. Not a fruit tree but it is under the most exquisite care. Not a sign anywhere of exhausted land or of a declining farm population. While only about one-fourth of our population work the soil, three-fourths of theirs live on and off their farms.

This being the rice harvest season, I had especial opportunity to see them at their work. And while they gather this crop, the greatest of all their crops, they do by no means allow their other land to lie idle till next Spring, even though it has already yielded several crops this season. This is the latter part of the month of November, yet not even in May or June does our land look as luxuriant or promising as it does here at the present time. They will garner another crop of vegetables before the cold weather will set in.

Compared with their results our agriculture is still in its infancy. Compared with their industry we have not yet learned the rudiments of labor. Working in this present cool weather, in the water-soaked rice fields, all day long, lightly clad, barefoot for the most part, the women as well as the men, speaks of a hardihood, of a power of endurance, which we have not yet acquired. They would grow rich on what we waste. Were our lands parcelled out in holdings as small as theirs, and worked as intensively as they do theirs, aided by our superior implements, and by the literature which the Agricultural Department of Washington dispenses liberally and without cost, we could furnish food for all the world. I know of nothing better that could happen to graduates of our National Farm School than a post-graduate course on a Japanese farm, in the greatest of all agricultural studies: "The Art and Love of Farm Work."

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A PEOPLE WITHOUT A COUNTRY

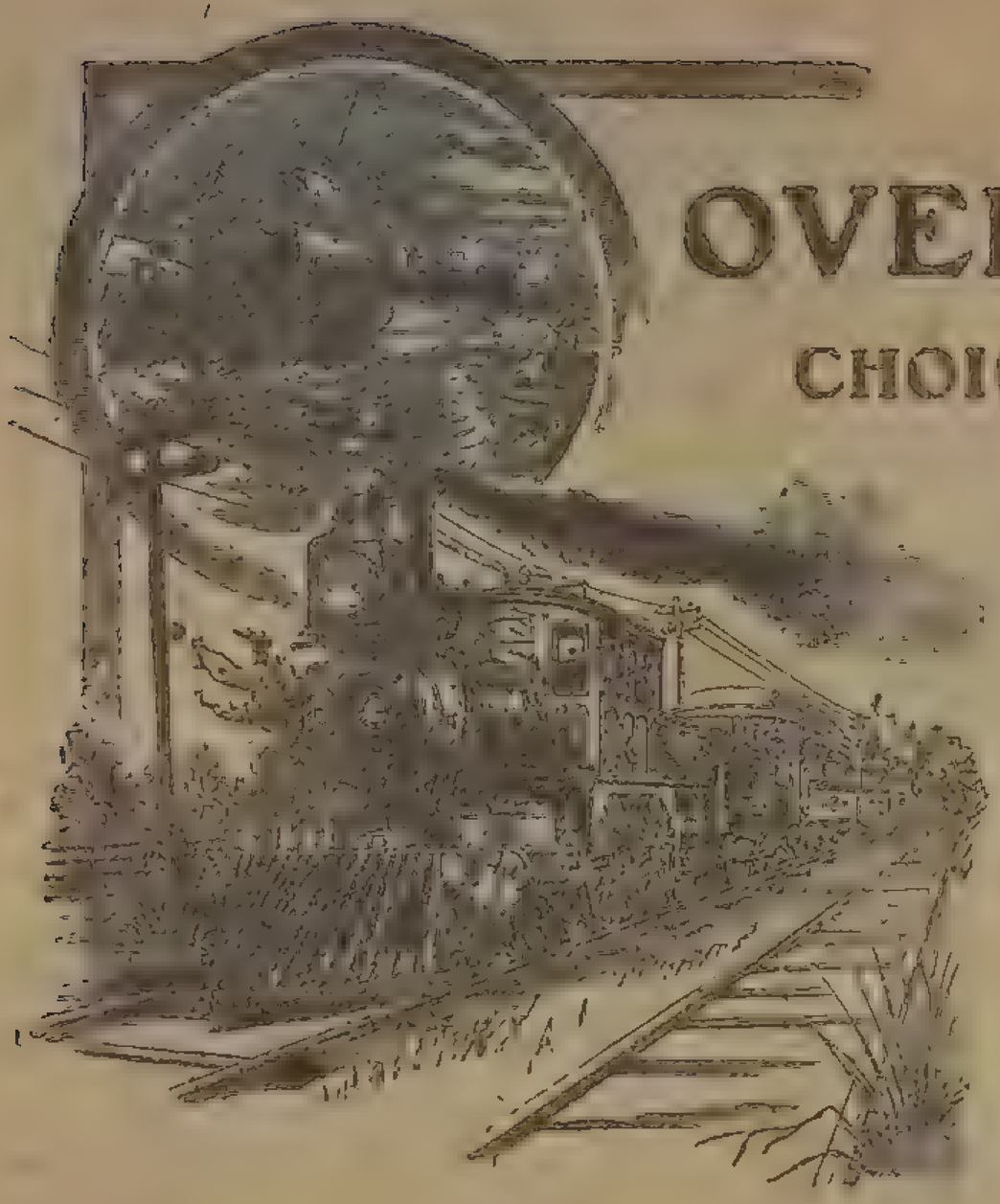
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Rabbi ISAAC LANDMAN

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A People Without a Country.

A Discourse at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Isaac Landman,

Philadelphia, January 25th, 1914.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Jewish Chronicle,* in the issue of July 18, 1913, reported the case of a Jew from Roumania who was on trial for breach of the French deportation laws. The Jew pleaded that he had no place to go, for he had no country. The Paris judge held the plea of the Jew that he was a man without a country preposterous, and sentenced him to a day in prison.

The Hon. J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, discussing his resolution requesting the Secretary of State "to inform the House whether any communication has been had with the Roumanian Government or the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Berlin in relation to the observance of said treaty," before the House, on June 24, 1913, pointed out that a Jew, native to Roumania, has no rights of citizenship in Roumania and has no right to appeal for protection to any power on earth. "He stands alone—a man without a country." Many of the Congressmen could not understand Mr. Moore's statement. Whether in France or America, the idea of a man without a country, in the fourteenth year of the twentieth century, is beyond understanding.

Yet, the astounding fact that the quarter of a million Jews in Roumania is a people without a country, is true. This fact becomes more astounding when we know that the ancestors of this people were born on Roumanian soil. Still more astounding does it become when we learn that this people traces its ancestry on Roumanian soil back to the first century of the Christian Era. Most astounding does the fact become when we hear that the fathers of the present generation of

Jews in Roumania shed their blood in the Roumanian War of Independence, in 1877, and that practically every able-bodied Jew in Roumania enlisted to fight for Roumania in the threatened war with Bulgaria, in 1913.

The story of the Jews in Roumania begins when Decebalus, the great prince of the Dacians, first routed the army of the Roman Emperor, Domitian, in the year 86. History records that there were Jews residing then in the district now comprising the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, modern Roumania. This Dacian chieftain had received a large number of Jews, fugitives from the wrath of Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish State, in the year 70. These Jews, to whom Decebalus had assigned the city of Talmus, or Talmaci, were augmented by others who followed the Roman armies. This number was further increased by the Chazars, the great warrior tribe that subjugated all the land between the Don and the Dnieper, along the shore of the Black Sea, and became converted to Judaism in the eighth century. Of such influence on Roumanian poetry and tradition was the number and the power of the Chazar Jews that in the oldest Roumanian literature and folklore the term "Jew" is synonymous with the term "giant" or "hero."

Again, in 1290, history shows that Jews accompanied Radlu Negru when he came from Transylvania to found the principality of Wallachia. History states authoritatively that, in 1348, when the principality of Moldavia was founded, Jews were already there, and that after the founding many more came from Poland. Prince Roman I gave these Jews the privilege of pursuing every calling when he founded the Moldavian city bearing his name, the name of one of the leading Jewish families in Roumania to this day.

It would be interesting to follow in detail the varying fortunes of the Jews in Moldavia and Wallachia: how their number increased by immigration from Poland and Turkey during the reigns of liberal and humane princes, and how they suffered from persecution and massacre during the reigns of narrow and avaricious rulers; how they founded and built up towns and cities and how whole Jewish communities were

wiped out by the ferocity of their haters; how special charters granted them rights and protection with the rest of the population and how these charters were nullified by the stroke of a fanatic and ignoble pen; how they rose to positions of high dignity and how they were reduced to abject misery. But more interesting still is the story that gave to the twentieth century the anomalous condition of a quarter of a million of people, native to the soil on which they live, absolutely without a country, aliens not subject to foreign protection in the land made fertile with their patriotic blood.

Moldavia and Wallachia became tributary to Turkey at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Soleiman I terrorized Europe. They became absolute Ottoman dependencies about a century later. But the hope of national independence was never fully crushed by Turkey's domination. In 1674, both Moldavia and Wallachia petitioned Russia for protection against Ottoman oppression. Czar Alexis was quite ready to become the champion of the principalities and, in 1711, his successor, Peter the Great, consummated an alliance, which met with a crushing defeat at the hands of Turkey. But Russia, once having been given a hand in Balkan affairs, never relinquished the possibility of extending her territory toward the Black Sea. By intrigue, by cleverly framed conventions, by resort to arms, she slowly clamped down her crushing hand upon Moldavia and Wallachia. The principalities became the shuttlecock in the game Russia was playing for the acquisition of Turkish domains. They were overrun by Russian soldiers —and the Jews suffered butcheries and massacres accordingly. Finally, the spirit of 1848 reached Moldavia and Wallachia by way of France. "Nationality and liberty" became the slogan here as in the rest of Europe. In 1857 the principalities declared for union, and 1859 saw them united under a single Moldavian prince into a neutral state, Roumania. Eventually, the local and national jealousies that persisted in tearing the union asunder were completely overcome when, in 1866, Karl Ludwig, of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, was chosen prince, and entered Bukharest on May 22d as Prince Charles I of Roumania.

The advent of Prince Charles was greeted by the Jews of Roumania with joy equal to that of the rest of the population. In the struggle for the union of Moldavia and Wallachia, in 1857-8, many Jews of both principalities were on the side of union. In 1864 an article of the civil code had already foreshadowed the gradual emancipation of the Jews, and in 1865 Prince Alexander Cuza had announced, in a message to the Chambers, that the time had come to extend political rights to the Jews, in accordance with the Treaty of Paris of 1856, that concluded the Crimean War. The accession of Charles, May 22, 1866, and the new constitution brought the dawning of freedom for the Jews. Article 6 of that instrument declared that "religion is no obstacle to naturalization," and there was great rejoicing. But joy was soon turned to woe. While the constitutional assembly was in session in Bukharest, on June 30th, an organized riot broke out against the Jews, the recently erected synagogue was demolished, citizenship granted in Article 6 of the constitution was withdrawn, and Article 7 was passed instead. Article 7 states that "only such aliens as are of the Christian faith may obtain citizenship," which means that the Jews were reduced to the position of subjects of Roumania, with all the duties and obligations of subjects, but were held by the constitution to be ineligible to citizenship.

Hard upon this outrage followed a series of unparalleled oppressions of the Jews, by means of special decrees and special circulars to police prefects. Jews who did not possess at least 5000 piastres were ordered expelled as vagrants. They were prohibited from living in villages, except by consent of the village. They were prohibited from practicing law. Blood accusations were trumped up, and these were followed by riots and wholesale destruction of lives and property. Rioters were discharged and their Jewish victims convicted of disorder. Jews were prohibited from being tax-farmers, and Christian tax-farmers were forbidden to employ Jewish clerks. Native-born Jews, licensed pharmacists, were forbidden to open drug stores. Jews were excluded from the tobacco trade, robbing thousands of their livelihood. This was followed by exclusion from the liquor trade, and thousands more

were deprived of their living. Now the Supreme Court denied Jews municipal franchise, the War Office excluded Jews from holding commissions in the army, and the City Council of Jassy prohibited them from employing Christian servants. Two hundred Jewish families were expelled from Moldavia in mid-winter (1876) on ten days' notice. Throwing Jews into the river and shooting them down, furnished sport for the nobles and for the populace.

The civilized world was naturally amazed at such a series of cruelties, perpetrated by the Roumanian government upon a small, defenceless percentage of its population. Many interpellations were made in many Parliaments. Many protest meetings were held in various European and American centers. Many resolutions were passed. The House of Representatives of the United States, on May 22, 1872, passed a resolution protesting against the Roumanian treatment of her Jews. This outcry of universal public sentiment had its effect. There was a let-up in the persecutions. There was another reason for it, too—the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war.

Russia declared war on Turkey on April 11, 1877. On April 16th Roumania entered into a secret alliance with Russia. On May 14th she declared her independence of Turkey, and achieved it with the fall of Plevna, on December 10th. The story of Plevna is well sung in history, but it is not common knowledge, as was recently discovered by the Roumanian *Curierul Israelit,* that a Jew planted the Roumanian flag on the almost impregnable redoubt at Grivitza, the key to Plevna. He was a private, named Brociner, without hope of promotion from the ranks, according to the Roumanian law. Two days before the assault on Grivitza, Brociner so distinguished himself that he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant on the field of battle. On the memorable September 11, 1877, which is now a Roumanian national holiday, the assault on Grivitza was ordered. "Brociner," said his captain, Walter Maricineanu, to the young lieutenant, "your honor, the honor of your family, as well as that of your entire race, now lies in your hands. The battle begins. Be first on the redoubt, and the fatherland will know how to reward you." Though

twice wounded, Brociner was the first on the redoubt at Grivitza, a Jew of Roumania was the first to plant the Roumanian flag on the stronghold of Turkey, without the conquest of which Plevna would never have been reduced. Brociner received his reward, because his heroic act came directly under the eyes of Prince Charles, who was in command. He is retired to-day with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He is private secretary to King Charles and administrator of the royal palace. How his Jewish brothers, fellow subjects, who fought and died in the ranks that Roumania might be free, received their reward, is a story without the Brociner happy ending.

The concluding chapter of Roumania's War of Independence was written during the sessions of the Congress of Berlin, in 1878. The Peace Treaty consummated there, and signed by England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy and Turkey, granted independence to Roumania, in the Forty-third Article, subject to the conditions set forth in Article 44. This article reads:

> In Roumania, difference in religious beliefs and confessions shall not be brought against any one as a ground for exclusion or unfitness as regards the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public offices, functions, and honors, or the exercise of various professions and industries in any place whatever. Freedom in outward observance of all creeds will be assured to all subjects of the Roumanian state, as well as to strangers, and no obstacle will be raised either to the ecclesiastical organization of different bodies, or to their intercourse with their spiritual heads.
>
> The citizens of all states, whether merchants or others, shall be dealt with, in Roumania, without distinction of religion, on the basis of perfect equality.

Roumania accepted her independence from the Powers on the explicit condition that differences in religious creed of any of her subjects should be no bar to citizenship. The Jews in Roumania and abroad rejoiced. Roumania would surely live up to her treaty obligations! Jewish poets sang pæans in honor of the Berlin Congress. But it was not the intention of Roumania's statesmen to keep this covenant.

It was the sense of the Treaty of Berlin that the Jews of Roumania be naturalized *en masse*. Instead of so naturalizing them, the Parliament abrogated Article 7 of the constitution and substituted a declaration that "the naturalization of aliens not under foreign protection should in every individual case be decided by Parliament." This was aimed directly at the Jews. Its purpose was to evade the obligations assumed by Roumania in the Treaty of Berlin, by reducing the Jews from the position of subjects ineligible to citizenship to aliens sojourning within the country. Born on the soil of Roumania, the Jews certainly had no claim to the protection of any foreign power on earth. They, therefore, became vagrants and vagabonds in the land of their and their fathers' nativity. In other words, before the Treaty of Berlin, the Jews were Roumanian subjects without political rights; after the great Powers of Europe granted Roumania her independence on the condition that her Jews must be given the rights of citizenship, the Roumanian constitution made them outcasts, aliens, not subject to foreign protection, *a people without a country*.

To illustrate with a typical case: In November, 1897, the Jews of Bukharest held an organized mass meeting to demand their rights from the government. The reply was a well organized riot that raged for seven hours under the very windows of the king's palace. Plans had been laid for Jewish massacres all over the country on the Sunday following. But on the day after the riot at Bukharest, the foreign diplomats met, demanded an immediate placing of the responsibility for the outrage and indemnity for their respective nationals who suffered in the outbreak. The result was that every Jew in Bukharest who was a subject or a citizen of a foreign country was fully indemnified; the Roumanian Jews had no redress, for they were aliens without protection in Roumania. They had no protection from any other power. They were a people without a country.

To make a pretext, however, of complying with the formal declaration and moral intent of the Treaty of Berlin, 883 Jewish soldiers, who fought in the War of Independence, were naturalized in a body in 1878. This number was not the total roll-

call of Jews who fought in the War of Independence. Besides, many of the 883 were those who died at Grivitza and Plevna. Many of the living veterans who were naturalized could not produce certain documents, without which citizenship was withheld. In addition, the patents of citizenship were sent to the commanders of the regiments in which these veterans had been enlisted and were, for the most part, never delivered.

Now, in Roumania, citizenship obtained by a father does not pass on from father to son, if the son was born before the father was naturalized. Many of the sons of these veterans, therefore, could not become citizens. Illustrative of this is the case of Jean Ronetti Roman. Ronetti Roman, the father, who was naturalized, was an author whose literary productions helped to placed Roumania in the international world of letters. He is the author of Roumania's great heroic poem, entitled *Radu,* and of Roumania's great play, entitled *Manasse.* When he died, his son, Jean, applied to Parliament for naturalization, but found both the houses deaf to his petition. A very pathetic incident, in this connection, is that of the other Roumanian litterateur of some prominence, I. L. Caragiale, who pleaded with a leading politician, "I beg of you, in the memory of our departed friend, place yourself at work in my stead . . . inform them (the Conservative-Democrats) how anxious I am personally for the success of my young friend. For God's sake, that much influence I hope I should have. I beg of you once again."

Every application for naturalization must be passed upon by both branches of the Parliament. The Senate accords citizenship only by a two-thirds vote, and the Senate of Roumania, though elected by the people, is practically a self-perpetuating body, composed of the descendants of the former landed nobility. It is therefore easily explained why, of the 2000 petitions for naturalization submitted by the Jews in 1880 only 45 were granted in six months; and why, during the thirty years between 1880 and 1910, only 200 Jews were naturalized, and of these 27 were dead at the time of naturalization. A typical case of the perfidy of Roumania in fulfilling her obligations assumed in the Treaty of Berlin is that of Dr. Sigis-

mund Steiner. His petition for citizenship was rejected, although he is Roumanian born, of Roumanian parents, son of a father who had been honored by the government in 1851, and he, himself, had been decorated for bravery on the field of battle in the War of Independence.

This studied infamy of the Roumanian statesmen in evading the Treaty of Berlin becomes more grievous when we become aware of the conditions created by these same statesmen under which the Jews of Roumania are forced to live. In addition to the disabilities indicated above, there are about two hundred others (one probably for each naturalization granted to Jews during thirty years) that constitute the most amazing list of cunning laws of persecution in the sad annals of Jewish history. Here are a few examples:

Jews may not own land, live or do business in villages, or hire out as laborers upon farms.

Jews may not peddle.

Jews may not be employed in the railroad, postal, telephone or telegraph service.

Jews may not practice law nor be clerks to lawyers.

Jews may practice medicine, but are not admitted as internes in hospitals maintained by the Government, nor on medical staffs.

Jews operating factories may have in their employ Jewish workers to the number of but one-third of the total number of their employees.

Jews employed as officers of corporations may not receive more than 20 per cent. of the total amount paid in salaries by these corporations.

Jews are taxed for the support of all schools, but cannot be admitted to them until all Christians have been accommodated, and then only on payment of tuition fees.

Jews are excluded from government technical and trade schools, from agricultural and engineering colleges, and are admitted only on payment of tuition fees after all Christians have been accommodated.

Jews may not teach in public schools or hold chairs in higher institutions of learning. Teachers of the Roumanian language in Jewish schools must be Christians.

Jews must serve in the army, but may not rise above the ranks; yet despite the fact that they render military service, according to a decision of the Supreme Court, May 24, 1910, they still remain aliens.

Jews may not bid on government contracts.

Jews may not meet in congresses, to discuss any questions whatsoever, because only Christians possess the right of free assembly.

Jews, being aliens without foreign protection, are vagrants. Vagrants, according to law, are to be held without bail. Courts, therefore, refuse bail to Jews arrested for any cause.

Jewish communities may not hold properties such as synagogues, schools, hospitals, asylums, as a community, but in the name of an individual.

Jewish schools founded and supported by Jews are prohibited from teaching on Sundays and Christian holidays, and must hold sessions on Saturdays and Jewish holidays.

Jews are liable to expulsion on twelve to twenty-four hours' notice. Being aliens without protection they have no redress.

It was the Artisan Bill of March 16, 1902, framed to prohibit Jews from earning a living by any form of handicraft or trade, that aroused Secretary John Hay to protest in the name of his government and in the name of humanity, in his now famous Roumanian Note of August 11, 1902. The Powers signatory to the Treaty of Berlin, however, were not so much concerned, and are not even now. International law shows that there are commercial treaties in force to-day between Roumania and Russia, Germany, Italy and Belgium, stipulating expressly that "foreigners" in Roumania are excluded from the privileges mutually granted by these covenants.

When Roumania demanded the session of Silistria as an award for her neutrality during the recent Balkan Wars, an outbreak of hostilities was threatened between her and Bulgaria. The call to arms was sounded, and to the amazement of every anti-Semite of every political party in the country, 15,000 Jews volunteered for active service, and 15,000 others, because of the age limit, enrolled themselves in the reserves.

In the face of such a patriotic display on the part of the Jews in Roumania, who are aliens in the land by law, who suffer persecutions that out-Russia Russia, all of the anti-Semitic guns were silenced. The Jews in the Roumanian armies that were to face Bulgaria comprised practically the

entire able-bodied male Jewish population of the country. In addition to offering their lives for Roumania, the Jews turned over to the government their schools, synagogues, hospitals, and their public buildings maintained by their own funds, to be used as temporary hospitals. They subscribed more money, in proportion to the population, to the proposed navy and aerial fleet, in both of which no Jews could possibly serve under the law. They raised a reserve fund for the widows and orphans that were to be made by the war, irrespective of creed. Confronted with such patriotic enthusiasm, the statesmen of all the political parties agreed unanimously that the Jews who are going to war must be naturalized *en masse* upon their return.

Patriotic assemblies were held and patriotic speeches were made by the commanders of the regiments. "Shout together with me," said Colonel Fotescu to the Tenth Infantry, "Long live the Roumanian Jews." But while civil and military leaders openly professed love and brotherhood for the Jews, a confidential order to the commanders of the regiments, as exposed in the daily *Seara*, was issued by the War Office, urging them not to antagonize their Jewish soldiers, but not to promote them. Fortunately, Bulgaria did not want to fight. Yet a great number of the Jewish soldiers, with their Christian brethren, died of hardships and the cholera that broke out in the camps.

When the soldiers returned and Silistria was ceded to Roumania, the statesmen in Bukharest repented of the promise made to the Jewish soldiers. On August 21, 1913, the government declared that the 15,000 Jewish volunteers were drafted erroneously. Therefore they were not entitled to the franchise promised to the Jews who had enlisted for the war. The idea of granting citizenship to the 15,000 reservists was, of course, looked upon as preposterous.

This action on the part of the Roumanian government had in it a germ of far greater danger to the Jews. Bulgaria, with Servia and Montenegro, had lived up to the letter of the Berlin Treaty and had granted full rights of citizenship to its Jews. The Jews of Silistria, formerly naturalized Bulgarians, now

fallen under Roumanian rule, were threatened with deprivation of their civil and political rights.

The world had already witnessed how Roumania treated Jews who came under her control by acquisition of territory. There were many Jews in Dobrudja when that province was ceded to Roumania by Turkey at the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish War. Under the Treaty of Berlin the Jews of Dobrudja were all to be naturalized. For thirty-two years these Jews pleaded their political cause, but Roumania had cast their lot with that of their unfortunate brethren of the homeland. Finally, a law was passed, on April 19, 1909, ordering that Jews of Dobrudja who were Turkish *citizens* on April 11, 1877, when the War of Independence began, shall obtain political rights in Roumania. This law does not comply with the terms of the Treaty of Berlin, but evades them; first, because few of the Dobrudja Jews can produce the required documents after thirty-two years, and second, because in 1877 Jews were *subjects* in Turkey, not *citizens*.

Therefore it was that at the close of the Second Balkan War the Jews of Bulgaria sent a petition to the signatory powers of the Treaty of Berlin, pleading that Bulgarian territory be not ceded to Roumania until she give assurance that the Jews within that territory will not lose their political rights. After Silistria was ceded to Roumania, Luigi Luzzatti, ex-premier of Italy, and now professor of Public Law in the University of Rome, on March 3, 1913, began issuing a series of appeals to the European powers, in the name of humanity and as a fundamental principle of justice, to safeguard the political and civil rights of the Jews of Silistria. Georges Clemenceau, ex-premier of France, followed with a protest on June 14, 1913, condemning the treatment of the Jews in Roumania, and demanding that the French Government reiterate the stand taken by a former premier, Charles Louis de Freycinet, who declared, in 1880, that Roumania had violated the Berlin Treaty.

In that year, when the Powers of Europe were notified by Roumania of the passage of the law that made her Jews a people without a country, a collective note of the representa-

tives of Germany, England and France transmitted to Roumania on February 20th, said:

> The Government of . . . cannot consider as a compliance with the views which led the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty the making of new constitutions without having previously notified them and especially such a constitution which makes it necessary for non-Christian persons who live in Roumania and are not allied with any foreign nationality, to submit to the formality of an individual naturalization.

In addition, de Freycinet, in a circular addressed to the diplomatic agents of France, dated April 16, 1880, stated:

> The Powers demand, with good right, that the native Jews living from father to son upon Roumanian soil, and being without all outside protection, be assimilated before the law of their country with the Christian population with whom they live.

But the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Roumania, Take Jonescu, in a recent interview, claims that the condition of the Jews in Roumania "ceased to be a part of international law from the day the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty recognized the independence of Roumania." He further holds that by the act of signing the Treaty, the Powers acknowledged "that Roumania had fulfilled the obligations imposed upon her." In the light of the quotations from the collective note and from the French circular, both of 1880, two years after the Treaty was consummated, in the light of the Hay Roumanian Note of 1902 and in the light of the pronouncements of Luzzatti and Clemenceau, the clever legal ruse of Roumania's Minister of Foreign Affairs, calculated to throw sand into the eyes of the nations, is absurd.

Since the appeal of Luzzatti and Clemenceau, many interpellations have been made of many governments, in many parliaments, regarding Roumania's treatment of her Jews; but not a single satisfactory reply has resulted. At Washington, resolutions requesting information on this subject from the Secretary of State have been introduced by Representative J. Hampton Moore, in the House, and by Senator Boise Penrose, in the Senate, both of Pennsylvania, at the instigation

of the Federation of Roumanian Jews of Philadelphia. Both resolutions are now pigeonholed in the Committees on Foreign Relations.

Nothing, however, will come of passing resolutions and of sporadic and desultory protests to the Powers of Europe. The Triple Alliance (Germany, Austria and Italy) desires to have Roumania affiliated with it. The Triple Entente (England, Russia and France) is flirting with Roumania for its own purpose. The Concert of Europe is singing a song of self-humiliation and self-degradation. The Powers are afraid to jeopardize their commercial advantages or their spheres of political influence. Jews in Europe may still be murdered in cold blood because of the long-exploded myth that Iscariot sold the Christian Saviour for thirty pieces of silver and the Jews crucified him; but the Christian Powers of Europe are selling the Jews of Roumania to-day for the dollar and Christian Roumania continues to crucify them.

Besides, it is doubtful whether the Powers can really sway any influence in matters concerning the Balkan States. When the rumbling news of the First Balkan War reached them their combined insistence was unable to stop it. At the conclusion of the First Balkan War the Powers ordered that there should be no change in territory, that the map should remain in *statu quo*. How the Balkan States obeyed is history. At the beginning of the Second Balkan War the Powers prohibited Turkey from entering Adrianople. Adrianople is flying the Ottoman flag to-day.

Is there, then, no power in all the world that can restore the Jews of Roumania to their God-given rights? Is there, then, no force in all the world that can procure for this people without a country the protection of citizenship in the land for the independence of which they died and for the greater glory of which they offered their properties and their lives?

There is such a power. It is the power that halted Russia in its orgy of Jewish massacres in 1902-3 and in its proposed orgy after the Beiliss trial. It is the power that is destroying special privilege and arbitrary government the world over. It is the power that has given Democracy to the world—*the*

power of public opinion. Only the expressed public opinion of all nations, protesting against the outrageous conduct of Roumania in its attitude toward its Jews, can solve this twentieth century anachronism, of a people native to the soil on which it lives, yet without a country.

Russia deliberately and flagrantly enacts laws for the persecution of its Jews. Roumania possesses no such bare-faced effrontery. There is no statute against her Jews on her books. Roumania is sensitive to the opinion of the civilized world. She declares her Jews to be aliens without foreign protection, and then enacts laws against aliens. Considering what the public opinion of the nations accomplished in Russia, what cannot this same power, mankind's greatest asset for justice and liberty, accomplish in Roumania?

Will at least our Government, that is the expression of the public opinion of a 100,000,000, be brave enough to pass the resolutions now pigeonholed in the Committees on Foreign Relations? Is there a statesman in Washington of the calibre of John Hay, of blessed memory? Will the liberty-loving and liberty-demanding people of this great Nation back up and support our Government with its great moral weight, should the administration rise to the honor and glory of sending forth a humanitarian plea in behalf of the Jews of Silistria and Roumania, a people without a country?

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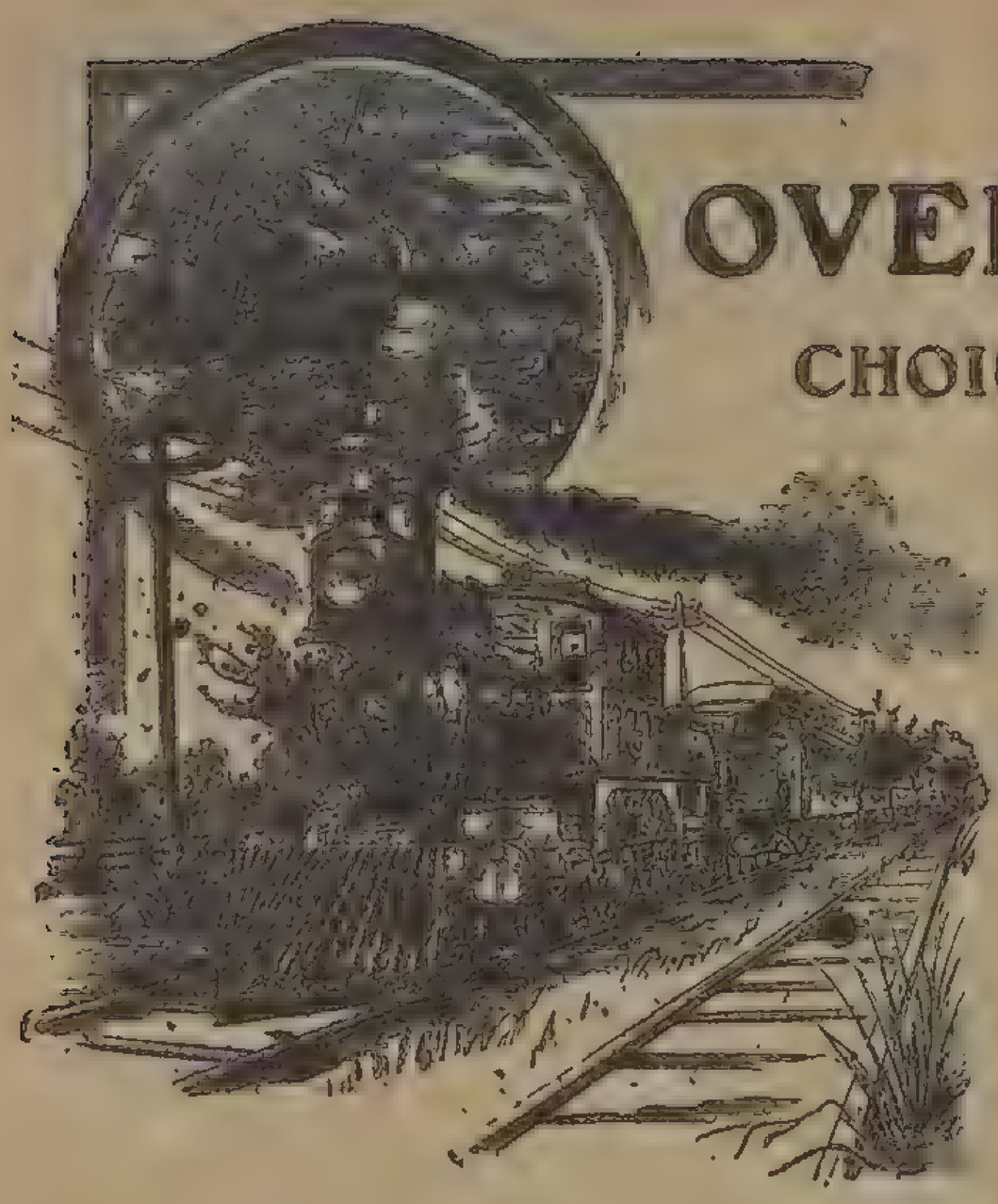
Rabbi A. GUTTMACHER, Ph. D.

Of the Brookfield Avenue Temple, Baltimore, Md.

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Religion's Opportunity.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

Philadelphia, Pa., February 1st, 1914,

BY

Rabbi A. Guttmacher, Ph.D.

Of the Brookfield Avenue Temple, Baltimore, Md.

Every human being seems to have some conception of a Deity. Whether this conception be low or high, it marks the expression of a religious consciousness which may be defined as belief in a higher Power and the feeling of being dependent upon that Power. That man is also morally responsible to that Power is Judaism's contribution to religious thought. For Judaism, unlike paganism which ascribes to the gods human frailties, teaches a God of holiness, who, having revealed to mankind the right way of living, holds us accountable for our lives. Thus, also does Judaism look upon history as a drama in which God Himself is the protagonist, vindicating his justice and moral government on the stage of the visible world.

Every age and generation makes its own picture of the Unseen One, and the infallible test of the civilization of a people is its mental picture and conception of Him who is enthroned in the heavens. For, however far back we look, the development of conscience and virtue is only a form assumed by the development of the idea of a Supreme Ruler. Wherever we meet with the lower forms of culture, there we are also sure to find a low and crude conception of Deity, while the higher and more abstract ideas concerning Deity are reflected in the broader mental and moral outlook upon life. It is self-evident that man can attribute no higher kind of moral ideas to his God or gods than those which he himself possesses, which he himself understands and evaluates.

Form, symbol and custom that constitute the ceremonial side of religion have usually remained the same throughout the ages, though their spiritual contents may have undergone some change. Men always clung to the visible and tangible rather than to the invisible and spiritual. This is a tendency in all human institutions to emphasize the purely material and to cramp or expel broader principles. "The human mind is so constituted that, provided an outward show of duty is maintained, men are content to slur over the inner life, the thoughts and intents of the heart, which are invisible to their fellows, and which they cannot be summoned before a human tribunal to account for."

The capital error of all religious organizations, not excepting that of Judaism, always has been magnifying of details until its great power as a motive and a broad program for life has been buried beneath them. We have done this so long that the word religion has become with many to be synonymous with ceremonial observance and with petty bickerings over matters far removed from the ebb and tide of human existence.

To free the spirit of Judaism, its ethical and moral teachings, from a number of outer observances that had ceased to appeal to higher sentiment, the prophets in Israel stepped upon the world's stage. The prophet came to the front upon his own initiative. Under obligation to no one except to God, in whose name he spoke, he was convinced that he had a mission to perform. The consciousness that his lips had been touched by the Divine fire gave him the courage to proclaim his message in accents of power, to all classes and conditions of men. He was a free-lance ever ready to take up the cause of the weak and oppressed. With every fibre of his being he inveighed against those religious practices that stood in no relation whatsoever to actual life, that satisfied the senses and starved the spirit. The prophet antagonized the priest for being so well satisfied with existing religious and moral conditions. So long as the people brought their tithes, offered sacrifices, came to the place of assembly on the holy days, fasted and kneeled down in worship, the priest believed all to be well with the people in Judea. In reality, judging by the denunciations of the prophets, religion had become a soulless

affair, for ceremonialism had dimmed and dulled the purity of the spiritual life.

Similarly, the Pharisees were opposed to the Sadducees. While the former kept the religion of the Torah as a living principle, capable of being adopted to every fresh development of religious life, the Sadducees held strictly to the letter of the Law, refusing to countenance any innovation.

Later, Mysticism became the opponent of Rabbinism. Rabbinism had become too arid, too fond of casuistry and ratiocination to awaken religious sentiment and that enthusiasm for faith which many were craving for.

Dubnow tells us that the people were languishing, not for light to illumine the reason, but for warmth to set the heart aglow, and Mysticism endeavored to supply that want.

So also, in the early days of the nineteenth century, the Reform movement in Judaism started in Western Europe as a protest against Rabbinism that found its climax in the compilation of the celebrated ritual code, the Shlulchan Aruch. The Reform movement which signalizes the spiritual emancipation of the Jew was but the natural result of his political and social emancipation. Under changing conditions of life, Judaism had to adopt itself to new environment. Reform Judaism, entering on its career as a protest against that phase of Judaism which would not brook any change, has passed through the period of negation and destruction, and is now rephrasing the essential teachings of Judaism, so that they may appeal to the minds and hearts of all.

Under the stimulating influence of an ever-broadening and expanding life, men are demanding a religion that should be the golden thread which will serve to bind the scattered leaves of their lives together and give them unity and cohesion. In brief, religion must touch human existence at every point, and control those influences and tendencies that shape and mould the lives of men and women who are standing in the midst of the maelstrom of life. Religion is to help us to make our lives pure and strong, to give them a certain idealism, a touch of sanctity.

That religion ought to care for the whole life of man is not an altogether modern view. Moses and the prophets conceived the function of religion to be practical and all-comprehensive.

The Mosaic code seeks to cover, by precept and commandment, the whole sphere of human activities, also to regulate man's duties and obligations touching his relations to God, to his fellow-men and to himself.

The fundamental principle of all moral duty, stated in the opening sentence of the 19th chapter of Leviticus: "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God, am holy," lifts the morality of the Bible above the shifting sands of time and anchors it to a God who is eternal and immutable, holy and righteous. Man is enjoined to strive for the utmost purity of life that he may attain to perfection.

The prophets of the eighth century, having a broader outlook upon life than Moses had, gave a wider application to the laws of Moses. They socialized religion to meet the changed conditions of their day. Their moral enthusiasm could recognize no restrictions of age or country. In a regenerate society and under the law of the spiritual kingdom foreshadowed by them, all barriers must be broken down.

Religion to be a factor to be reckoned with in these days must fully realize that we are passing through an intellectual revolution, that old forms of thought are declining in the midst of new truths, that conceptions of life and duty consistent with knowledge and reason are superseding old notions, that the period is both destructive and constructive. If religion aspires to become one of the chief arbiters in modern civilization, it must arouse the conscience of men to make straight the crooked path, to right wrong wherever and under whatever guise it may appear, it must become the outspoken champion of the oppressed, and seek out the causes that make men the victims of temptation and the slaves of their passions.

Like the prophets of old, the teachers and preachers of morality must tear down the fanes and altars the modern world is erecting everywhere to its idols.

For no age is conscious of its own superstitions and no generation knows, or wishes to know, the idols before which it prostrates itself and offers incense to. With horror we look upon the time when men worshipped stock and stone, and immolated their children to Moloch. But, were we to look below the thin veneer of our much-lauded civilization we

would find idolatrous worship as crass as that of ancient times.

It would be unfair to conclude that religion, from present conditions, has altogether failed in its mission, and is therefore not fit to assume the rôle of leadership. Religion must not be judged by its defects and failures, but by its highest manifestations, by the inherent power it possesses to lead men to the very summit of their Sinai. No one will deny that religion has most powerfully affected the cause of human knowledge and effort, and has left its refining influence upon millions. As in former days, so to-day, the religious instinct must be reckoned with as a factor in the progress of the world, for of all unconquerable human instincts it is one of the most deeply rooted and most persistent. Fail to take into account the stupendous force of religious sentiment and you open wide the door to all kinds of vagaries that dazzle the eye for the moment but contribute nothing to the solid achievements of the human race.

The religious instinct, if it be directed with intelligence, becomes the most powerful incentive for right and sane living. The history of human civilization shows that mankind cannot long endure life without the invigorating breath of religion, and this very age is like a battle-ground whereon spiritual forces are contending anew for supremacy. Beneath the froth of the materialism of to-day with its wanton disregard of human life and its stupendous waste of moral, emotional and economic energy, there is a swelling tide of a spirit which is essentially religious. Let religion seek new and untried channels of expression, and let it take hold of its opportunity to regenerate mankind by deepening the sense of moral obligation toward all those who still walk in moral and intellectual darkness.

The intellectual and moral awakening of to-day strengthens religion's opportunity. For all that clamor for social justice is nothing else but a re-emphasis of the protest of Israel's prophets against selfishness, greed and lust, that have darkened the pages of history and embittered the lives of millions in every generation.

We speak of the evils of our day in general terms, and end up by blaming conditions for its existence. By doing so, we

simply evade the responsibility that is clearly ours to go forth to right wrongs wherever found, wrongs which oftimes may be the result of our own individual actions. When David sinned, Nathan did not deliver a long discourse upon the degeneracy of his time and of his generation, but he pointed his finger at the king, exclaiming, "Thou art the man."

But religion's greatest opportunity is by beginning to exercise its controlling influence over the child. As the Biblical proverb has it, "Train up the child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." As the child is "father of the man," let not religion lose its golden opportunity to lay the foundation for the generations to come.

Serious men and women are everywhere giving much thought to the training of the child. Scientists are studying, as never before, child nature. Mothers are forming classes for the study of the psychology of the child. The great mass of literature that is being published touching the various phases of child-life proves abundantly the great interest that is being taken in the child.

It is true that there is a tendency toward faddism in some of the modern methods of child education. Against one of these a protest is raised in a thoughtful article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January. "There was," says the author, "precision in the simple belief that the child was strengthened mentally by mastering its lessons and morally by mastering its inclinations. Therefore, the old-time teacher sought to spurn the pupil on to keen and combative effort, rather than to beguile him into knowledge with cunning games and lantern slides." Prof. William James is quoted, in the same article, as saying, that the ingenious system by which the child's tasks, as well as the child's responsibility, are shifted to the shoulder of the teacher, is most injurious to the development of the child's character. He stoutly asserts that effort is oxygen to the lungs of youth and that it is sheer nonsense to suppose that every step of education can possibly be made interesting. The child, like the man, must meet his difficulties and master them. There is no lesson worth learning, no game worth playing which does not call for endeavor.

The aim of education ought to be the development of the whole child, its physical, moral and mental nature, so that upon

a sound foundation may be reared a strong and noble character. But education, as generally understood, refers almost solely to the training of the intellect, while moral training is left to take care of itself. In preparing our children for life, the cultivation of the mind is of inestimable value, but equally valuable as a strong asset is the moral and religious training of the child. Without that training the child will not develop that strength of character, that courage and patience, so essential in climbing to honor and to success.

It is by no means rare to find that men, who are well educated and have achieved considerable success, suffer suddenly moral shipwreck. Their education evidently had failed to offer them safe anchorage while the storm of their passions and appetites was fiercely raging. Self-control, the result of a systematic moral and religious training, would have most likely prevented moral disaster. Parents owe it therefore to their children, as well as to society, to give them that kind of education that shall make for a strong moral character, able to bear manfully and nobly the temptations of prosperity as well as those of poverty.

Has it ever occurred to you that children in former days stood a far better chance of growing up with a strong and well-poised character than do the children of to-day. Life was then hard and frugal, luxuries were rare and amusements simple and wholesome. The ties of home were strong, reverence for God, for parents, for the learned and the aged, and for things holy permeated the atmosphere of the home. The child being reared amidst such environment grew up to be reverential in spirit, self-reliant, inured to hardship and conscious of the seriousness of life. The children of to-day, not only among the wealthy, but also among the middle class, grow up with but little discernment of the true inwardness of life. They are pampered and coddled, harsh and disagreeable things are kept from them, no kind of responsibility is placed upon their shoulders, and it is considered almost a wrong to interfere with any of their pleasures. All their wishes are met as soon as they are expressed. Such training, or rather lack of training, will not produce a strong and unselfish character, men and women that will be able to pass through the intricacies and complexities of life in a worthy and useful way.

We need the strongest kind of men and women, for side by side with the highest moral endeavor there is sweeping a wave of immorality over the civilized world. In view of the prevalence of immodest dancing, immoral plays and immoral literature, there is great necessity for the highest home standard, because the moral instinct soon becomes dulled. The days of prudery have gone by, but surely the days of modesty have not.

We need to emphasize and to learn that to stiffen the powers of moral resistance and to build up a character flooded with sweetness and light, we must surround our children with those influences that stress the teachings of religion's faith and train them to obey implicitly the uncompromising principles of morality. The "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" that Deity proclaimed on Mt. Sinai will ever remain man's safest and surest guide through the trials and tribulations, through the joys and sorrows of his existence.

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VOL XXVII Sunday, February 15th, 1914 No. 14

A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

IV.

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

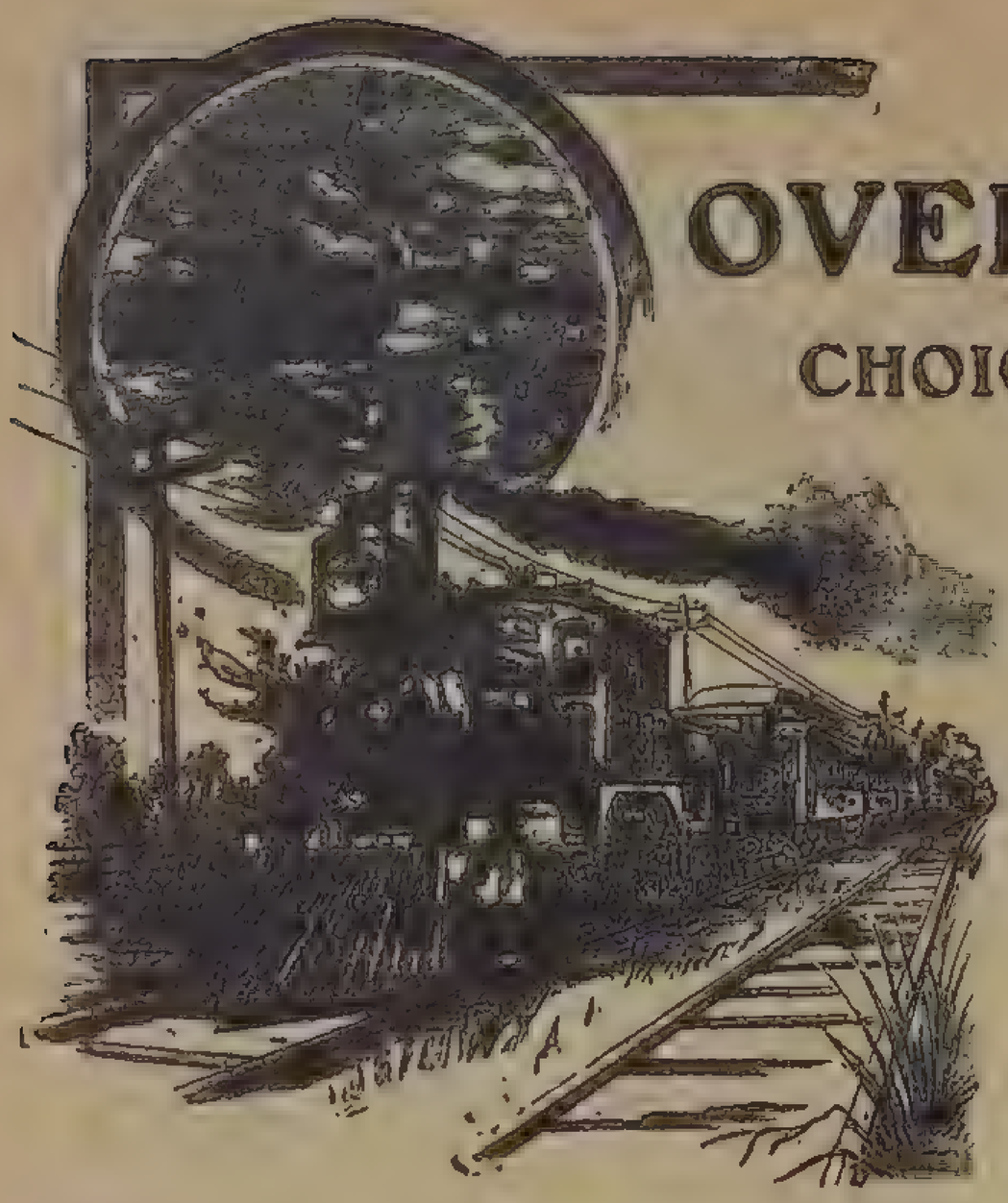
By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Sunday, February 8th, 1914

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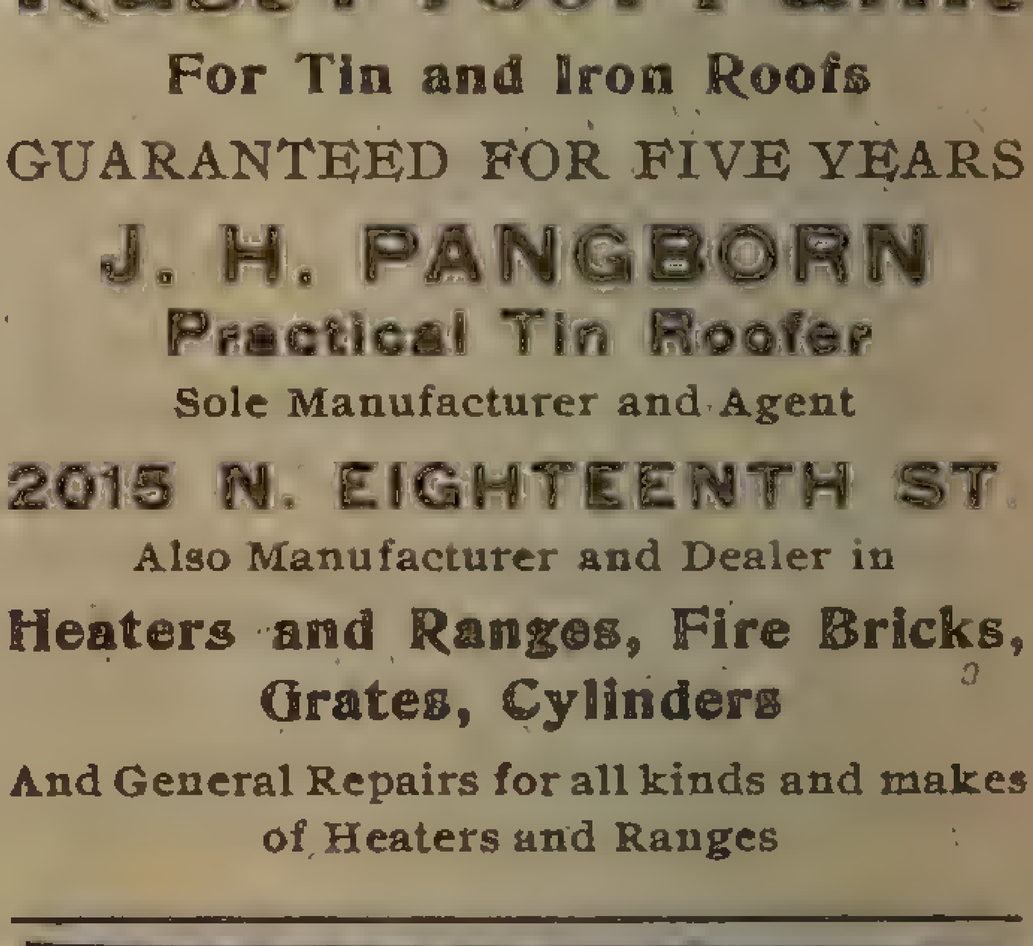
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A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

And read from the Pulpit, Sunday, February 8th, 1914.

MYANOSHITA, JAPAN (HOT SPRINGS),
November 23, 1913.

I have traveled so much since last I wrote, and I have seen so much in this fascinating land of Japan, that, even if I were at my desk at home, and had the necessary leisure at my command, it would require many weeks to convey some idea of what I have seen and thought and felt. I shall not, therefore, with the little time at my disposal on a world journey as hurried as mine, attempt the impossible and enter upon a detailed description of the cities and villages, the mountains, valleys, through which I have passed, in which I have gathered information on the ways and manners of the people, their modes of life, work and worship, their transition from the old to the new, their attitude toward some of the world-movements and world-problems of to-day. If I attempt an outline at all, it is in the hope that it may convey to the reader some faint impression of my observations, unsatisfactory though it be.

It was at Nikko, one of the pilgrim places of Japan, where I wrote last. I had journeyed thither to visit the most celebrated and most sacred of all the Shinto and Buddhist Temples of Japan. Since then I visited those of Tokyo, the capital, which rank next in order, and a few days earlier I visited those of Kamakura, which, though inferior in structure and decorations, boast of one of the greatest idol-statues of Buddha in the world. The former temples, as far as art is concerned, excelled all my expectations. Little wonder that a Japanese

proverb says, "Never use the word *magnificent* until you have seen *Nikko*." Specimens of Japanese temple art have been exhibited in our country, and have been found bizarre, even grotesque, because dissociated from their environment. When seen in their places, within their atmosphere, touched with the holiness that permeates the sanctuary, their garishness subdued by the sombre, mystic light, their purpose indicated by the presence of priest and worshipper, the bizarre becomes beautiful, and the grotesque artistic. All that I have heard and read of those temples before had failed to convey even the faintest notion of the unique architecture, the magnificent carving, the richness of the gold decoration, of the lacquer finish, of the color schemes, that abound in those temples in such rich profusion that not only do the feet tire at last from going from one to the other, but also the eyes grow weary from beholding the costly, as well as artistic, tributes which the Japanese Mikados and Shoguns brought to their faith in the centuries gone by. And the pity is that to one who has never seen such a temple, no description of it, however skilful, will ever succeed in visualizing it. One may hope to succeed in describing the Church of St. Peter, at Rome, or St. Isaak Church, St. Petersburg, or Westminster Abbey, London, and yet despair of describing the shrines of Nikko or Tokyo. They are wholly different from anything we are familiar with in the Occident, in the way of architecture, art and decorating, even mode of worship. Attempts at description have probably been made, and inadequate though they be, I would heartily recommend to the interested reader to consult some illustrated work on Japanese temple art and architecture in one of our libraries if he would obtain a knowledge which, much as I would like, I cannot impart.

I fear I shall succeed no better in attempting to describe the national religion of Japan, viz., Shintoism. The difficulty seems to lie in the fact that it does not easily conform with what is generally understood under the term *Religion*. Unlike any of the great creeds, it was not conceived or formulated by a founder or by a set of men. It does not even pretend to having been revealed by a God. It was not made. It sprang into existence in response to natural instincts of primitive man. It has no Bible, no set creeds, no dogmas, no system of

theology, no nationally organized priesthood, no decalogue, no ethical code, no Sabbath, no fixed hours for worship. It seems to be a combination of *Nature Worship, Ancestor Worship*, and *Sovereign Worship*. Though recognizing many gods, probably personifications of forces of Nature, it makes few idol representations of them. The Holy of Holies of its shrines are empty, as was that of the ancient Temple at Jerusalem. Its places of worship are almost invariably located in groves, or within clumps of trees, or in mountain recesses, or in places of solitude, always removed from "the madding crowd," and from glaring public places. A shrine on a public highway, where our places of worship are located, would be disturbing to a Shintoist. After a few visits to Shinto shrines one learns to look for a *torii* arch (a gateway of peculiar artistic structure leading to a shrine) whenever one approaches a growth of trees, and seldom fails to find one. I wonder whether our poet, Bryant, knew of the location of Shinto shrines when he wrote the oft-quoted line, "The groves were God's first temples." The word *Shinto* is of Chinese origin, and means, I am told, *"The way of the gods."* It is likely that the first Shintoists were awed by the strange sounds of the woods, waterfalls, rushing waters, and interpreted them to be the voices of invisible gods, dwelling there, or coming there from time to time. If this be true, then was their faith in certain phases like that of the ancient Greeks, and of a number of other early peoples, and phases of it may be traced even to the monotheistic faiths.

As chief of their nature deities they hold to be the sun goddess, the ancestress of the house of the present Mikado, whom even present-day Shintoists regard as a sort of a deity and to whom they pay a reverence almost equal to worship, and whom, after death, they enroll in the pantheon of their gods. They believe that the truest reverence shown their Mikado lies in their unquestioning obedience to his laws, and in their unhesitating sacrifice of themselves and their own interests, if it serves the best interest of their country or its ruler. To what extent that belief is followed was fully seen in the recent Russian-Japanese war. The spirit of such a hero or martyr becomes likewise an object of worship. There is a shrine in Tokyo especially consecrated to soldiers who died in the de-

fense of their country, but who left no children to do reverence to their memories. The whole people has become their children, has established a memorial shrine in which it pays divine homage to them on certain anniversary days.

Reverence shown to the spirit of ancestors seems to be the quintessence of Shintoism. For that purpose mainly are shrines erected, and for that reason are they and priests maintained. Take ancestor and sovereign worship from Shintoism and there is little or nothing left. It has no services for preaching and teaching. It has no message for its followers, no censure for the sinner, no means of repentance or atonement if he would cleanse himself from sin, no solace for the comfortless, no hope for the despairing. It has no baptism or confirmation for the children, no sanctification of the marriage tie. Its priests are only needed for funerals, and their prayers only for the repose of the dead, and for informing these that they are duly remembered by the living.

There is, however, I am told, a movement on foot to widen the priest's sphere of usefulness by assigning to him the task of moral teacher of the nation. It is claimed that before Japan assumed occidental culture its people were strictly moral and that their hearts were their only guide and teacher. Western civilization, it is claimed, has corrupted their lives and ideals, and, worse still, has robbed them of their religion. Whatever reverence is paid to the gods is largely by the old, it is claimed. The young are turning their religious festivals into sport days, and the worldly educated even make sport of the belief of their fathers. A revival, it is claimed, is highly needed; but I believe Japan is past restoration to Shintoism. The fate of the gods of ancient Greece and Rome has overtaken those of the Mikado's people. Behind his strenuous efforts for a revival of the declining national religion, and his restoration of the faded beauty of the old temples, lies his desire to continue assuring himself of the loyalty of his people. He will retain this, but without Shintoism. Schools and press have done their work. Before their light the primitive faith of Shintoism is receding, as does the night before the dawning day.

Proofs abound on all sides of the unequaled loyalty of the Japanese to their country and their emperor. One hears of instances that are as rare as they are beautiful, and that might

well serve as models to other nations. When hearing these one does not wonder that so small a people could conquer so great a nation as Russia. The Russian soldier fought because he had to, the Japanese because he thought it a privilege to battle and die for his country and his emperor. To what lengths his fealty to his emperor goes may be seen from the hari-kari (suicide by ripping open the body) committed by General Nogi, one of the greatest of the heroes of the late war, and by his wife, on the day of the funeral of the late Mikado, so that their spirits may attend their sovereign even in the other world. They tell of another instance of hari-kari, committed by a lieutenant, who, having warned his nation against Russia's hostile attitude toward Japan and having pleaded in vain for better preparation against the menacing danger, wrote a final public appeal, and committed hari-kari to attract greater attention and arouse his nation while it was yet time. And we recall the Lieutenant Commander Hirose, who, in his attempt to bottle up the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, steered his vessel bravely into the mouth of the harbor, in the face of the deadly fire of the enemy, sank it at the cost of his life, and failing in his heroic effort, wrote a letter to his emperor, before he breathed his last, in which he expressed his great sorrow, not over the loss of his life, but because of his failure. One may also recognize another proof of the Shinto belief in immortality in the fact that in appreciation of his heroism this lieutenant commander was promoted to a full commandership—after his death.

NAGOYA, November 24, 1913.

Shintoism, however, even though the national religion, because the faith of the ruling dynasty, is by no means the only creed of Japan. Its great rival (though the rivalry is of an amicable nature) is Buddhism, which was established here some 1400 years ago. It commands a larger following than the other, and for obvious reasons. The imagery that abounds in Buddhistic temples and shrines, and on the highways, as well as its more elaborate and more ornate services, appeal to the eye and ear of the populace more strongly than do the abstractions of Shintoism, and the comparative emptiness and

simplicity of its sanctuaries. With the exception of the magnificent royal temples at Nikko, and a few others, the average Shinto shrine compares with that of the Buddhistic faith as a Quaker church compares with one of the Roman faith. Besides an elaborate ethical code, Buddhism has also the advantage of the personality of Buddha, who is imaged in bronze, stone and wood, in every conceivable size and shape, as plentifully in Buddhistic sanctuaries and on the highways and byways, as are images of Jesus, or crucifixes, in European Catholic countries. The kindly, reposeful face of Buddha, however, is far more pleasant to look upon than the agonized face and the blood-dripping body of the Nazarene in such countries as Tyrol or Dalmatia.

The well-informed tell us that Buddhism, too, is losing ground in Japan, that the ethical teachings have no longer the hold even upon its priesthood which it formerly had, that greed has seized upon them, that they are more devoted to gold than to the gods. It is also claimed that the religious tolerance of Japan, the frequent proximity of sanctuaries of both faiths to each other, often almost adjoining, has effected in the minds of very many Japanese a blending of the two; that, at heart, every Japanese is a worshipper of nature, of his ancestors and his sovereign, even though he may pay homage also to Buddha and other gods. And it could not well be otherwise, for to deny the fundamental teachings of Shintoism would mean lacking in filial piety and patriotism; and what true Japanese would be found guilty of charges as horrible as these?

Availing themselves of Japan's unrestricted tolerance of other faiths, Christian missionaries have been long and zealously at work to bring the Mikado's people under their fold. The result has been, it is generally acknowledged, rather meagre, considering the many missionary societies and individuals that have been at work, for more than two centuries, and the large amount of labor and money that has been expended. The Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic Missions claim about 100,000 converts; the Protestant Missions claim another 100,000. Neither they nor probably any one else can tell what percentage of them have continued converts, and whether those who have become converted have for that rea-

son become better men and women than those who have continued in their inherited faith.

There are those who ascribe the failure at Christianizing Japan to the fact that the illiterate are not equal to the *spirituality* of Christianity, and that the educated are above its *Christology*. The latter believe that their nation is ready for a new faith, but they do not believe that the new faith will be Christianity. Thousands of them have lived and studied in the universities of Christian lands, and have had opportunities of studying the fruits of Christianity at close range, and much of what they have seen and heard has been of a nature to set them against that faith rather than incline them in favor of it. They have read of the horrible massacres, of the merciless persecutions by Christians of followers of other faiths, often against sects of their own faith, and compared these with their tolerance at home. They read of the almost ceaseless wars of Christian nations against each other, often influenced by heads of the church, in despite of Christianity's teachings of "peace on earth and good will toward man." They know of the diplomatic perfidies by which Christian nations availed themselves of a real or trumped-up wrong against a real or a disguised missionary for the purpose of robbing inoffending and helpless Oriental and other nations of vast territories, and adding them to their own. They remember the injunction given by the German Emperor to his soldiers departing for China on a war of revenge because some fanatics of this people had killed a German missionary or two, "Spare neither man, woman or child," said he, "so bear yourselves that for generations to come the very name of 'Christian' shall strike terror into the hearts of the Orientals." They read of the murders and lynchings, of the corruptions and grafts, of the crimes and vices, of the drunkenness and beggary, of the squalor and immorality, of the oppressions and injustices in our country and in European lands, and comparing statistics of these with the corresponding statistics of their own country, they fail to see wherein Christianity has any advantages over the faith of the people of Japan, and why they should forsake the religion of their ancestors for one that does not seem to be able to make as good a showing among its followers as Shintoism and Buddhism does among the Japanese. They admit the presence of much

myth and legend in these religions, but they point out the like in *Christology,* such as the stories of the immaculate conception, the heavens opening and angels singing at the moment of the birth of Jesus, of his walking on the sea, flying through the air, raising the dead, and himself resurrecting after death. —stories which they claim are very similar to the marvels told of saints and gods of the Japanese religion. They readily acknowledge the excellence of the moral teaching of Jesus, but are not willing to accede to them superiority over the ethics of Buddha, taught 500 years earlier, and which precepts are more honored by the practice of his followers than are those of the Nazarene by professing *Christians.*

KYOTO, JAPAN, November 28, 1913.

Tokyo, the capital of Japan, was as much of a disappointment to me as Nikko and Kyoto were an agreeable surprise. I expected little of special interest in these last-named places and found much that was Japanese at its best. I expected much in the capital and found little. Modernism has rushed upon Tokyo with the fury of a tidal wave, and has swept away much that constitutes the distinctive charm of Japan and its people. Its main business street is almost as modern as those of our large cities. The goods offered there for sale are largely of occidental make or copies of them. The clothes worn by the men are to a great extent such as are worn in Berlin, Paris, or Washington. The language spoken, the signs over the stores, are as much English as Japanese. The department stores are there, and the incipient skyscrapers, too. The architecture of the Government buildings, of which there are a large number in Tokyo, is a very poor imitation of like buildings in western capitals. The pagoda style of architecture, which Japan has developed to a high degree in its temples, palaces and castles, would have lent itself splendidly for the purpose of its public buildings, and would have imparted to them a distinctiveness which other nations might well have envied. The new hotel at Nara shows what beauty can be imparted to that old style of architecture by no other changes than adaptation to modern needs. The fever-heat to adopt western civilization, a score or two years ago, led them to cast aside much of

their good with the bad, much of the artistic with the obsolete, and left them, in some things, poorer for their overhaste.

Two currents of thought are noticeable at the present time in Japan, one in the direction of the complete occidentalization, the other back to Japan's old days and old ways. One says: We have adopted Europe's system of government, laws, education, army, navy; we have made Sunday the rest day for government officials, for the military, schools, banks; we have adopted numerous other things from western civilization, let us continue doing so, let us dress as Europeans and Americans do, let us eat and sleep as they do, etc., etc. The other says: Let us continue Japanese, and all the stronger so the more we avail ourselves of the benefits of western civilization, seeing that others have borrowed from our civilization without having surrendered any of their own, so let us adopt from others, and yet continue faithful to what is distinctively ours, that is in keeping with our nature and spirit, with our environments and traditions. The second current is gaining ground, I hear, in certain influential quarters. Is the gain strong enough to counteract the tremendous tendencies that are sweeping westward across the Pacific, and eastward across the Indian Ocean? Japan has emerged from its island solitude. It has become a world power. It is entering into trade relationships with all the peoples of the earth. The drift of mankind is toward unification rather than segregation. The Orient has preserved its separateness only as long as it shut itself out from free intercourse with the Occident. On the day any of its peoples begin to enter into the family of western nations, on that day the separateness of that people begins to crumble. Those who saw Japan twenty-five years ago saw it more Japanese than it is at present. Those who will see it twenty-five years hence will probably see it less Japanese than we see it to-day.

I certainly thought Tokyo up-to-date on the evening of my arrival there when, having scarcely gotten ready for dinner, an office boy summoned me to the 'phone booth, where I received from the other end of the wire a hearty welcome to town by the editor of *The Japan Advertiser*, a daily newspaper in English, and a request to favor its representative with an interview. Early next morning its assistant editor was at hand, and the result of his visit was a column-long interview in its following

morning's issue, graced by a picture of myself. Considering that the proprietor and manager of that paper is an American, a former Philadelphian, one is hardly surprised at this American spirit of enterprise, and at the fact that, though the American population in Japan is only about one-half of that of the English, and though several other English papers are published by Englishmen, one by a Japanese, the quality and circulation of *The Advertiser* exceed the others. The editor of the paper himself paid me the honor of a visit (in the name of the Philadelphia proprietor, who was temporarily absent from the city), and his large knowledge and thoughts of things Japanese, and the number of books on Japanese subjects he kindly sent me, have been of great benefit to me.

Talking of Philadelphia, to a traveler hailing from that city, it is pleasing to note the frequency with which he comes across Philadelphians and Philadelphia enterprise. While in Honolulu I traveled in a street car that was built by the Brills, of Philadelphia. Some years ago, when in Alaska, the steamer on which I sailed was built in Cramps' Shipyards, Philadelphia, the locomotive of the only railway in Alaska, from Skaguay to White Horse, came from the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, and the building of the road was the enterprise of former Philadelphians. The captain, as well as the first mate of the *Queen,* hailed from Philadelphia. The physician of the *Korea,* on which I sailed from San Francisco to Yokohama, as well as the leading physician of this city, a Japanese, as well as a number of highly skilled local dentists, likewise Japanese, are graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

An invitation to tea for my little party and self at the American Embassy, from the ambassador and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Guthrie, greeted our arrival at Tokyo. We were of course pleased to avail ourselves of the courtesy, and spent a couple of delightful hours in their company. From them we obtained some information respecting the Japanese from yet another point of view, which was as interesting as it was creditable to the Japanese. The embassy is a stately and spacious building, quite worthy of the United States, one of the very few owned by our nation. Our ambassador at Tokyo, and his wife, are no doubt pleased that so much has been done

by our Government for their accommodation and comfort, though it might have gone further and provided the mansion with the necessary furniture. Considering the small salaries our Government pays to its representatives abroad (in comparison with the amounts paid by other first-class powers) and the very heavy expenses they are under, considering the sacrifices most of our ambassadors make in accepting the office, our Government might at least spare them the additional cost, and the no small trouble, involved in furnishing a government building, and which furniture must be gotten rid of as best they can when they surrender their charge. Little wonder that, for the most part, only the rich can afford to accept foreign embassies.

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A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

IV.—Continued

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

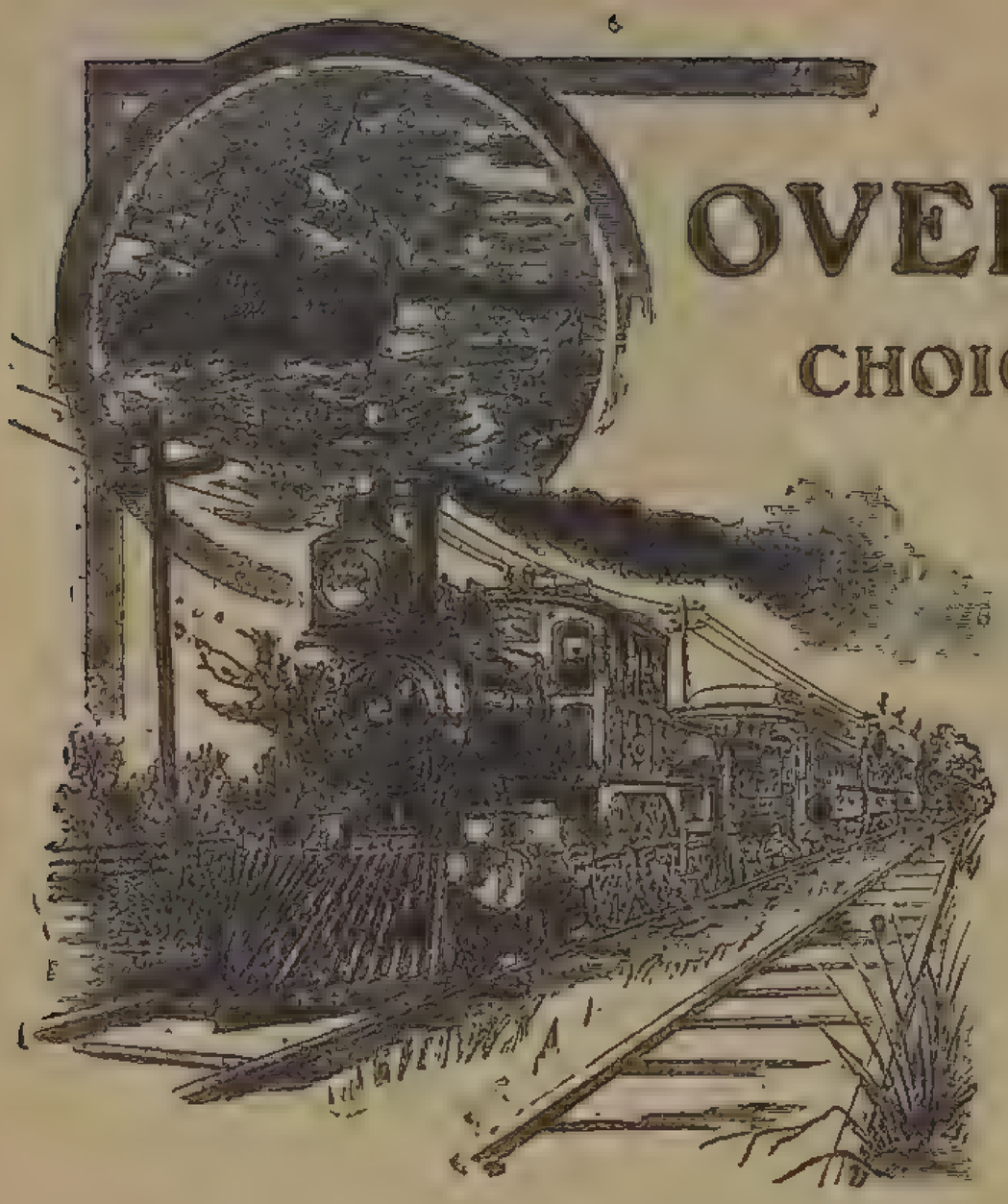
By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Sunday, February 8th, 1914

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KOBE, JAPAN, November 30, 1913.

Truly marvelous is this land of Japan. No wonder men have called it the "Paradise of Tourists." Whether one travels on water or on land, in the mountain regions or in the valleys, in the crowded cities or through the villages, picture follows upon picture, one more fascinating than the other. A trip to Myanoshita as well as to Chuzenji introduced us to Japanese mountain and lake scenery, and even though we saw only the waning of their autumn glory it did not require a powerful imagination to picture to ourselves their beauty in the height of the autumn or in the cherry-blossoming time of spring. Even in hotel picturesqueness and accommodations there are probably few mountain resorts or other resorts in our country that excel or even equal the hostelry of Myanoshita. Within and without, at the table and in the rooms, there is an assemblage of the finest that Nature and Japanese art can afford, and the personal attention given by the host and hostess of Fuji Hotel, and the cheerful and watchful service given by the little Japanese maids, who flit in and out like so many butterflies, lend a charm, the absence of which often mars the best hotel accommodations in our and other countries.

Up to the hotel we had availed ourselves of the old and the new in the way of transportation, train, electric car, automobile, jinrikisha. From the hotel to the lake, 1000 feet higher, we had the new experience of each being carried in a wicker chair, supported on thick bamboo poles resting on the shoulders of four Japanese coolies. At first we allowed our sympathy with the carriers to interfere with the enjoyment of the scenery. But we soon learned that they would have needed our sympathy more had we deprived them of the service, of the pleasure, I might say, since it afforded them a chance of earning a goodly fee. The strength and the endurance of these mountain climbers and carriers are a strong argument in favor of the frugal vegetarian diet on which they subsist all the year round.

We had made the ascent for the purpose of seeing the celebrated mountain, Fujijama, reflecting its snow-capped head in the crystal-pure waters of Lake Hakone. But, unfortunately, the day was cloudy, and we caught no more than a glimpse or two of his shoulders. But we had our reward on the following

day, when an ideally beautiful morning kept the mountain in sight for us nearly all the way to Nagoya. One might exhaust all the adjectives of beauty in the dictionaries of our and other tongues and yet not do justice to Japan's sacred mountain, that rises high and alone, majestic and snow-capped, out of the valley studded with graceful farm houses and busy with farm folks. No wonder that the Japanese make pilgrimages to it and worship on its heights. No wonder that its name is Fuji, which means: "*The Only One,*" "No other like it."

Kyoto has been the only city thus far in Japan where horse and carriage supplanted the jinrikisha in conveying us from the station to the hotel. One such trip quite suffices to show why the use of horses is unpopular in Japan. So narrow are the streets generally, so few of them are provided with side-walks, so crowded with people are they nearly always that not only is the driver obliged to ejaculate an almost unbroken line of shouts for the people to get out of the road, but two foot-men stationed on steps at the rear of the carriage are also kept busy jumping off every little while to run ahead of the horses and to clear the road by scattering the crowds.

At the hotel the usual reception was accorded to us, from proprietor down to door boy. This time the delegation was considerably augmented by a number of representatives of cer-tain shops and factories for which Kyoto is noted, and which have show rooms and English-speaking salesmen located at the hotel, for the convenience of tourists, and, incidentally, to re-lieve them of some of their cash. Of course, "you need not buy," they tell you, they only want you to see samples of their wares and to visit the factories to see them being made, and where a large assortment is displayed. But who that loves the beautiful, and has the means to gratify that love, can visit those shops and not buy something? They are the headquar-ters of perhaps the finest work in damascene, cloisonné, inlaid bronze, inlaid lacquer, silk-stitch painting, in the world. And I believe that only those who have witnessed the intricacies in-volved in the manufacture of them, the painstaking hand labor, the unwearying patience, the microscopic detail, the exquisitely artistic skill possessed by workmen, whose father and fathers' fathers for generations past have been engaged in this same kind of labor, can fully appreciate the beauty and skill and value of those art works, and keep from wondering at the com-

paratively low price at which they are sold.

After a visit to the two imperial palaces in Kyoto and to the castle at Nagoya one begins to understand how this art and skill were acquired. Mikados and Shoguns for many, many centuries past were the great patrons of art and literature. At the time when nearly all of Europe lay under the deadly spell of the Dark Ages, when the church denounced the love of the beautiful as the snare of the devil, Japan celebrated one of its many golden ages. Works of art were then produced which may fearlessly compete with the finest that Europe has produced since the Renaissance. The more one passes from room to room of these palaces, and beholds the master paintings on the screen walls, the exquisite carvings of the ceilings, the craftmanship in bronze and wood, the more one sees of the wonderful effects produced in landscape gardening, the more one feels that the world has been slow in recognizing the worth of the Japanese, and in according a well-deserved meed of praise to them of whom it has been wont to speak of as "the benighted heathens."

The older of the two palaces at Kyoto is noted for yet other things than art treasures. Within it were enacted some of the most important events in the history of Japan. There was inaugurated, forty-five years ago, shortly after the coronation of the late Mikado, that new era called the *Restoration* that has brought Japan abreast with the most advanced nations of the earth, gave it its representative form of government, and all those other new institutions that have made possible its phenomenal political advance. Not many miles from it is the tomb of the emancipator of the spirit of Japan. Thither will come his son, the present Mikado, next year for his coronation, for which preparations are making even now.

It is a beautiful thing, this having one spot within a nation that is especially sacred, that is associated with its great historic event, and to which the devoted heart may repair at certain times for new inspiration in patriotism and loyalty. Would that our nation had kept *Independence Hall,* of Philadelphia, as such a sacred spot. Would that instead of allowing it to become a sort of museum, we had made it serve a sacred national purpose, the place for administering the oath of office to every new President of the United States. Such a service, at such a time, at such a place, would kindle a patriotism and a new

zeal in many a lukewarm heart, would revive memories of the heroism and daring of our Colonial fathers such as might put to flight much of that base self-interest that has in our day found a large place in our body politic.

Dr. Tasuku Harada, president of Doshisha College, Kyoto, a Japanese, and graduate of Yale College, to whom I had a letter of introduction, called on me at the hotel and chatted with me pleasantly for an hour or so, giving me information on a number of subjects on which I needed light. Before leaving he cordially invited me to lunch with him at the college, which I cheerfully accepted. Besides him, there were seven other Japanese professors at the luncheon, most of whom are graduates of American colleges, and all of whom conversed in English. A rare opportunity was thus presented to me in that company of learned men for obtaining useful information, not easily obtained elsewhere.

There is nothing which a foreigner in so foreign a land as Japan regrets as much as its foreign speech. True, we travel not only under the leadership of an American conductor, but also a native Japanese guide, while in Japan. But there are times and places when one wants to speak to the natives themselves, now to an old man, now to a child, now to a peasant, now to a student, priest or mechanic. Oh, for the days when, at some international congress, the civilized peoples of the earth will agree upon one common tongue to be acquired by each in addition to its own! That thought came to me especially forceful inside several school rooms in Japan. I saw pupils at the blackboard working at problems in arithmetic and algebra, using the same numbers and signs we do. I could follow the work but not their speech. The numbers and signs are international, but the speech is local. Why could not also a speech be introduced that would be as international as these numbers and signs, as intelligible in the Orient as in the Occident, and among the different nations of each? And what speech better suited to that additional language of each nation than the English? In saying this I am by no means biased in favor of our speech. I would cheerfully agree to any other tongue if that would assure the introduction the world over of the much-needed means of ready communion with one another. The advantage of the English tongue, however, lies in the fact that it has already found a place for itself in large

parts of the world. It is the acknowledged commercial and diplomatic tongue of the Far East. It is the speech of two continents and of influential parts of two others. Its constant contributions to the world's knowledge are valuable, and greatly needed by those who would keep abreast with progress. Inasmuch as no nation would be required to surrender its own tongue in acquiring also this, what objection can there be to its introduction? For purposes of easier introduction and speedier acquisition, however, its spelling and pronunciation would have to be much simplified.

Probably more marvelous than anything else in Japan is its compreliensive system of education. When first introduced in its present form, it had the advantage over that of other nations in not being hampered by tradition. Japan searched the nations of the earth for the best in each, and systematizing and unifying the result of its search it gave to its own people the best there was. It has continued to keep in touch with the best, and it has added much of what its own knowledge and experience have proved advantageous.

The entire system is presided over by a Minister of Education, whose rank among the counsellors of the Mikado is equal to that of the highest. School attendance is compulsory for all children from six to twelve years of age. It is claimed that few are the Japanese, two score years old and less, who cannot read and write. (Only one out of every seven possess that knowledge in Russia, and the proportion is about the same, I believe, in Spain and Portugal.) Besides the elementary schools, there are intermediate schools, high schools, normal schools, technical schools, special high schools for girls, military and naval schools, colleges and universities. Much emphasis is laid on vocational teaching. In the agricultural districts, agricultural knowledge is imparted. In like manner industrial, commercial, mechanical, nautical instruction is given in the schools of industrial, commercial, mechanical and nautical districts, respectively. Teachers, after fifteen years of service, receive an annual pension of one-fourth their salary; as they advance in age they receive one-third. Their salaries compare favorably with those our teachers receive. Much stress is laid upon teaching domestic science to girls. English is taught in some of the lower grades, and from six to seven hours a week, for five years, in all of the higher grades. Bear-

ing in mind the entire difference between the Japanese speech and ours, theirs not being an alphabet language, their word grouping and word concepts being totally different from ours, the complete absence in their speech of accent and of a dozen or more of our vowels and consonants, and their difficulty in pronouncing certain of our letters, bearing all this in mind, we must admire all the more the success they attain in acquiring our speech.

As their churches do not provide moral education for the young, the nation takes that task upon itself in its public schools, and does it with a thoroughness which puts to shame much of the moral instruction that is given in some of our religious schools. It is strange that while our public schools claim that their crowded curriculum of studies affords them no time for moral instruction, Japan finds time for all the branches our schools impart, and yet gives the place of honor to moral instruction. Text-books, covering eight years of instruction in morals, have been compiled, both for teachers and pupils, by a commission of the foremost teachers in the land, and in these the great men of all ages and nations have been put under tribute for the purpose of illustrating great virtues. Our own Washington and Lincoln are mentioned with those of Japan's great heroes and sages.

The central thought of their moral instruction is patriotism and filial piety, and all of it is based on the celebrated *Rescript*, issued by the late Mikado, which document is to the Japanese as sacred as the Declaration of Independence and the Decalogue are to us. To quote a few sentences from it:

"Ye, our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters, as husbands and wives be harmonious; as friends be true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all; pursue learning and cultivate arts; and thereby develop intellectual qualities and perfect moral powers; furthermore, advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws. Should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State, and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of our imperial throne coeval with heaven and earth. So shall ye not only be our good and faithful subjects, but also render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers."

Together with portraits of the Mikado and his wife a copy of this document occupies a place in a specially provided alcove in each school, which is regarded as sacred as a shrine. At certain specified days, such as the Emperor's birthday, or the anniversary of the founding of the present dynasty, or New Year's Day, the portraits and the documents are taken from the alcove with a solemnity equal to a religious service. Profound obeisances are made before them like unto those that are made before the gods. The document is read and expounded as sacredly as the Scriptures are with us. An importance is thus attached to patriotism, filial duty, and the other virtues mentioned in the *Rescript* and derived from it, quite equal to that which other peoples attach to the instructions of their respective Bibles.

NAGASAKI, JAPAN, December 3, 1913.

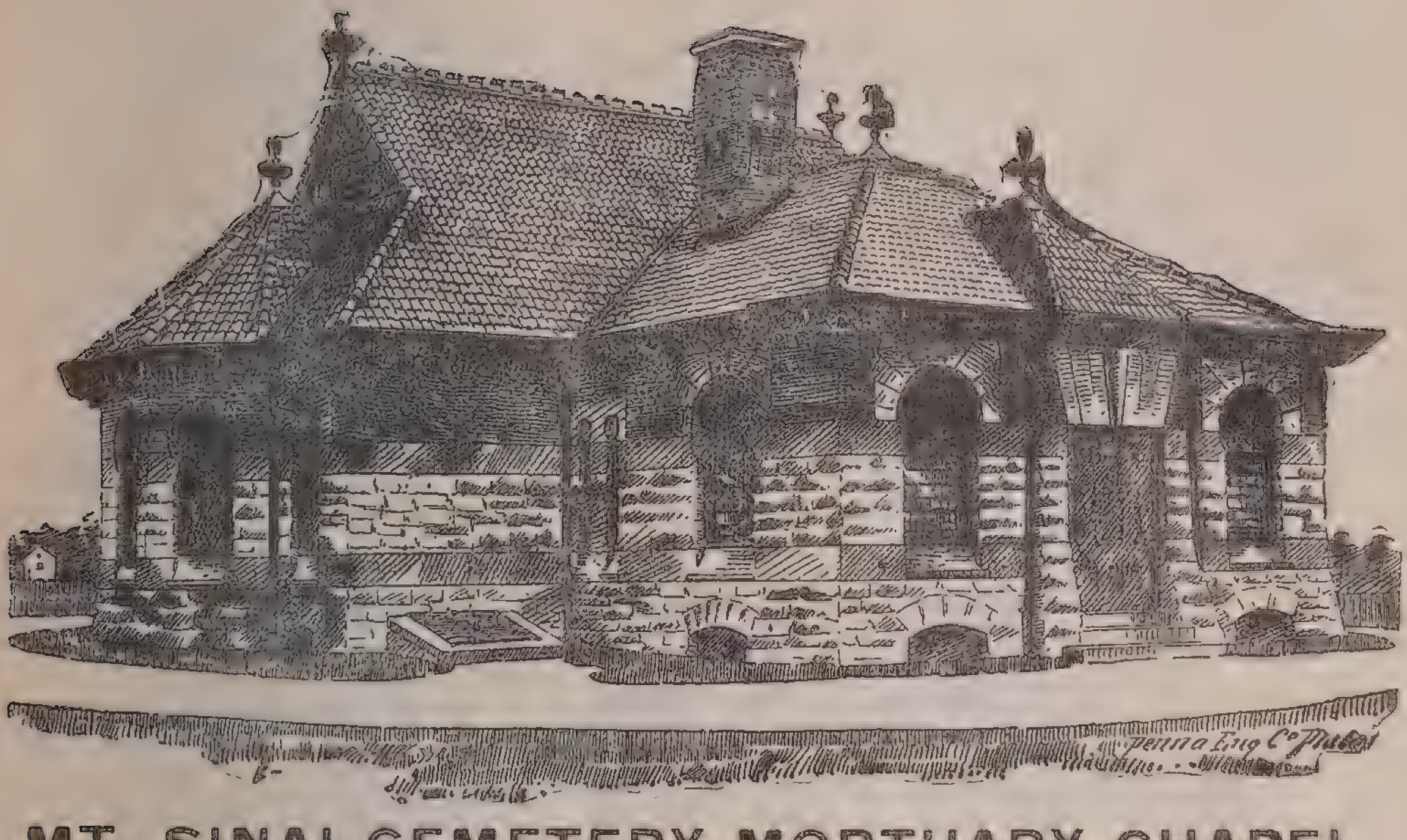
We have reached this city, after having traversed the Inland Sea, a passageway of some 250 miles in length, lying between the large main island and the two lesser, yet important, islands to the south. It constitutes one of the chief waterways of Japan, partly because two of the world's great harbors, Kobe and Nagasaki, are located on it, partly because it affords a quicker and shorter route to China, and partly because of its great scenic beauty, being lined on both sides by hundreds of islands, large and small, rugged, weird looking, inhabited and uninhabited. It recently acquired yet another significance, perhaps the most important to the Japanese. It was behind one of these where Admiral Togo concealed his fleet when the Russians sent their mighty armada with which to crush Japan, and by which to recover her lost military glory. But the shrewd little admiral, a composite of General Moltke and Admiral Nelson, pounced upon it when and where least expected and annihilated Russia's lost hope in Japan.

Mountainous as these islands are, many of them are cultivated to the very top, proving again that the Japanese will allow no inch of ground to go to waste on which a possibility of raising food exists. And how scarce must food be in that country, when people have to climb, barefooted, barelegged, up steep grades to wrest almost from the rocks their daily bread! And how hard some of those must labor to obtain

their food who have no land to till was evidenced all this afternoon, when hundreds of young women loaded barges upon barges full of coal unto our ship, and other ships, by taking their stations on ingeniously constructed ladders fastened to the vessel and passing small basketsful of coal over each other's heads, from rung to rung, until the top is reached, resembling very much a human link-belt. And all this is done with a swiftness equal to that of machinery, for hours and hours in succession, and apparently with cheerfulness, judging from the merry ripples of laughter that resound every now and then. Over 300 tons of coal are thus loaded in an hour upon the ships by this female help, mostly young girls, mostly unshod and lightly clad, even though this day, owing to a sharp north wind, was as cold as an early December day with us.

The more I see of the hardiness of these people, of their working capacity, and their love of work, their intelligence, their resourcefulness, their adaptiveness and originality, their fecundity, their patriotism ingrained by their religion as the root of all piety, the more do I see a people with which the future will have to reckon. Much as Japan has already done, I sometimes feel that its greatness is but in the making. It possesses every trait that makes for greatness. It has the enterprise and ingenuity of the American, the sturdiness and thoroughness of the German, the seamanship of the Englishman, the industry and thrift of the Dutch, the hardiness of the Norwegian, the agricultural skill of the French peasant. While it has the virtues of these nations and of yet others, it seemingly possesses to but a small degree the failings of any of them. Will it be as industrious, frugal, hardy, in the day of its power as it is at the present time? Nations before this have been able to endure almost all things, and withstand almost all things, except long-continued success. Success brought wealth and power, these brought luxury and effeminacy, these brought corruption and vice, and in their train followed ruin.

My way now leads to China, to an older people and an older civilization than those of Japan. And that country will be followed by visits to yet other countries, also very old and very strange. But whatever be the scenes and customs they may present, may these never blur the memory of those I first beheld in the Orient, in the fascinating land of Japan.



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VOL. XXVII Sunday, March 8th, 1914 No. 17

A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

V.

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

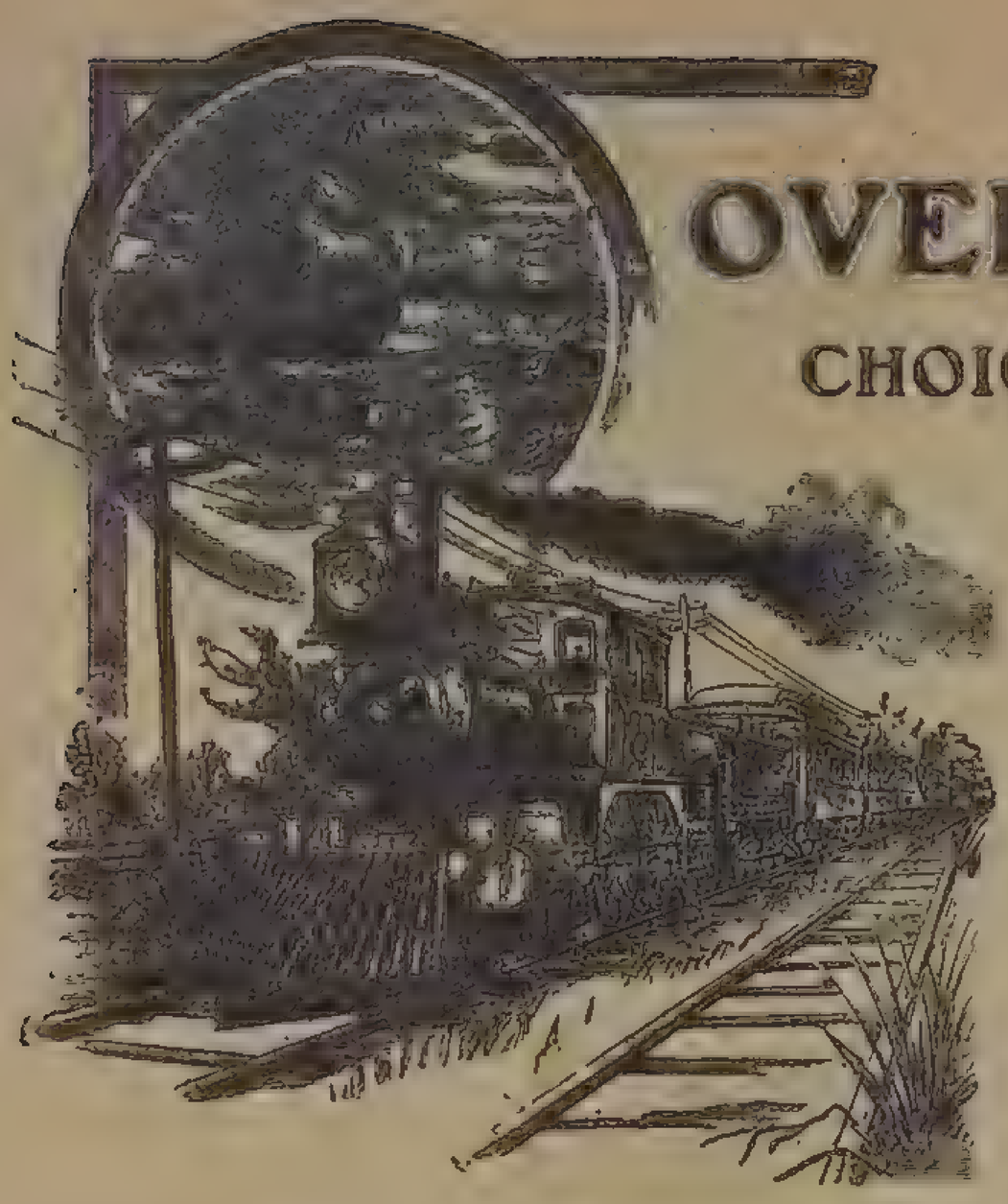
By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Saturday, February 21st, 1914

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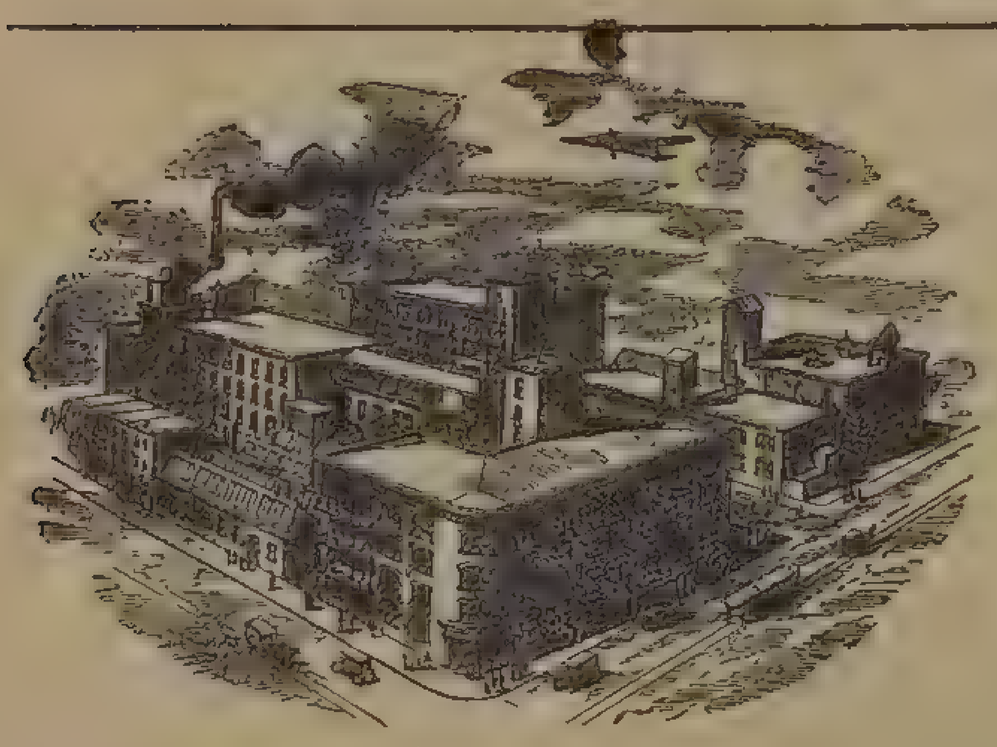
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A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient.

V.

A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,

Philadelphia, Pa.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

And read from the Pulpit, Saturday, February 21st, 1914.

Pacific Mail Steamer *Siberia*,
China, En Route from Shanghai to
Hong Kong, December 6, 1913.

If our first day in China be prophetic of what is to follow, our visit to that country will be beautiful and interesting. We reached it early yesterday morning, after a stormy night and day on the Yellow Sea. Hard as one looked he could find no trace of yellow in the seething, dashing, roaring, leaping mountain waves that broke their angry foaming crests against the portholes and over the sides of the decks. It was remarkable to behold how few the passengers had suddenly become in number, and what a sudden dislike they had conceived for the ship's meals. Decks and dining-room were largely deserted; the shivering few who braved them looked none the happier for their courage.

The brilliant sunshine and quieter waters that greeted those who slept or waked through the night seemed like a hearty welcome to the shores of China. All bestirred themselves early, the sick of the day before forgot their grudge against the sea, and yet more their devout wish to get to its bottom as speedily as possible, and be done forever with those indescribable tortures known as seasickness.

Though anchored, we were still sixteen miles distant from Shanghai. Ships of a draft as heavy as ours cannot proceed further than Wusung. We had to avail ourselves of the services of a tender to reach our destination. Interesting as that

ride was, the piercing cold greatly interfered with our full enjoyment of it. It was a winter morning, sure enough, and the passengers almost as a whole, were provided with clothes fit only for the hot Orient. We are to have an abundance of that heat bye and bye, but a little of it yesterday would have proved very acceptable.

The nearer we approached to Shanghai, the livelier grew the broad stream. A large fleet of merchant and battleships was gathered there, floating the flags of a dozen different nations and more, conspicuous among them our glorious stars and stripes, and the curiously constructed Chinese sampans and junks, manned by sturdy and agile Chinamen, many of them barefooted notwithstanding the cold, presented a scene as novel as it was picturesque.

Coming closer to the landing-place, which is at the very front of the business section of the city, a view presented itself, for which those of us who beheld it for the first time were little prepared. Before us stretched a vast commercial place, of all modern cities one of the most modern. We had come to the Orient only to find ourselves in the heart of the Occident. Here were warehouses and business blocks that might vie with those of New York, London or Hamburg. Here was a commercial center that could escape being taken for a European or an American metropolis only by the presence of large numbers of jinrikishas and other peculiar Chinese means of conveyance, Chinese laborers of both sexes, Chinese and Hindu policemen.

We had arrived at the greatest business city of China, and one of the very greatest of the Orient, a city of one million inhabitants. We had arrived upon what might, in truth, be called a piece of the Occident in the Orient, upon a section of land which China had, *nolens volens*, conceded to foreign powers for the purpose of enabling them to transact business with China in comparative safety. To assure themselves of that safety, they legislate that concession district for themselves, and, not to depend too much on the Chinese for protection, they employ on the police force mostly foreigners, large numbers of these being huge turbaned Hindus.

As our tender was being tied up at the wharf, I noticed, among the people who had gathered to await friends, a gentle-

man's eyes directed toward me. I could not think of any one in all the world who could be interested in my coming to Shanghai. Upon descending the gangway, that gentleman stepped up to me, and introduced himself as a co-religionist, by the name of N. E. B. Ezra, some of whose writings on Chinese Jews I remembered having read in some of our American Jewish papers. He had read in our *Jewish Exponent* the itinerary of my trip, and consequently awaited my arrival in Shanghai for the purpose of bidding welcome to the first American rabbi, as he believes, to visit China, and to place his services at my disposal for the obtaining of such information on Jewish matters as I might be seeking. Of course, I appreciated the very courteous attention, and gladly I availed myself of the kind proffer. In his company I visited a Jewish free school, attended by about 100 pupils, all of them children of poor Russian immigrants, except one or two, who are of Hindu parentage. Instruction is given in the English language, and in secular studies as well as in Hebrew. In the upper story of the building is located a small synagogue, with a seating capacity for about 100 people. Its furniture is meagre; of ornament there is none; the rear part is set aside for women. There is yet another synagogue in Shanghai, with a seating capacity for about 150 people, of about the same general appearance. These two meagre places constitute all the provisions for public worship for the Jewish community of 1000, many of them very wealthy, owners of the largest business houses, residents of many of the finest mansions of the town. There is something radically wrong thought I, in the splendid showing made by our people in the commercial marts and in the social world, and this poor support of their faith, especially in the light of the splendid churches erected and supported in that city by followers of other faiths. I soon discovered at least one of the causes. The services are kept rigidly orthodox. Not the slightest departure from the customs and practices of an age long gone by is countenanced. No rabbi is maintained. In a city pulsating with intense commercial activity, the men are expected to abstain from all work on the Sabbath, and give their time, forenoon, afternoon, evening, undividedly to a service whose language most of them no longer understand, and with whose

spirit but the fewest are in sympathy. The consequence is that scarcely a corporal's guard attends. Hundreds of them never see the inside of the synagogue from the year's beginning to the year's end.

Asked about the state of Judaism in the United States, and telling them of what is being done by Reform Israel to stem the modern drift away from religion, perceptible among all denominations, of the means that are being resorted to to attract and to hold, to instruct, to arouse and to inspire, telling them of our introduction of the weekly sermon, of the organ and choir and congregational singing, of family pews, of Sunday services in addition to those of Saturday and for the benefit of such as cannot attend on the Sabbath-day, of worship in the vernacular, of the great attention that is being paid in our religious schools to the imparting of Jewish history, ethics, religion, literature in attractive form for the purpose of awakening in the child a love of Judaism and a pride in the history of the Jew, telling them of the money that is being expended by us on the publication of tracts, pamphlets and books, for the purpose of scattering knowledge on real Judaism, and the past achievements and present ideals of Israel among Jews as well as non-Jews and of the frequency and fondness with which many of the latter attend upon Jewish divine services, all this, and more, I told, but I failed to make an impression, as far as I could judge. They saw beneath our reform the loss of our separateness, our becoming like unto Christians. If we do not wish to disintegrate, they claimed, we must continue a mode of service entirely different from that of others, and must keep Hebrew as the only service-language. This was especially the argument of Mr. Solomon, of whom I shall have more to say later. I endeavored to show that their every objection was raised in Germany a century ago, where the reform movement first began, and half a century later in our own country, and that none of orthodoxy's prophecies had verified, that our opening of our places of worship on Sundays had not only not closed our temple doors on Saturdays, but had, on the contrary, even increased the attendance on the Sabbath day, that in the two of our congregations in which the Saturday service was surrendered it was not due to non-attendance, but

to the individual preference of the rabbis, and that even these two yielded to none in intense loyalty to the spirit of Judaism, and in eloquent advocacy and defense of its sacred cause.

My plea was all for naught. They admitted that Judaism in Shanghai and in other parts of China was in a bad way, but they saw in reform only an opposition to the transmitted laws and customs, neglect of the sacred tongue, rebellion against the divine authority of the Pentateuch, and the no less binding authority of the Shuldra. They frankly admitted that a Jewish reformer might come to Shanghai, introduce a reform service and attract a large and enthusiastic following, but it would not be Judaism they would come to hear, neither would it be a Jewish service upon which they would attend. I greatly admire their loyalty, yet, in the interest of Judaism and the Jew, I should have liked to have seen it more wisely bestowed. Probably without their knowing it their minds have been influenced by the reading of fanatical attacks on reform. Being conscientious men, seeing would with them be believing.

The time has come for the Jew to enter upon missionary work, not among heathens, but among our own. What is true in China, I am told, is true elsewhere in the Far East, and in the Near East as well, even much nearer home. The time is ripe for the Central Conference of American Rabbis to give this matter its most serious attention. Personally, I would know of no greater privilege than to be permitted to labor in a cause as needful as this.

I was more than convinced of the need of missionary work among our own, and of the success that would attend it, on the afternoon of the same day, in the palatial residence of another Mr. Ezra, Mr. Edward I. Ezra, head of one of the large business houses of Shanghai, who had invited my little party and myself to tea. Both he, as well as his wife and brother, all natives of Shanghai, descendants of an old British India Jewish family, of large and diverse culture, heartily endorsed every argument I had advanced in the forenoon in favor of reform Judaism. They spoke of the longing of many in Shanghai for just such innovations and of the hearty welcome and support he would receive who would successfully launch such a movement in their midst. Mr. Ezra made one

statement which especially deserves quoting. "The rigidly orthodox," he said, "keep on telling us that the old customs and ceremonies are the fence which safeguard Judaism within. I tell them," continued he, "that, giving the fence all their care and attention, they fail to see that the house within is in the meantime toppling to pieces."

It has been my privilege to be entertained at a number of wealthy men's palatial homes. But I do not recall one of more unique artistic beauty and cultured taste, one that assembled a rarer collection of art treasures, one graced by so superb a garden—the very perfection of Japanese landscape—as the residence of our host and hostess. And their own charm, as well as that of their brother and sister, were no less attractive than their ideal home. The picture of that chateau at the gateway of China, and of its good people, will long linger in my mind among its sweetest memories.

To return to Mr. Solomon, of whom I spoke above. That gentleman took a leading part, some years ago, in the movement then afoot to save the remnant of a Chinese Jewish colony that had been discovered in Kai-fung-foo, the capital of the province of Hanan. Reports of such a colony had reached Europe some scores of years earlier. Investigation verified that report, proved that information respecting that colony had been spread in Europe as early as the end of the sixteenth century, by a missionary named Matteo Ricci. While in Peking, he was informed that there were Chinese people, not Mohammedans, who believed in one God. Eager to talk to them, he had himself conducted to them, and to his great surprise he found a colony of Jews, attired like the Chinese, talking their tongue, living their mode of life, yet possessing distinctively Semitic features. They possessed a large temple which had been constructed after the model of that of ancient Jerusalem. Hebrew was their service language. They kept a weekly Sabbath, and turned toward the West, in the direction of Jerusalem, when they prayed. They held to some of the dietary law of the Pentateuch, and observed the *Milah*. Their shrine contained thirteen scrolls of the law, some of them five centuries old. They had other books besides, treating on rites and ceremonies. One of their number served as rabbi. Their services were accompanied by chants and in-

strumental music. They believed in the coming of a Messiah, in future reward and punishment, in the resurrection of the body. They were strongly opposed to idolatry, and refused to take oath in a heathen temple. They bared their feet when they entered their place of worship. They observed the holy days of Passover, Tabernacles, and Atonement. They commemorated also the life and deeds of Confucius, the founder of Confucianism. According to their traditions, they came by way of Persia, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, to China, whose emperor, at that time, gave them a cordial reception, and, examining their faith, and finding it similar to that taught by Confucius, granted them the privilege to worship in accordance with their beliefs.

Above reports were corroborated later by several other missionaries. Further inquiry discovered several other Jewish settlements in China, many of whom, however, had converted to Mohammedanism.

Nothing was heard of them again until about the middle of the nineteenth century, when a European co-religionist by the name of J. L. Liebermann, made his way to them. He found but few left. Their temple was gone. Stone heaps marked the spot where it had stood. Their scrolls of the law, they complained, had been borrowed from them by missionaries for examination, and never returned. All knowledge of the ancient language and literature had disappeared among them. Of their religion there was little or nothing left. Their number had shrunken to but a few, who were very poor.

This sad report aroused wide interest, and awakened agitation for their preservation. A society was organized to restore to their ancient faith those who might yet be saved, of which society Mr. Solomon, of Shanghai, was the secretary. Unfortunately the effort was too late. The one-time colony had ceased to exist. Intermarriage and conversion had completed the dissolution. Good Mr. Solomon places the blame on their loss of the Hebrew tongue. Fortunately, their disintegration cannot be attributed to the spread of reform among them. Perhaps if it had, their story might have had a different reading to-day. There are Jewish rigidly orthodox communities, in other parts of the world, which are threatened with the same fate, if they do not bestir themselves, and take

cognizance of the spirit of progress, and of the change of times.

HONG KONG, CHINA, December 11, 1913.

I have endeavored to obtain some more knowledge, in this town, of the fate of the ancient Chinese Jewish colony, but my inquiry has not resulted in much additional information. I have seen in the synagogues here one of the original thirteen scrolls of the law that existed in the ancient temple of Kai-fung-foo. That copy had been in the possession of a bishop stationed here, who had surrendered it to the Government, by whom it was placed in the local museum. The Jewish community of this town petitioned the Government to turn it over to their synagogue. Their petition was granted, about five years ago, on the condition that they hold themselves responsible for its preservation and safe-keeping. Some of the influential members of the congregation kindly took me to the synagogue where the scroll is kept, and permitted me to see it. I read a portion of it, and, notwithstanding that it is supposed to be one thousand years old, and that its ink has somewhat faded, I found it very legible. It follows the rule of the scroll writing in every detail. Certain letters are slightly different in shape. The parchment is soft, but seemingly very durable. It is claimed that some of the oiginal scrolls which are supposed to have found their way into the Occidental market are imitations. Unlike the silken covers of our scrolls at home, this scroll here, as well as the six or more of the other scrolls in their ark, is contained in a wooden casket, opening on hinges. The congregation follows the Sephardic ritual, though its membership is composed of Jews of different sections of the Orient and the Occident. Their synagogue is beautiful, and its location more beautiful still. Situated on the side of a high steep hill, within a spacious, well-kept, tropical garden, it affords a magnificent view of the harbor. It was built twelve years ago, as the donation of Sir Jacob Sassoon, Baronet of Bombay, India, in memory of his mother, whose name was Leah; its name, therefore, is *Oheb Leah: The Tent of Leah.* It has accommodation for about 500 persons. Its internal arrangement is in accordance with the Sephardic

style. No religious school is connected with the synagogue. No preacher is employed, neither is preaching done by any other person all the year round. An Arabic-speaking Chazan from India reads the service entirely in Hebrew and performs the other ritual needs of the community. Services are held on Saturday mornings, between 7 and 8.30, and are attended by barely a Minyan. The early hour is for the accommodation of the few who attend quite regularly, but who must be at their places of business early. And this is called *Keeping the Sabbath*. Conversation with some of the congregation makes quite clear that they are longing for the kind of service that will not only be entirely intelligible to them, but that will also give them enlightenment on the story of the Jew and on the aims and ideals of Judaism. I have been asked to address them on a Sunday when they will be able to attend. Unfortunately, I have but one Sunday for this neighborhood, and that one will be spent at Canton. I may be able to arrange to give an informal talk on some evening.

One thought has been occupying my mind very much of late, the thought that if I still have any mission in the pulpit, that mission probably is *missionary work among our own*.

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c

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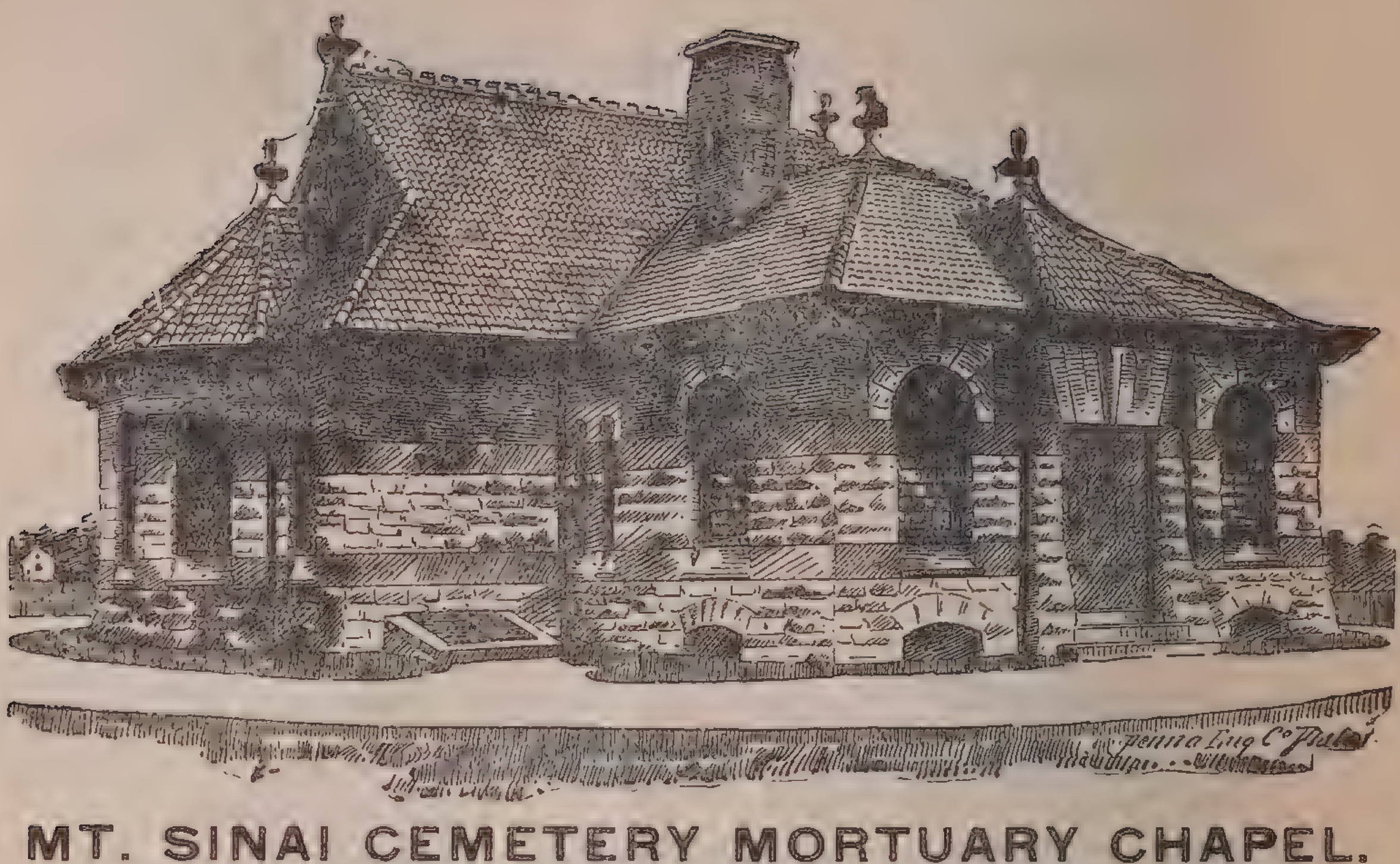
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MODERN JEWISH PROBLEMS

BY

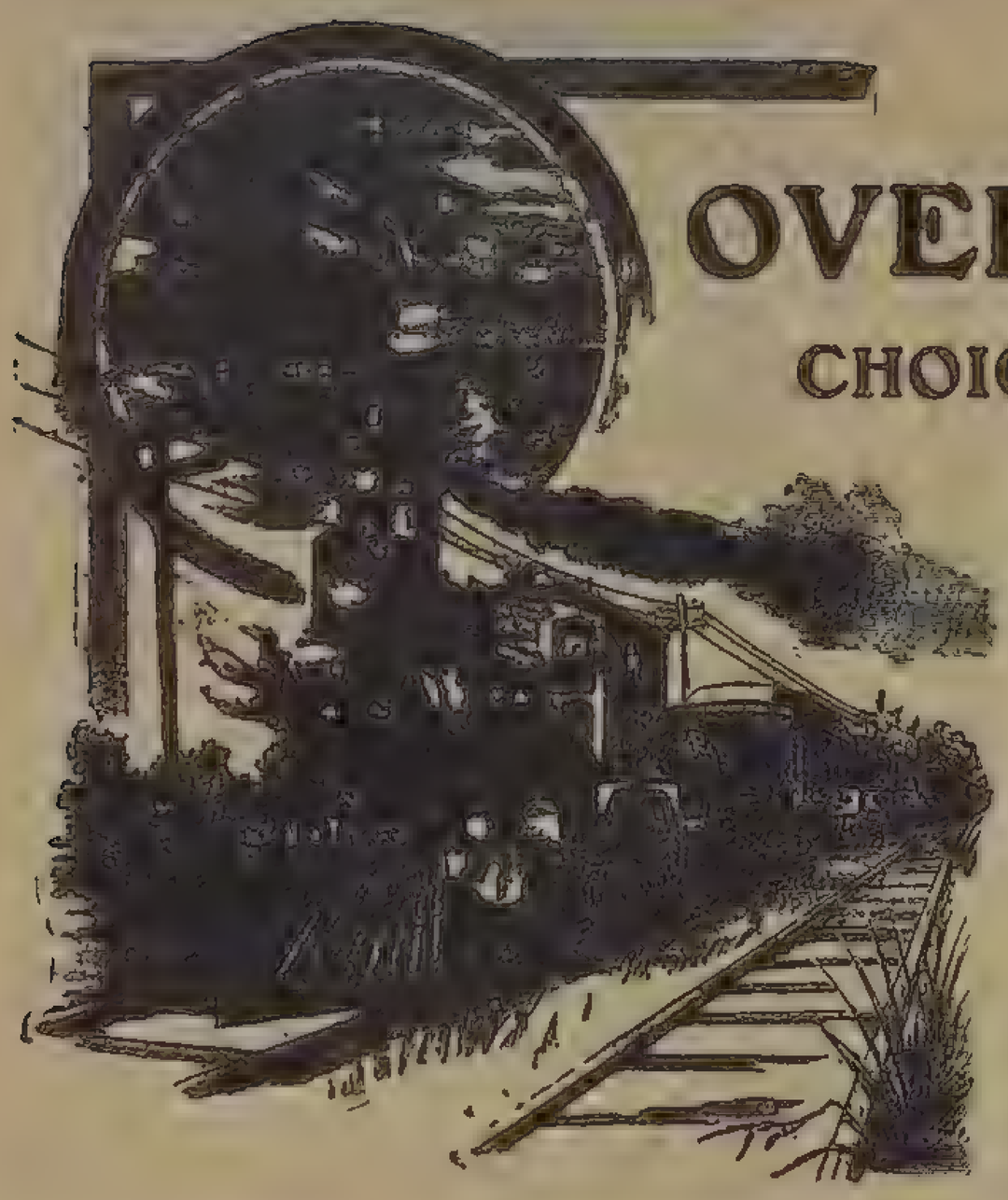
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Modern Jewish Problems.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,
Philadelphia, Pa., February 22nd, 1914,
by
Rabbi Moses J. Gries,
Of The Temple, Cleveland, Ohio.

There is one Jewish problem which affects profoundly the Jews of every land. One-half of the Jews of the world are groaning under the yoke. Israel's cry of affliction, of "Judenschmerz" is heard 'round the world. How will our brethren be emancipated from the bondage of oppression under the Russian Pharaoh. No Jewish problem is comparable to it. Beside the bloody pogrom, or the bloodless pogrom, more destructive and devastating, all else sinks into nothingness.

Do we fear that the Jews of Russia will perish? Strange, is it not, none believes that Israel will be destroyed, even though it seem but a toy, helpless in the grasp of the giant Russian monster? The world has faith that whate'er betide with Russian despotism, Israel will survive.

The fearful pressure of the Russian Government upon her Jews compels burden upon all the free peoples of the world. Hundreds of thousands are driven into compulsory exile, to seek escape from hunger and starvation, from cruelty and the peril of death.

No language is strong enough to condemn Russia's inhumanity to Russia's own children. Of what crime against Russia have they been guilty? They are guilty of the same sin as are we. They have been born Jews and they refuse to desert the religion of their fathers. They scorn to betray their historic heritage.

If anything can be worse than the inhumanities which outraged even a callous world, worse than the governmental injustices which threaten the lives and happiness of millions, more iniquitous in the sight of civilization, are the political persecutions, destroying inalienable human rights—the God-given right to life, to liberty and the free pursuit of happiness. And the assault upon the right of conscience, upon human brotherhood and upon justice constitutes a crime against the very cause of civilization. How long yet e'er Russia will be summoned before the bar of public opinion to answer judgment before the tribunal of the nations?

When the crisis has passed and the pogroms have ceased and the ritual murder trial has ended, how quickly and easily we forget—we sons and daughters of Israel, who live in lands of freedom, who suffer no disabilities under the law.

Then anti-Semitism, with its myriad manifestations, is imagined to be the perplexing Jewish problem. Prejudice and hostile discrimination and social ostracism wound our sense of justice and disturb our peace of mind and soul. Over our heads hangs no Damocletian sword, but we are tormented and tortured by the pin-pricks of prejudice.

Exclusion and ostracism are most difficult to explain and yet more difficult to solve. Historic Israel has outlived the sword and the fire, the rack and the thumbscrew. Our unfortunate brethren have survived pogrom and butchery and the slander of ritual murder. We would ignore altogether prejudice and ostracism and social disabilities did they not warn against a greater peril. The burning sparks of hate and antagonism have power to set a land afire.

What is the cure for prejudice? Who is ready with the panacea? The antitoxin for this dangerous poison still awaits discovery. The cure is NOT in lamentation, nor in the bitter outcry of despair. False is the diagnosis that prejudice always has been, is, and forever will be; that prejudice is inborn and that hate is eternal. Such interpretation is both un-Jewish and un-American—un-Jewish in its rejection of the Messianic faith and of the expectation of justice—un-American in its denial of democracy. Prejudice *has been* through the centuries and in many countries. It *is* with individuals called civilized; but that it will be forever, it is un-Jewish and un-American to believe.

We must live down the historic hates, and endeavor to break down the barriers which the centuries have erected. Education, in time, will conquer world-wide ignorance. The growing sense of justice will overthrow age-old injustices. Shall we believe that the brotherhood of men will never receive true interpretation and just application?

How do we interpret the Jew to the nations? Do we wail, "We are in exile, everywhere in the world"? "Unless we dwell in our ancient fatherland we cannot live a Jewish life." Do we emphasize racial glory and appeal for racial separateness? If we proclaim national hopes and look forward to a national destiny apart from America, do we not justify the

charge that we are aliens and foreigners, and can never be assimilated?

Fruitful source of evil it is to proclaim or to imply that Jewish hopes and ideals are impossible of fulfillment in America; that our hearts center in Palestine. Unwise and perilous it is to create and deepen the false impression, already too prevalent, that Jews are an alien race in the midst of the nations.

Not sojourners in the land are we. The Jew came to America more than 250 years ago, with the Puritan and the Knickerbocker and the Cavalier. The Jew is here to stay. This is his land as much as any man's. Not even our recent newcomers are foreigners in the land of their adoption. Surely we who were born upon the soil of freedom are not alien in our own fatherland.

The true American spirit was revealed by Washington, writing to the Jews of Newport: "All possess alike liberty of conscience and immunities of citizenship"; and by Lincoln, speaking in Independence Hall—the Declaration of Independence "gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but to all the world for all future time."

We can live a full and true Jewish life in America as well as in any land of the globe. Never in all the history of mankind has there been a country whose ideals and government more nearly realized the Hebrew prophecies. We are not less Jews because we are patriotic Americans, nor less American when we are loyal Jews.

Blessed are we who live under the aegis of the flag interpreted by Woodrow Wilson as "Alternate strips of parchment, upon which are written the rights of men, and little streams of blood, to vindicate those principles."

Our loyalty to America is not because it has been a land of promise, offering untold opportunities to the poor and to the oppressed of the world; nor because it has been a land of reality, where glorious promises have been fulfilled; but because it is our America, because its ideals and principles are our ideals and principles. Just as Zangwill's tribute to "the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labor and look forward." I love the very conception of America—the interpretation of Washington, the founder, and of Lincoln, the saviour of the Union—America, a land consecrated to liberty and justice!

Does not intellectual anti-Semitism present the most urgent Jewish problem? Behind the disguise of scholarship and under the pretense of scientific inquiry, the intellectual Anti-Semites would rob Jews of the distinction of their birthright. Even liberals in theology and radicals in religion, are persuaded to minimize the value of the Jewish contribution to human civilization? In Germany, a Chamberlain would emancipate mankind, fallen under the perversion of Semitic teaching; and a Sombart warns against the Jew as an economic peril. In England a Coit fears the Jew as a menace to national ideals, and even in America, a Warner conjures a Jewish specter. Yet, even the Jew haters are compelled to confess, though complainingly and regretfully, that Jewish principles dominate civilization, and that Hebrew ideals and Israel's moral law are the foundation of the established order.

When the ignorant world would relegate Judaism to the museum of antiquities we may smile with patience, but when the intellectual world refuses Israel due recognition and would discredit the significance of its historic contribution we cannot keep silent.

No people has contributed more than Israel to the religious thought and civilization of mankind. None has given to the race loftier and truer ideals and hopes more glorious.

Greece and Rome and Judea are often compared and contrasted. Each has given its distinctive contribution. Greece stamped its enduring impress upon art and architecture, upon culture and philosophy. Rome developed forms and institutions of government, and laid the foundations for law and the organization of society. Judea was gifted with the genius for religion. Immortal is its inspiration to the religious aspirations of the race. The Hebrew proclaimed the moral law to mankind. Matthew Arnold wisely taught: "The revelation which rules the world even now is not Greece's revelation, but Judea's—not the pre-eminence of art and science, but the pre-eminence of righteousness."

Ex-President Charles W. Eliot interprets the success of the Jewish race all over the world as "entirely due to its ideals, which have been of rare significance and rare strength and power."

Strongly Judge Stafford, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, emphasizes the Jew's devotion to justice: . . . "The Jew saw with a clearness of vision never granted

to any other, and held to it with a courage as stubborn as ever stood against tide of battle—he saw that whatever the opposition, no matter what the persecution, no matter what the apparent power of the oppressor, justice was sure to triumph in the end. That is the vision and the faith that have made his record glorious. Those are the wings of song. That is the burning coal of prophecy. The reign of Messiah—what is it after all but the final, the permanent establishment of justice. . . . Israel's ideal of justice has taken permanent possession of the human mind."

The ideal of justice is the supreme goal of the race—of the human race. The Hebrew Messianic prophecies have become the dreams and the hopes of the noblest spirits of the present age.

Neither persecution nor pogrom, neither anti-Semitism, physical or intellectual, or prejudice, nor social ostracism, presents *the* modern problem for the Jews of America. The question with us is not whether we shall be inspired with courage for martyrdom, or whether we shall have strength to refuse to surrender or to compromise the faith of our fathers. Is not our problem, Will we, Jews of America, free from peril and persecution, continue true and loyal Jews?

In every great city of the land we stand face to face with a moral crisis. Crimes among men and shame among women sully the historic name of Israel—crime and shame heretofore unknown among Jews.

We stand face to face with a religious crisis. The synagogue has failed to hold its sons and daughters, the immigrants and their children. How deeply we are concerned about the religion and moral life of the unfortunate poor and the immigrant. Why are we so altruistic? Why so blind to our own needs, to the necessities of our men and women, of our youth, of the children of the temples?

Israel has been loyal under the hammer of oppression and through the fires of persecution—the most marvelous illustration in history—a whole people loyal, through one hundred generations.

Not forever can we live upon the memories of the dead past, however glorious. The living generation awaits a message for the living present. Liberty is testing us more than the fires of persecution. Are we as loyal under freedom as were our fathers under oppression? Can Judaism be a religion for free

men—a teacher and leader and inspirer of free men? That is the problem!

The Jew in America is free. Why does he not rejoice in his glorious birthright! Are there not thousands who show disrespect to Judaism, as though it were a dead religion, or an antique curiosity among the living. Jews frequent not the temples on Sunday, and most surely worship not in the synagogue on Saturday. There is no Holy Sabbath in modern Israel. Einhorn's characterization of the Sabbath and Sunday is still a pointed truth—the Sabbath is bartered and the Sunday is gambled away. An unbridged chasm yawns between the religious life of childhood and of manhood. In spite of all our emphasis on Jewish education, more Jewish children are out of than in the organized religious schools. And our youth—who is guiding and inspiring their religious and moral life? There is a hiatus between the religious school and the realities and the responsibilities of life. In no field of human endeavor do we tolerate a like chasm between childhood and manhood. Neither is our religious life real and vital. The religious attitude and spirit are not dominant; they are scarcely significant with us.

Not sufficient is the answer that our religiosity must not be judged by attendance at public worship; that we are not commanded to go to the temple and the synagogue. Every generation according to its customs! Of old we were commanded to appear by the altar of God thrice every year. Who would have believed that we in the modern time would obey so literally. The synagogue and the temple are the public manifestation of our spiritual and religious life. Let them not be mere monuments of material splendor, but symbols of spiritual power. The Jew cannot win moral world leadership if Judaism does not guide and inspire Israel's sons and daughters *now, in this country* and *century!*

Strong men and women, face to face with the stern problems of life, are seeking for a religion or a philosophy which will grip them with power, which will sustain them through sorrow and struggle and suffering. The thousands are quite convinced that present-day religions have no satisfactory answer to give to life's doubts and questionings. "Their creeds are unbelievable; their ceremonials meaningless, and their doctrines irrational." Men and women do not seek life's answer in church or temple. If there spoken by minister or

rabbi, they are not present to hear it.

Yet I believe the world is experiencing a real heart hunger for a life conviction. It yearns consciously and unconsciously to satisfy its spiritual thirst. With intense eagerness it awaits the message of the prophet who will inspire life and the living in the twentieth century. Where is and where preaches the unknown prophet with the power to give true interpretation to life's purposes and destiny?

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and might. What is its meaning? Love God with thy whole life.

With life—the reverent acceptance of life as blessing and obligation and appointment. Life is not a chance for success and fortune, nor an opportunity for fun and pleasure. Nor would we Jews interpret it as ascetic denial of pleasure, demanding surrender of joy and the world.

And the purpose of life—is it not a right use of life's powers and endowments? Is not man under the consecration of the law of service? The law of service transforms every relation of life—father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister, friend, all are to be loyally served. Every action of daily life is affected thereby. Life is not struggle and strife, but service. Supreme in man is the desire to be of service. The power to serve makes one's life of value.

Divine is our human life—the divine lives with the human—God is within man. No interpretation is more ennobling. No appeal has power to grip us more strongly. Human life must be lived in harmony with, not in contradiction and antagonism to, the God idea and the God ideal. Glorious is our human life, with the inborn nobility of our nature, with its divine possibilities. Wonderful our old Bible's majestic conception of man, fashioned with innate God likeness, whose flower and fruit are to be godliness.

The stamp of history is upon the Jew. With head uplifted he may walk among men. The Jew is an historic personality, associated with the great events of history. He knew the people of antiquity, he beheld the monuments of ancient empire. They all have perished—the Jew alone lives.

"The fall of actual Israel is witness that ideal Israel forever lives." Significant is Matthew Arnold's magnificent contrast between "Israel's visible Jerusalem in ruins, and true Israel lifting up to the nations the banner of righteousness."

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VOL. XXVII Sunday, March 15th, 1914 No. 18

A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

VI.

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

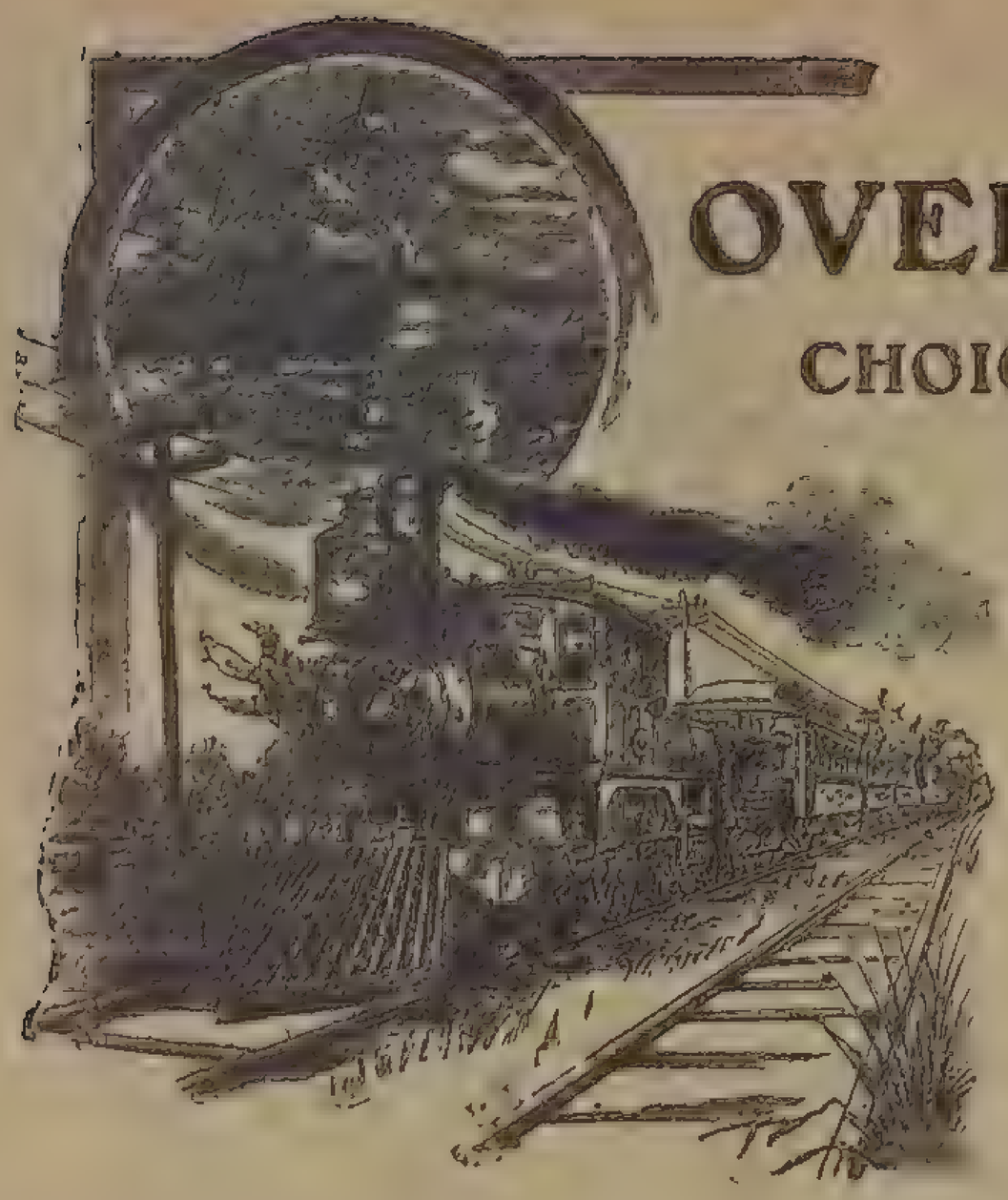
By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Sunday, March 8th, 1914

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A Rabbi's Pilgrimage in the Orient.

VI.

A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

And read from the Pulpit, Sunday, March 8th, 1914.

China, Aboard S. S. *Nanning*,
En Route Between Canton and Wuchow.
December 13, 1913.

Have been in China more than a week and a half, and though I have seen considerably of its people, and have conversed much about them with people who have long mingled with them, and have read about them in books written by people who have made a study of Chinamen and things Chinese, I have not trusted myself to commit to writing what I have seen and heard, what I have read and felt. The more I see of China, the less do I comprehend it; the more I study it the less do I seem to know. Some one has said that "one seeing of a thing is worth a hundred telling about it," and I would like to add "a thousand writings of it." How can the writer hope that the reader, who has not seen, will understand what he who has seen can scarcely comprehend?

The subject of China is as vast as it is complex. At one moment one is tempted to say of the Chinese one thing, and the next moment the very opposite; now that he is of the most civilized and now that he is of the most barbarian; now that he is progressive and now that he is backward; now intelligent and now stupid; now cleanly and now dirty; now Europeanized and now intensely Asiatic. You pass in the street one Chinaman clad in nothing but a pair of short trousers, another is attired in a long, silken, flowing robe, another wears a curious suit and hat made of bamboo straw, another is

dressed in the height of European fashion. You pass one Chinaman wearing a queue, another has not a sign of one; one Chinese woman stalks along on mere stumps of feet, the result of foot-cramping in her early childhood, another's feet are regular, small, neat like those of our stylish women. You enter a store, you see one Chinaman does his figuring on an abacus, another manipulates a typewriting machine; one writes Chinese characters with a brush in vertical columns, from right to left, another writes with pen on horizontal lines, from left to right as we do.

You walk along the water front and see Chinese living in filthy quarters, packed like rats in ratholes, you enter another section, clean and beautiful, and find Chinese occupying there stately mansions. You look into a Chinese restaurant and see Chinamen shoveling into their mouths, by means of chop sticks, rice and a mass of other nondescript food; you enter the dining-room of your hotel, and you see them relishing our kind of food, eating it as we do. You pass workshops and see Chinamen using queer kinds of tools, such as you have never seen before, and you see another sitting behind a Singer sewing machine of the latest make; one works at night by the light of a Chinese lantern, another by an electric light. You observe some Chinamen's mode of greeting each other, each clasping his hands in front of his body and moving them up and down, you see others shake hands as we do. You observe the wife of one Chinaman following behind her liege lord, no matter how wide the street, another walks beside her husband, even holding to his arm. You pass a place of entertainment and you hear a Victrola whose records send forth ear-piercing specimens of Chinamen's unmusical music. You see one Chinaman riding in a jinrikisha, another is having himself carried in a sedan chair, another is occupying a seat on a little platform at the side of a wheelbarrow, and another is comfortably seated in an automobile, the propelling power of the former and the chauffeur of the latter being Chinamen.

Which of all these is the real Chinaman? Is it the one who rigidly adheres to the ancient forms and practices of his people? Do form and ceremony, mode and manner, alone constitute the nature and characteristics of a people? Is a man less of a Chinaman because he modifies some of the ancient

customs of his people or departs wholly from others?

Such being the difficulty that presents itself to an observer in China, I must take special care not to expose myself to the charge frequently brought against that species of travelers known as "globe trotters," who take a glimpse here and a glance there, generalize conclusions from the little they see, and spread them broadcast as reliable characterizations of the lands and peoples through which they have hurried.

Such a procedure is especially reprehensible when indulged in respecting China. So vast is this country (four and one-half millions of square miles, more than twice the size of the United States) and so large is its population (over 400 millions of people, more than four times the number of our country), and so many are the languages spoken in that country (eight entirely different languages, and no end of different dialects) that not even years would suffice to enable the painstaking student to arrive at a satisfactory characterization of all the Chinese.

The question, "What do you think of the Chinaman?" is as difficult to answer as would be the question "What do you think of the European?" The latter question one would have to meet with another question, "Which of the Europeans do you mean, the Norwegian, or the Russian, or the Swiss, or the Italian, or the Irishman?" Each of these has a language of his own, religion, tradition, history, laws, customs, manners of his own. The same is to a large extent true of the Chinaman. The Mongolian differs from the Thibetan, in speech, religion, tradition, customs, manners, monetary system, as does the Manchurian from the East Turkestanian, and the Northern Chinese from the Southern Chinese, and the inhabitants of the other eighteen provinces from each other. When the Cantonese Chinaman comes in contact with one of Peking or Shanghai, he has to employ an interpreter to make himself understood, just as a Frenchman is obliged to do, if he would speak to a German or a Grecian or a Bulgarian. And as little as the Frenchman loves the German, or the Turk loves the Servian, so little do the people of certain sections of China love those of certain others. And the same differences that exist and difficulties that arise in Europe between followers of the Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic and Lutheran and Mo-

hammedan faiths, exist and arise in China between followers of the Buddhistic, Brahmanistic, Confucian, Laotsean, and yet other creeds.

From the first China was composed of a conglomerate people. Different hordes and tribes, now the Tartar and now the Hun, now the Mongolian and now the Manchurian, poured into its lands, conquered parts of it and absorbed some of those they found. Thus there sprang up a vast, unwieldy nation of heterogenous peoples, uncemented by a common patriotism, ununited by a common love of common central authority, many of them never reconciled to the conqueror who held sway only by reason of superior force, and who, every now and then, rose in bloody rebellion to throw off their unbearable yoke.

Japan, with whom China is often compared, has had no such difficulties to contend with. From the first it was composed of a homogeneous people. With the exception of occasional dissensions among the Shoguns and their retinues, its people experienced but little trouble, and could follow the even tenor of their way, and develop what was best within them, unmolested. No foreign barbaric hordes forced their way among them, and blighted much of the civilization that had required long ages for development. Isolated from all the world by a mighty-encircling ocean, and by a coast of treacherous rocks and shoals and cliffs, the nations of the earth left it alone, and it left them alone. It came in contact with China only, in its early days, as a pupil, acquiring from the ancient Chinese much of what, to this day, it values highest in art, architecture and agriculture, in literature and religion. In its entire history, Japan has had but two foreign wars, and both of these within recent years, one with China, the other with Russia, and both of these wars brought to light a unanimity of national sentiment, and an intensity of patriotism, such as China never knew, such as few other nations have ever displayed.

Whether China gains or suffers by tourists visiting Japan first is difficult to tell. It possibly gains by the tourist being first introduced to Oriental ways amid the more favorable environments of Japan. It probably suffers by his having a standard set by Japan which it cannot live up to. The lower classes of China are certainly inferior to those of Japan in

cleanliness, in mode of living, in the kind of homes they occupy. A city as congested and as filthy as Canton would seem impossible in Japan, a city packed with 2,000,000 people, though possessing an area scarcely adequate for 50,000 people, according to our standard of habitation, a city whose streets are but from six to eight feet wide, flanked on each side by high barracks that shut out light and air, and cut off every possibility for the stenches and filth to escape, that make impossible the use of any kind of vehicles, that permit only the use of sedan chairs carried by half naked coolies (and even these, in places, find it difficult to make their way), streets in whose shops are offered for sale as food, even in these days, slaughtered dogs, dried and smoked cats and rats, baked snails, dried cockroaches and the like.

We are accustomed to hear China being censured for not having, like Japan, availed herself more than she has of Occidental civilization. There must be a good reason for her refusal, for those who know her well declare that there is not a good trait possessed by Japan which the Chinese do not possess, that they are intelligent, clever, adaptive, industrious, thrifty, reliable. The reason that China has held herself aloof may, to no small degree, be due to the sad experiences she has had with Occidental nations. For scores of years these have looked upon China as every man's free land, and each, in turn, has grabbed all it could, each abstaining from grabbing all of it only because prevented by the others. And these grabbing processes were nearly always accompanied by cruelties that were little calculated to impress the Chinese with the superior grade of "Occidental civilization." Robbery, disregard of every pledge given, bloodshed, characterized the opening of Europe's relationship with China, and the same have largely continued to this day. When the Portuguese and Spaniards first appeared in China they received as cordial a greeting as the Spaniards did from the Indians when they first appeared upon the American shores. But, here as there, base ingratitude was the reward, and was basely imitated by other European powers that are wont to brag not a little of their "superior civilization."

China has no doubt sinned much by keeping herself as backward as she has, but she has been more sinned against. A

volume might be written on the outrages so-called "Christian" nations perpetrated upon the "heathen Chinee," and it would, by no means, prove a small volume. Before the Occident may hope to succeed in gaining the whole confidence and following of China, it will have to teach her the art of forgetting the rapines and murders she has experienced at the hands of European nations. If, at times, goaded on by the greed and perfidy and brutality of the foreigner, she rose in self-protection against the intruder, and committed murder and outrage in return, she but proved herself a worthy pupil of a cruel teacher.

In Japan, children sweetly wave their little hands to the passing foreigner, and say, in their language, "Good morning, Sir Foreigner"; in China, even when the foreigner waves his hand in friendly greeting to the little ones, he meets with no response. Dislike, distrust of him has become innate. He is known only as the "White Devil" and incense is offered by them on their altars to keep the "White Devil's" evil influence from them. Who that knows the recent history of China can justly deny that the yellow man has better reason to speak of the white man as the *White Devil,* than has the white man to speak of the yellow man as the *Yellow Peril?*

Church greed has played no small part in these land grabs, and religion has not infrequently allowed herself to be made the cat's paw for some greedy ruler. The Bible has quite often been made the entering wedge for the gunboat. Horrible stories of Chinese attacks on missionaries are spread throughout Christendom; seldom is a word heard of the atrocities perpetrated on the Chinese, such as those of the French near Foochow and Shanghai, or of the Germans at Shantung, or of the English at Canton. Much of the missionary movement in China is associated with conquest, though, to their credit be it said, often unbeknown to the missionaries themselves. The powers back of them knew only too well that the coming of the missionaries among so old and staid a people as the Chinese would create irritation, friction, fighting, bloodshed, which would require gunboats to protect the missionary. The result would be a slaughter of heathens, seizure of heathen lands and large indemnity besides. Thus, during a religious riot in 1897, two German Catholic missionaries were killed.

A German admiral was promptly dispatched to China to wreak vengeance, which was satisfied only after a large territory was seized, a large indemnity was exacted, and large concessions were forced.

It is not surprising that the Chinamen should, at times, lose their patience over missionary interference with their religion, the most sacred legacy of their ancestors, the peaceful repose of whose souls, they believe, depends upon their guardianship of it. "Why do you come and disturb our faith and try to wean our children from it?" they say to the missionaries. "Our religion suits us, and our morals are as good as yours. We protect life, property and honor. Our domestic relationship is sacred. We safeguard marriage. We honor our parents and love our children. We aid the needy; we respect the learned; our 'yay' is yay, and our 'nay' is nay. Let any one who has had any business dealings with us or any other dealings, testify whether we are not as honorable, as trustworthy, as faithful as is the Christian. The founder of our religion, Confucius, taught us 'Not to do unto others what we do not want others to do to us,' and we conscientiously endeavor to practice that teaching. What, therefore, do you want of us? What would you think of us, and do to us, if we were to come to you as you come to us and try to convert you to our faith, and denounce yours as false, as the invention of the devil. You would soon drive us back, if you would not do worse things to us. Why do not you practice your Master's teaching? 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' or as we have it from our teacher, 'Do not do to others what you would not want others to do to you.'"

That one is confronted in China with a very, very old and rigid form of civilization is apparent on all sides. Unlike the antiquity of Japan, that of China is unattractive to one accustomed to Occidental ways. In Japan one regrets to see the old pass away, in China one regrets to see that so much of the old remains.

But, one sees so much good in the people that he can afford to overlook much of what, otherwise, would make very many of them unbearably unattractive. Besides, one must bear in mind that standards of civilization differ. Sparta and Rome in their Golden Age approved of what we now con-

demn; the one applauded undiscovered theft, the other gladiatorial contests to the death. Holy Spain sanctions bull fights even at this day. What is fit and proper for one is often regarded as unfit by another. We shudder at the thought of China eating dog and rat flesh; yet Frenchmen are known to eat horse flesh and frog legs, and Americans are fond of oysters, the very thought of which almost sickens the Mohammedan, the Brahmin and the Orthodox Jew. We pride ourselves on our superior looks, style of dress and manner, yet Chinese children stare at us in amazement and some of them laugh at us. A riot was with difficulty avoided the first time the Chinese heard a European brass band; they could not stand the "noises" of the "White Devils," and many cannot stand them now, and we return the compliment by calling their music execrable. We find fault with the congestion and windowless barracks in which the Cantonese live, and forget that frequent wars and attacks by marauding bands made such mode of living the safest. We complain of their filth and lack of sewage and forget the presence of the one and the absence of the other in many a European city that boasts of the "superior civilization."

Whatever the shortcomings of the Chinese, they are exceedingly industrious and clever. Men, women and children toil from early morning till late at night with a strength and power of endurance and skill that border on the marvelous. While on the boat in the harbor of Canton, and while on the trip on the Si Kiang River as far as Wuchow, I had a chance to see something of the vast water population of China. A more interesting sight than this is difficult to conceive. Tens of thousands of families in China know no other home than a boat upon the water, for the most part a sampan, often a mere raft with a hut upon it. Thousands are born on these, live all their lives upon them, and are taken from them only for burial. How whole families can find living and working and sleeping and cooking room on these small boats and besides keep chickens and dogs and cats upon them is difficult for an American to understand. The rivers teem with them. For the most part they are engaged in shipping trades and traffics, in ferrying and freighting. Others bring fish and farm produce to the markets, others lumber, cattle, or articles

manufactured on the boats or elsewhere, others peddle foodstuffs, raw or cooked, for consumption by the river populace. The great junks, equal to our schooners, are propelled by foot power, sometimes as many as fifteen Chinamen treading the revolving stern wheel, and making fairly good time. Hands and feet seem to constitute all the power I have seen in Canton and on the Si Kiang River, excepting a few steamboats. Where the population is as large as it is here, and labor as skilled, horsepower and steampower can easily be dispensed with, in fact, must be dispensed with, if people are not to starve.

Unfortunately, the season is too far advanced for an observation of farming. The vast vegetable supplies that float down to the market show rare skill. Their farms are well kept, and splendidly irrigated. They get two crops of rice a season, and obtain unequaled success in mulberry culture, the leaves of which they feed to the silk worm. Their silk produce is, I believe, the richest in the world, as is also their tea output. Their villages do not compare in attractiveness with those of Japan, neither do the peasants look anything like as prosperous as their brethren in Japan. It were a miracle if they did. Like the European peasantry of the middle ages (the age at which China may be considered at the present time) the farming populace of China has in all ages been considered the milch cow and beehive of the nation. To them the vast army of officials, from the highest to the lowest, have turned for their milk and honey, and other luxuries exactable by means of heavy taxation. If they rebelled they were taught by cruel tortures and execution that they enjoyed a privilege in being suffered to live and slave. One can easily imagine their sufferings when, in consequence of flood or draught or storm, they reap no harvest, and famine ensues—a frequent occurrence. Thousands turn to piracy and roam over the country burning and looting wherever they come. To protect themselves, the richer peasants establish, at various points, large protected warehouses, pawnshops they call them, in which they store their valuables—their silks, grain, or other produce. So desperate do these pirates become that they even hold up passenger boats (after the manner of our train robbers) and many a life is lost in conse-

quence. To prevent the possibility of an attack on a steamer, such as the one we are now traveling on, the British Government, under whose flag we are sailing, compels the Chinese Government to have a Chinese torpedo boat accompany us on our entire water journey from Canton to Wuchow, and back again.

With all the poverty of the lower classes, one meets with scarcely any beggary. Their needs seem very few, and these they somehow manage to supply, even if at times they resort to kinds of food which we find revolting. Cheap and abundant as fish is, one sees people buy one or two small fry, or one-quarter or one-eighth of a fish a little larger. As a special treat they allow themselves occasionally an ounce or two of meat. Pigs' meat seems to be the most common. Alive, the pig is the great and almost only scavenger of Canton and the Si Kiang district, and one who would be cured of fondness for swine flesh needs but to see a Chinese pig seeking its food. For a tourist in the interior of China I know of no better beatitudes than these:

> Blessed be they who, having eyes, see not;
> Blessed be they who, having noses, smell not;
> Blessed be they who, having appetites, eat not.

The only real beggary we have thus far encountered was along the river, at Do Sing, where a leper colony is located, quite a number of whom appear in small row boats alongside of the steamer, and, displaying hands from which fingers or parts of them have rotted off, or exhibiting their unsightly limbs or faces, beg for pennies. The freedom with which the healthy villagers mingle with them, some of whom got on as steerage passengers on our steamer, or as deliverers of freight, passes my understanding.

That this absence of beggary is not a newly acquired virtue of the Chinese may be gleaned from the following statement in an account published in 1651 by Matteo Ricci, the same who furnished the first report of the Chinese Jews. "Not a beggar or an idle person is to be found in China."

As if to compensate for the unsightliness of the villages and of many of the villagers along the Si Kiang (the West River) Nature has flanked both banks, almost the whole way,

with some of the most beautiful mountain scenery imaginable. Neither the Hudson nor the Rhine can compare in grandeur with that which here abounds. It is Switzerland in miniature, the scenery of the Italian lakes, or of the Vierwald städter seen stretched out in two lines of nearly 200 miles each, with vast sweeps of picturesque peaks back of them. What renders these more beautiful still is the frequent sight, on the top of peaks, of white column-shaped structures, from five to nine stories high, each story marked by a peculiarly peaked roof, some of them soaring 250 feet in the air, some of them so old that full-grown trees shoot from the roofs of them. These are *Pagodas,* and mountain heights facing running streams are their favorite sites, so that the gods may keep off disastrous storms and devastating floods. Now and then we pass memorial arches, after which the one at our own National Farm School has been fashioned. Occasionally we behold what are called *Literati Poles,* erected to commemorate the successful passing by some one of one of the triennial national examinations. Such a triumph admits the successful one to the brotherhood of the *Literati,* and opens to him the doors of an official position. Of the 30,000 who present themselves once every three years for these examinations, only a little more than 1000 pass, so difficult are they and so rigidly are they carried on. The successful one becomes the lion not only of his family, tribe and clan, but also of the entire community which erects such a pole that all of its members may shine by reflected light.

On one of the hills is a temple dedicated to the memory of Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveler, who is supposed to have been the first European who entered China, many centuries ago (end of thirteenth). On his natal day thousands of people assemble in that temple and worship his spirit. He was much beloved by the Chinese, and, in recognition of his kindness, service and good counsel, they erected not only this temple, but they also assigned a place to his statue in one of the chief temples at Canton among the 500 sculptured genii.

Within this same temple there is a statue of a large-bodied saint to which the superstitious belief is attached that the woman who strokes it will be blessed with offspring. It has

become smooth and shining from frequent touching. Among us it would have continued rough, and it would have become dust-laden from long neglect. The woman of the largest progeny is the woman most highly prized in China. Among us the prize, for the most part, would go to the one who has least or none. A large family is the hope and prayer of Chinese parents. It constitutes a valuable asset in the domestic prosperity—for even the little toddlers are toilers—it assures, besides, reverenec on earth to ancestors departed, for ancestor worship is as much of a fundamental principle of Confucianism, the national religion of China, as it is of the Shintoism of Japan.

And that their prayers for large families are abundantly answered is manifest on all sides. The cities and villages teem with children. Twins and triplets seem numerous, and often, it appears, that the first born of the twins or triplets carries the last born strapped to its back, for the little ones seem as much the caretakers of their younger brothers and sisters as are their elders. One of the most frequent observations in China is the sight of mothers working at the oar, or on the farm, engaged in carrying heavy burdens on shoulder-poles, or breaking stones on the highway, or climbing ladders as coalers, or hod carriers, with their babies strapped on their backs.

That the Chinese and Japanese are the same racial family is evident in more ways than one. They are alike in features, complexion, and in many characteristics, alike in yellowishness of skin, in intense blackness and straightness of hair, in slantiness of eyes, in prominence of cheek bones, in scantiness of nasal bridge, in largeness of nostrils. Their differences lie mostly in externals, and especially in Japan's larger adoption and adaptation of Occidental ways. Of the pair, the Chinaman might be regarded as the masculine, the other as the feminine. The one is, in the main, burly, gaunt, heavy, strong set in his ways; the other is small, neat, lithe, quick, fond of the beautiful, quick to perceive the latest and newest, and follow it.

In a real union between the two lies their only salvation. Alike in race, kindreds in language, near neighbors to one another, equally ingenious in the construction of labor-saving

tools and contrivances, equally successful in the pursuit of agriculture, in many of the useful and ornamental crafts, similar in their religious ideas, in industrious and frugal and sober habits, they are fitted for each other as no other people are. Why should they seek alliances abroad, among white people, by whom, owing to racial antipathies, they are not liked, when the ally intended by Nature, by history, by proximity, by common interests, is close by? In their union alone lies their safety and their strength; without it both are doomed. Together they could present a front which the nations of the earth would be bound to respect.

United they could impart to each other what is best in each. China has much to learn from Japan and Japan has much to gain from China. The latter has a population of over 400,000,000 souls, a population so vast that, as has been calculated, if the whole of it were to march past a given point, in a single line, the procession would never end; long before the last of this multitude of people had passed by, a new generation would have sprung up to continue the endless line. Japan's population is but one-eighth of that number. China has an area of continuous territory nearly as large as that of the whole British Empire in all parts of the world. Within that territory may be found every kind of climate, and upon its soil every kind of produce. Hundreds of generations have lived upon it without having exhausted its fertility. In its bowels and within the mountains upon it, lie concealed untold treasures that impatiently await the magic touch of the opening hand. In one province alone lies stored anthracite coal in such quantities that they could not be exhausted for the next 3000 years, at the present rate of coal consumption of all the world. Rich beds of iron ore lie in close proximity to them. A winding coastline of 2000 miles guards its borders, amply provided with spacious land-locked harbors. Some of the greatest rivers in the world enter its interior, navigable by good-sized boats almost all the way, and from them, as well as from their tributaries, issue countless canals, and from these sub-canals and ditches that irrigate the land and conserve its richness. No country in the world possesses such an unlimited supply of efficient and willing labor. When given the proper opportunity the Chinaman proves himself second to

none in point of intelligence, a fact amply vouched for by those who have intimate knowledge of him. His apparent backwardness is due to the terrible misgovernment under which he has suffered for ages, and to the rapacity within recent time of European powers that have forced upon him taxations that make a slave of him and leave him little time and less of means for the luxury of culture.

That things were different under wise rulers is amply shown in the venerable history of China. The Chinaman's civilization reaches further back than that of any other people now on earth. A time there was when he was the teacher of many nations. Japan sat as pupil at his feet. It was China that invented the manufacture of paper and ink, and the art of printing, that produced the first porcelain, silk, lacquer. It was China that first made of agriculture a science and art. Cold storage was practiced in China, irrigation inaugurated, the decimal system introduced, centuries before they were known in Europe. China invented the compass and discovered gunpowder, knew of hypnotism and practiced it; knew of the heart as the center and regulator of the circulation of the blood, and diagnosed sickness by its pulsations. Long before the term of encyclopedia was known to Europeans it produced one of such stupendous size, that the volumes of it, even in their condensed style of writing, would exceed 500 feet, were they placed one on top of the other. In that work is given the biography of some 25,000 women of eminence, showing the position she occupied in China's Golden Age. China, too, was the first to publish a dictionary of its language, on the historic principle, in which each word is accompanied by appropriate quotations from works of every age, chronologically arranged, a plan undertaken in the English language by Murray, less than two score years ago, which has remained unfinished to this day.

The same brain power lies dormant in the Chinese nation to-day; it needs but the igniting spark. In the hour of its full awakening it may be all the more wide awake for its long sleep. It has begun with sweeping out the corrupt and incompetent Manchu dynasty. It has inaugurated a republic. It is introducing, with its small means at hand, numerous reforms. Once its land shall be gridironed with railroads, its

canals dredged, its river obstructions removed, its graft system uprooted, its obsolete modes and ways set aside, she will astonish the world. Her brain, her industry, her hardiness, and power of endurance, allied with those of Japan, will effect a union which will no longer make China the easy mark for European rapacity, but will make it a power for good as much as for the benefit of the world at large as for its own.

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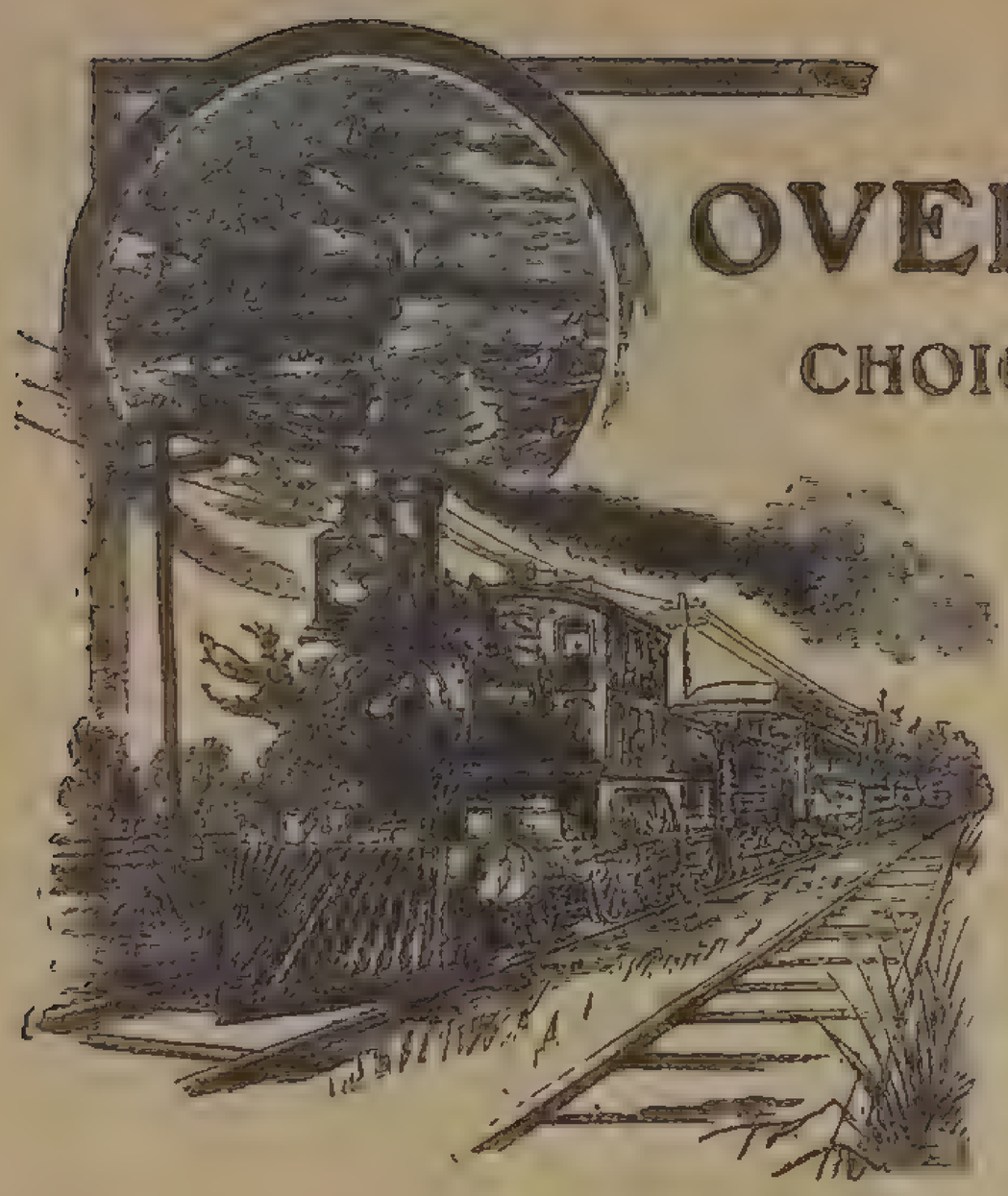
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The Educational Value of the Jewish Bible.

Exodus xix: 5 and 6.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

Philadelphia, Pa., March 15th, 1914,

BY

Rev. Dr. Samuel Schulman,

Rabbi Temple Beth-El, New York.

It is with great pleasure and with a sense of privilege that I appear before you, men and women of Keneseth Israel, as a guest in the pulpit made known through the land by its Rabbi, my friend Doctor Krauskopf. Among his many beneficent activities with which he blessed American Judaism, his work in the early years of the Jewish Publication Society will stand out as peculiarly characteristic of his wise vision. It is, therefore, not inappropriate that I bring you a message in reference to what will prove the most important achievement of this society in co-operation with the Central Conference of American Rabbis—the new English version of the Bible. It has been a great opportunity to take part in an enterprise which is unique in the history of the Jewish people. Never before have our sacred Scriptures been translated from the Hebrew into a version made by seven men, working together for six years in perfect harmony, and representing amidst the diversities of different schools of thought, that underlying unity of Israel of which it always becomes conscious when it faces the mount whence flowed the source of our faith When it becomes conscious, in a word, of the covenant at Sinai. This unity is the deepest thing in Jewish consciousness. We are as Jews, what we are to-day, in ideal character, in consecrated individuality and in hope for mankind, the result of the moulding and transforming power of our holy Bible.

It was most fitting that this work should be completed during a week in which the Jew is asked to become mindful of those chapters of Scriptures which give the constitution of his historic life and proclaim Israel's appointed destiny. In that sublime hour when a horde of freedmen were preparing

to become a people that was to bring moral and spiritual freedom to the world, we were told "And now, if you will hearken unto my voice and keep my Covenant, you will be mine own treasure out of all the peoples, for mine is the whole earth. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." The whole people was to regard itself as the priest. The student, therefore, may search the Scriptures and bring of the stores of his knowledge to their elucidation. The princes of the community may very generously provide for the carrying out of the great enterprise. The priest at the altar may offer the prayer of thanksgiving that the work has been completed. But the work would be vain if there were no glad welcome from the men and women in the pew, from the masses of the Keneseth Yisroel, the Congregation of Israel, the priestly people themselves. We are bringing to English-speaking Jews and Jewesses, in this translation, their ancient heritage in a form modeled upon the greatest English classic of their beloved mother tongue, and perfected so as to render in that tongue, the distinctive genius of the synagogue. They are to claim it as their own, greet it as their joy in life, and rededicate themselves to it as the only reason for their existence as a distinct fellowship in the great civilization of which they are a part and as a challenge to them to become the living commentaries upon its divine texts.

Our age is rich in the scholarly study and investigation of the Bible, but comparatively poor in the people's knowledge of it. And Israel especially, for whom English translations are made, has perhaps less knowledge of it than others. And it is the ignorance of and indifference to the great human heritage, as it speaks out of the Bible, that have had a disastrous effect on the moral and spiritual life of people. It is a serious time we are living in. The enemies of the Jews are questioning their genius, their contribution to civilization. What has been called the higher anti-Semitism is attempting, with the most sophistical arguments and with the most arbitrary disregard of truth, to despoil Israel of the laurel which the world had always felt his brow was justly adorned with. Its aim is to deny to the Jew his original creative power in religion, in ethics, in social ideals. Of course, such denial is but the despairing shriek of hate-filled souls who feel how deeply they are indebted to the Jew and yet would fain free themselves from this debt, because of their hatred of the

benefactor. In our own household, owing to the tremendous spiritual upheavals of the last one hundred years, men and women have become uncertain as to what the words Jew and Judaism mean for them. They are seeking for an idea that shall voice the soul of Israel. Some find it in race, which, I hold, only becomes ennobled by the idea which it is to serve. Otherwise it is a mere brute fact, a physical thing, and nothing is more despicable and morally reprehensible than a race consciousness, an expression of egotism uninterpreted by any clearly conceived moral or spiritual ideal which the race is to maintain before the world. Others find this in nationality. They would make of Israel an ordinary people, with ordinary aims and ambitions, with ordinary limitations, so that such a people could only be itself when it found a political organization to express its soul, and some spot on earth in which its body could flourish. Political nationality is, in my opinion, not the kernel of Jewish consciousness. So to hold, is in fact to misinterpret Jewish history. The idea in Israel was always greater than mere nationality. The vision of prophet always transcended the confines of Palestine. Even in the classic period of Jewish creative life and thought when the Bible was being made, Israel had no such national self-consciousness as would emphasize the genius of race or the prowess of person. The refrain that runs through our literature is "not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory given." A holy nation it was to be, different from all others. A kingdom of priests, it was to become, and therefore capable of ministering in the midst of all nations and witnessing to God all over the earth. There are still others who try to discover the idea of Jewish consciousness in what they call a specific Jewish culture, irrespective of religious life. "Jewish culture" has now become the watchword on behalf of those who instinctively cling to Israel, but who have lost hold on the ideas for which Israel stands. To me it is plain that the Jewish culture is Jewish religiosity and life as they have been created and are constantly quickened by the Word of God as it speaks to humanity through Israel's Bible. There is no other kind of specific Jewish culture.

That Word is, in the profoundest sense, a revelation. It is a unique communication of the human soul through the divine that is speaking in it. If the precious relics of the creations of the Greek genius in art are regarded as immortal classics,

because they have not been surpassed and they remain as models for all times, of perfect beauty, and these are, after all, but works of sculpture and architecture, how much more and in what a profounder sense must the claim of immortal classicity be made for that which means the very soul of life on earth, the ethical and religious ideals as they have been revealed through Israel's genius! Never did there exist a people whose consciousness was so saturated with the experience of God's presence in the world and in life as was the soul of Israel. And, therefore, through its chosen spirits, Israel produced a work of creative genius. This can never be duplicated. The circumstances can never possibly recur again. The childhood of the race is no more; the freshness of the soul, as there flashed upon it the universe as a wonderful apparition, has fled, and man has become sophisticated. The permeation of the whole life of a people by the religious motive and the ethical passion never appeared before Israel and never recurred after Israel's national existence. This is, therefore, a work to which there will never be a second edition. It is absolutely original and incomparable. It has not, therefore, by an accident, but because of irresistible force, become the everlasting teacher to individuals and nations. And the Jew remained upon the historic scene to witness in the flesh to the immortal character of Israel's production. The Bible, with the living tradition that flowed from it first made the Jew; and the Jew, in his instincts, in his thoughts, in his hopes, in his faith and aspiration, in his courage and martyrdom, is called upon to illustrate his own Bible.

Any literature is the expression of a people's spirit, and conversely the knowledge and appropriation of that literature becomes the culture of the sons and daughters of that people. Israel's literature is one that turns around two fundamental thoughts—God in heaven and righteous living on earth. Our so-called Jewish culture, therefore, is simply Jewish religiosity and Jewish life, and therefore, in a profound sense, it is a message for humanity. Intensely possessed by the Jew as peculiarly pre-empted to serve it, it is essentially human culture. I know of no other specific culture. When, therefore, a preacher in the pulpit, as is his only function, interprets the ancient message and applies it to present circumstances, to the living issues of the day, when he brings out the educational

value of our Jewish Bible, he naturally counts upon a response from the men and women in the pew, into whose hearts and minds and life-blood the Bible has been written. He is, strictly speaking, interpreting Israel to itself. For there is no virtue of the Jew that has not been fostered by it and no mental power that it has not stimulated and no ideal vision that it has not created and sustained.

It was the Law of the Bible as developed by living interpretation, an unbroken progress in tradition, that has disciplined the Jew. It has equipped him with the first and indispensable condition for civilized life—respect for authority and a habit of law-abidingness. One may say that the Jew became the first citizen in Western civilization. It took centuries before men were trained so as to make law-abiding citizens of a State. The Jew entered Europe fully equipped with instincts, the result of hundreds of years of subordination to law, of the deference of pupil to master. The law trained him in self-control. By inculcating in him the habit of listening to the commandment: "This shalt thou do and from that shalt thou abstain," it made him master of every passion and desire. It filled him with a disgust for vice, with a reverence for purity. It sanctified his home life. It schooled him in scrupulous regard for justice. It made him merciful and tender-hearted, by teaching him love of men, not merely as a generosity, but as a duty and obligation. It taught him how to use the State, so that it embodied the ideal of social justice. For a long time it had been assumed that the central interest of religion is individual salvation, and it was said that Judaism, as a religion, was inferior, because it seemed to address itself in the law of the Bible, to a whole people. The daughter religion, by emphasizing the individual, by speaking to the soul, by dwelling on the transcendent aspect of personal salvation, was considered an advance. As a matter of fact, the best thought today in Europe and in this country, is harking back to the old ideals of Israel. It is recognizing that religion must be an inspiring and transforming power in the actual life of men to-day, and that the State, the political organization of the communal life, is the instrument with which to express men's quickened conscientiousness, their refined moral insight, their clearer conception of justice and their zeal for righteousness. And that no individual can be saved by himself alone, but society must be saved with him. The Mosaic Law recognized

this long ago. The individual is by it never envisaged as separated from the nation. He is indissolubly bound up with the virtue and happiness, with the sin and disaster of the whole people. And yet the law imbued the Jew with the highest moral ideal for the personal life. The conception of personal responsibility and of a holiness for which man is to strive, because he is not merely a clod, but holds of God who is holy, was always insisted upon. We to-day are in the danger of going from one extreme to another. Up to quite recently the individual in this country was regarded as something abstract. He was conceived as capable of industrial efficiency, economic success, personal virtue, righteousness and happiness of his life, altogether irrespective of the social conditions amidst which he lived and grew up. Character was considered abstracted from opportunity and circumstance. Within the last two decades, as a reaction against this view, we have been insisting upon the responsibility of society for the opportunities of efficiency and righteousness which are left for the individual. We have been speaking more and more of the social conscience. In fact, the social conscience is to-day the expression of religion in the life of church and synagogue. We emphasize the influence of circumstance, heredity, law, social condition, we explain everything now through society. It was good that the reaction should take place. We should never lose sight of social responsibility. But now the great danger is lest the individual be encouraged in finding excuses for himself. Where the virtue of man or woman is made entirely and exclusively to depend upon society and wages, and conditions of life are made the only measure of the soul's possibilities of purity and rectitude, there we have *moral pauperization*. For you can pauperize a man morally by encouraging him to look to society for his virtue, as you can pauperize him physically by habituating him to look to another for sustenance without feeling the duty of exerting himself. The law made the Jew feel that the State, the community, the solidarity between members of a nation, are great instruments for the building up of justice and humanity. But at the same time it made every Jew feel his own direct individual and personal responsibility. In fact, he only felt his freedom when he learned by self-discipline to obey the law engraved upon the tablets of stone and upon the tablets of his own heart. And although this law was sublime, awe-inspiring,

authoritative and overshadowed all human souls, yet it never made the Jew somber, sour faced. In Sabbath and in Feast, the law brought the Commandments of God not merely as demands, but as delights. Duty was made graceful by the joy which adorned it, and thus the Psalmist could well say, "Thy Commandments have been my delights."

As the Law disciplined the Jew, made him profit by experience and made him conservative in his respect for established authority, so the Prophets were the living voices that vitalized the conscience of the Jew. They were the spokesmen of the needs of the present. They showed the power of the individual moral genius in a nation's life and the role which it is to play in revealing the *moral* law, in influencing statute and custom and in leading on a people to greater conquests of righteousness. They made the Jew quick to feel the difference between righteousness and ritual in his great heritage. They sharpened his moral judgment, so that he could understand the danger of ceremony and custom when followed thoughtlessly and slavishly. And they made him learn the axiom of religion, that to obey the higher call of what is right is better than to give offering on the altar, and that loving kindness was even a superior form of worship than material sacrifice. They made him skillful, so that he could combine his law-abidingness with enthusiasm for moral and social progress. They endowed him with a great hope that embraced the whole human race. They chastened him so that he did not become vain with race pride and that he felt himself to be a servant of the Eternal. They taught him that it was a little thing to be a nation like others, but that it was a great thing to suffer for the sake of truth. They enabled him patiently to wait and to endure until the light that was kindled on Sinai and on Zion completely illumined the world, so that all nations walked by it. They made clear the tremendous power of the belief in the unity of God by interpreting it in the terms of a universal ideal of righteousness for men. They became the lasting types and symbols of the only kind of revelation that streams from God through the human soul and that brings a message of sublime appeal on behalf of the right and of glad tidings of consolation to the human heart. And in their humility they protected the Jew from deifying them as the embodiment of God's law. They perfected the Jew's religious insight, so that

he recognized in them only the mouthpieces who proclaimed that thus the Lord spoke. The law that spoke through them was always greater than they.

It was the Wisdom of the Bible, as it counsels in Proverbs, that made the intellect of the Jew practical and sane, that prevented it from losing itself in a labyrinth of speculations, that strengthened its hold on the great law of life, the law of compensation—that if you sow the wind, you reap the whirlwind. It taught the Jew the inevitable connection between virtue and bliss, between iniquity and suffering. It was the wisdom as it doubts in the Book of Ecclesiastes, that made the Jew's mind free, keen, fearless, searching and analytical, saving any Jew, though he may have heard the Book read but once a year, from the snare of blind credulity, or slavish obedience to the priest. It encouraged him in thinking for himself, in asking questions, in daring to face every possible phase of doubt and skepticism. It anticipated every possible argument against faith in God and brushed it aside as a play of the intellect, which cannot satisfy life with its ideals of duty, with its need of strength for enduring and hope for trusting. And withal it kept the Jew sober in judgment, joyous in life with wife and children, and appreciative of the good things right here on earth, of the happiness to be pressed from reality, of the day's work, of the bread and the wine and the festive garment —in a word, of the joy of living. And it made him affirmative in the final decision on life's issues, so that he asserted, despite all our doubts, the fact still remains, the end of the matter is when all is heard: "Fear God and keep His Commandments, for that is the whole man." It was the wisdom of the Bible as in the Book of Job it suffers, wrestles with destiny, bleeds from the wounds inflicted by false friends and seemingly cruel Nature, as it cries out to God, even argues with Him, with titanic passion hurls the demand for justice at the throne of a just God—it was this wisdom that dramatized in the perplexities of one tortured soul, the tragic experience of Israel itself, a whole people, all through the ages—it was *this* that taught the Jew how to endure and believe, how to suffer and trust, how to meet a world of accusers and persecutors, how to silence the Satanic critic who would say that the Jew serves God only for reward, how to proclaim his triumphant faith with the cry "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

And it was the song of the Psalmist that gave the relief to the Jewish heart, which by it silently wept its woe, cried out its claim for vindication, found the joy of sweet communion with the Consoler of all hearts and earned the mystic contentment and ecstatic peace which enabled the Jew to say: "For whom have I in heaven beside Thee, and with Thee I need none on earth." And the song of the Jewish heart became the song of humanity, of the most civilized peoples in the world in communion with God. This is the psychology of the Jew. This is what the Bible made of Jewish character, Jewish intellect and Jewish spirit—and this is a message to all men.

For the State and society will only be perfect and happy when they rest on law which teaches men reverence for the past, on conscience, which inspires men to advance into the future, and on a wisdom, which enables men to enjoy content in the present. Not only as Jews, therefore, but as citizens of the great democracy, as men and women of our proud American civilization, do we discover that the best in us is of the Bible? Let me quote to you from a great mind of the last century, a non-Jewish tribute to our Jewish Bible. He says: "The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed; down to modern times, no State has had a constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account, in which the duties, so much more than the privileges of rulers are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and Leviticus; nowhere is the fundamental truth that the welfare of the State, in the long run, depends on the uprightness of the citizens, so strongly laid down. Assuredly the Bible talks no trash about the 'rights' of men, but insists upon the equality of duties, on the liberty to bring about that righteousness which is somewhat different from struggle for rights, on the fraternity of taking thought for one's neighbor as for one's self." And again, in another connection, recommending the Bible as indispensable for the education of the youth of the land, he says: "By what other book could children be so humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession, fills like themselves, but a momentary space in the intervals between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work." And that there be no possible mistake of what he thought of the Jewish spirit, he

says in a footnote: "The strength of the social structure of Judaism consisted in its emphasis of liberty within the law, equality before the law, and fraternity outside of the law." This man certainly understood what power there is still in the old Covenant of educational value for the needs of our modern democracy. He certainly knew that if our insistence upon our rights, of which we all are jealous, if our demand for what is coming to us, of which we all have full knowledge, are to be supplemented by our duties, of which we are very forgetful, and by our consideration for our fellow-men, of which we are often very ignorant, then, indeed, humanity must still be educated by that immortal classic, the Jewish Bible, which knew how well to engrave on men's souls liberty and law, rights and duties, justice and humanity. The man from whom I have quoted is not a Rabbi nor a Priest. He is no official upholder of ecclesiastical authority. He is one of the keenest minds and most uncompromisingly scientific intellects of the nineteenth century, who, with the sword of his relentless scientific research, swept aside many a foe that stood on the path of his search for knowledge and truth. The words of tribute to our Jewish Bible are from Thomas Henry Huxley. And not only from the point of view of educating for citizenship, of producing in the mind of son and daughter of our democracy the just balance between law, moral progress and solid wisdom of life, but also from the point of view of general religious education, is our Jewish Bible invaluable. For that is the characteristic of our old and undying Covenant—that no hero in it is presented as perfect. The greatest souls in it are presented as only human. The greatest master mind in it, the builder of a people, is himself overawed as the servant by the God who sent him. Religion in it, teaches the soul that God is greater and better than the best man that ever lived and that no mortal can exhaust Him. And again, the poetry of its myths and legends is never petrified into dogma. The beautiful stories revealing flashes of sublime truth about divinity, and secrets of the experiences of the human soul, are not made the foundations upon which to erect dogmas. They remain as free ideas, picturesquely presented in the form of tale. To the child mind they are realities. As the child grows older their symbolic significance shines through them. Never have they been made the foundation stone upon which to erect a dogmatic scheme of salvation. They have been always in

the Bible, and later as prototypes for their successors in Rabbinic literature, the free spontaneous creation of the poetic myth-making power in Israel. They have been subdued and overawed by the truth of the one indescribable, unpictureable God and by the law of righteousness which is to govern life. For in the Jewish Bible, not creed is put at the center of things, but deed, the visible expression of the commandment of the invisible God.

This, then, is the heritage of Jewish men and women. This, then, is what may be spoken of as specific Jewish culture. The Jew is called upon to know it and to re-live it and to be a witness of it in the flesh and blood of character and daily life, a commentary upon its spirit. But it is at the same time destined to become universally human culture. The Jew was to be the Priest. Often he was made the sacrifice. And humanity was to be taught by him, so that the time should come when the Kingdom of God would be established and all men would be priests of the Eternal One. But alas, we are neglecting this, our heritage, and as the sages have said: "If thou dost forsake her (the Thorah) one day, she will neglect thee two days." We are threatened by such neglect with the loss of our virtues. And this loss will not be ours alone, but the world's. Already, there are signs of degeneration of Jewish life at both ends of the so-called social ladder, and these signs are the symptoms of a disease in some limbs of Jewry, dying because of the withdrawal of the life-blood, of the study and practice of Jewish religiosity, righteousness and idealism, as they speak out of our own Bible. Of course, we cannot lose all our good instincts in two generations, while it has taken three thousand years to build them up. But a Jew that has ceased to live by the teachings of his heritage, that has forgotten the ideas of God and righteousness in his Scriptures has ceased to be a Jew in spirit and has cut off the root which in the past has yielded the fruits of Jewish virtue, Jewish intellect and Jewish vision.

Let, therefore, the time of the completion of this great work of translating the Bible into a new English version become an inspiring one in American Judaism. "Praise the Lord when the people give themselves freely." Praise the Lord if our people, quickened by the event which should appeal to their imagination, were to dedicate themselves anew to the education derived from the Bible by the re-introduc-

tion of it in their homes, by using it again as the textbook in the schools, by a systematic study of it in classes for culture. But praise the Lord also when the masses of our Jews shall feel it their duty to contribute even material means to the carrying out of this enterprise. May I not say that the men and women of this Congregation, that has been so conspicuous in leading the vanguard in many directions in American Judaism, might well take the lead in a subscription, to be followed by others, so that in addition to munificent gifts made by individuals, a large sum of money might be obtained for this work? I believe that the selling price of the Bible should be as low as possible—nay, I hold that we ought to be able to give copies of it without cost. It has always been a wish of mine that just as Moses Mendelssohn began the work of the Germanization of the Jews of his country by translating the Scriptures into German, so should we symbolize the Americanization of the immigrant by having the ancient heritage, our Bible, put into his hand, presented to him by his American brother. Our hospitality would thus be shown him in a two-fold way. We would welcome him to Americanism, and at the same time we would teach him that this Americanism is based on Judaism, on the fundamental truths of the democracy as taught by our old Covenant, and that as he learns the new language so may he re-learn the old truths of his faith.

By a remarable coincidence, the actual completion of the work of revision by the Board of Editors of the new Bible Translation was made on the morning of the twelfth of February. Well, then let the day which commemorates the birth of that great American, Abraham Lincoln, the sturdiness of whose righteousness and the depth of whose humanity, showed that he found amongst the few books of his early education the old Covenant and devoured it for the nourishment of his soul, and the purity and power of whose English speech showed the effect of the great English classic in which he read it—let that sacred day be an inspiration to us men and women of Israel to renew the old Covenant and make it a power for our culture, for our religion and life, so that in this melting pot of the great American democracy, of which we are part, we preserve the pure gold of our ancient heritage to be a Kingdom of Priests and a holy nation.

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VOL. XXVII Sunday, March 29th, 1914 No. 20

A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

VII.

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

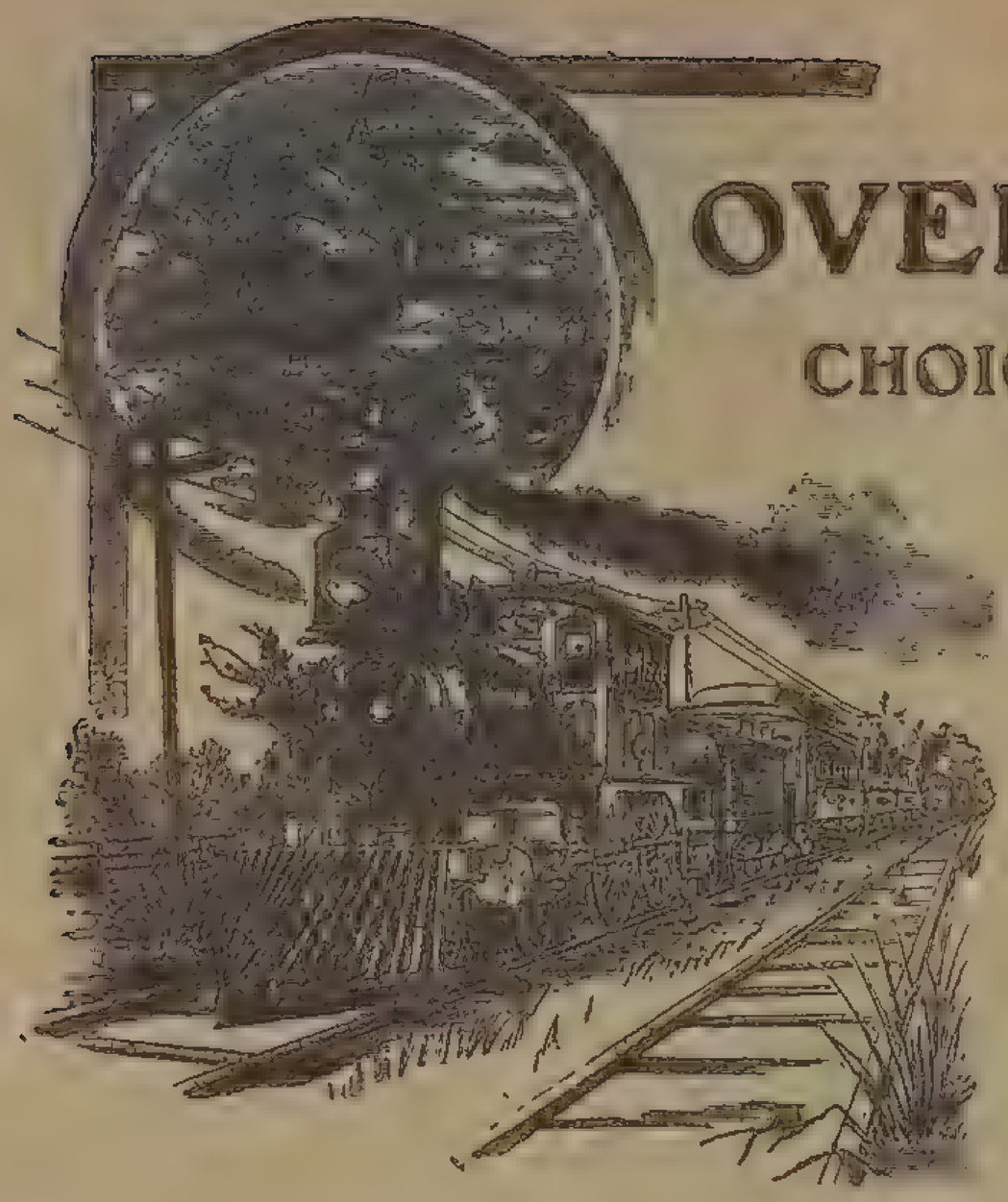
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And read from the Pulpit Sunday, March 22nd, 1914

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A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient.

VII.

A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

And read from the Pulpit, Sunday, March 22nd, 1914.

Enroute between Hong Kong, China and Singapore. S. S. "Delta," Peninsula & Orient Line, December 23, 1913.

Wandering again, and again upon the Pacific, the China Sea, as it is called in these regions, as the stretch between Nagasaki, Japan, and Shanghai, China, is called the Yellow Sea, for the more specific designation of these parts of the vast ocean. The weather is growing very warm. Last week we froze in China; if this weather grows apace, we shall roast in Singapore, located eight miles above the equator, and sizzle in Java, below the equatorial line. We have cast aside our winter clothes, and have donned our white drill suits and Indian pith helmets, and when, God willing, on Christmas morn we shall walk the streets of Singapore, it will seem much more like a Fourth of July turnout at one of our seasides at home. I well recall the Christmas morn of a few years ago when Philadelphia was shut out from the rest of the world by a raging blizzard. The people of Singapore must make a journey of very many hundreds of miles, as far as the Himalaya mountain tops in India, if they would experience cold weather or know what snow looks like.

That we are in a different part of the globe than we have been hitherto is made manifest not only by the warmer and more humid climate, but also by the steamer crew, and by the majority of the passengers. Gone are the Japanese and Chinese sailors, deck-hands and stewards; Hindus have taken their place. Their heads wrapped in turbans of many colors, their swarthy faces fringed with beards of all manners of styles and lengths, their bodies clothed in long, loose blue

tunics girdled at the waist, over white loose trousers, they make a decidedly different appearance from those who have served our steamers hitherto. Watching them at their work, their deep, mystic eyes incline one to think that they are better fitted for dreaming than doing. If first impressions be not deceiving, they lack the agility of the Japanese, and the strength and power of endurance of the Chinese. As the ship sailed out of the beautiful harbor of Hong Kong, the second or third largest in the world, the one in which the trade of the Occident and Orient meet and go their different ways, a feeling of sadness possessed me at leaving China. I felt that my twelve days' visit had afforded me scarcely more than a glimpse of that interesting country, one in which much history is likely to be made within the next quarter or half-century. And I was all the more sorry because of the letters of introduction of which I am in possession from influential persons to some of the foremost people in China, including the president of its republic, and high dignitaries of the army and colleges, but of which I could make no use owing to the great distances I would have had to cover to get to them, and the lack of time at my disposal. Though this trip is called a world's tour, it scarcely touches the fringe of the globe. Three or four years would scarcely suffice to do justice to such a journey. Any kind of a satisfactory visit to Peking, for instance, would have required a fortnight's time, since Americans find it safe and comfortable to travel only in what here is called a *train de luxe,* which runs but once a week.

Traveling in Japan and China in winter is uncomfortable. The weather is cold; the monsoons blow constantly; ships and trains are unheated, and the few grate fires at the hotel furnish poor comfort to Americans, who, accustomed to perhaps too much heat in their homes in winter, suffer most when abroad. Nearly every countryman of ours fresh from Japan and China is suffering from one kind of a cold or another. And the lack of nourishing food is about as bad as the lack of warmth. The Chinaman does not seem to shine as a cook. Fowls are not usually slaughtered until too old for laying eggs, and, judging by the toughness of the meat that is served, it would seem that old-aged cattle are very much reverenced by the natives, and that they defer slaughtering them until afraid that the angel of death might get ahead of them.

I observed a passenger this morning aboard this ship reading a copy of the Bible printed in an Oriental script, comparing its text with that of a version in English. He was perhaps a missionary preparing himself to spread the gospel in some Malayan or Javanese or Burmese district. I have seen, on this Oriental tour, quite a number of different foreign texts of the Bible, and in the Portuguese Catholic Cathedral at Macao, China, a few days ago, I saw a number of Chinese women on their knees, devoutly reading from a prayer book published in Chinese characters.

What a wonderful book this Bible is! There are those who never tire making sport of it. Some delight in nothing as much as holding up to scorn this or that myth or miracle or legend, never having learned the art of reading these in the light of the day in which they were written, or in the spirit of those who transmitted the original story, by word of mouth, from generation to generation, and allowed their fancies to enlarge and glorify wherever they believed it would serve the cause best. And these critics never consider that it is the sublime ethics, the deep spirituality of the Bible, its reaching out after the highest ideals, and lifting man unto those heights, that give it its true value, and not some of the tales and narratives that were but composed as works of fiction for the purpose of conveying some great, moral truths. But all their ridicule of the Bible, and all their unfair criticism of it are read by but very few compared with the well-nigh countless millions to whom the Bible is the greatest book ever written, and to many millions of them their only book. The American Bible Society has issued, since its beginning, less than a century ago, more than one hundred million copies of it, and the British and Foreign Bible Society has issued, in about the same time, two and one-half millions of copies, in almost every known tongue. Of what other book can this be said? And more than one-half of it is of Jewish authorship.

And what have we Jews done to popularize our half of it, even among our own! One of the main arguments I advanced in agitating the organization of a Jewish publication society, twenty-six years ago, was the need of the Scriptures within our own homes. Notwithstanding the great wealth of American Jews, the translation of it in accordance with modern scholarship has dragged along nigh unto a quarter of a

century, because of a lack of funds. When, one and one-half centuries ago, Mendelssohn undertook to translate parts of it into the German tongue, the rigidly orthodox of his faith put him into the "ban," and ordered the burning of the translations, claiming that the foreign tongue would wean the Jewish youth from the Hebrew, and that without a knowledge of Hebrew the Jew is doomed.

And that is practically the argument of some of our co-religionists in China for their uncompromising objection to the introduction of a modern vernacular into their service. Knowledge of Jewish history, Jewish ethics, Jewish ideals count to them as nothing compared with the knowledge of Hebrew, or even but a mere reading acquaintance with it, whether understood or not. Little as this latter knowledge may be, it is claimed, it will keep the Jew within the fold; not even the best of the other knowledge will prevent him from deserting his people and his cause. Alas, there are none so blind as those who, having eyes, see not.

Before leaving Hong Kong, last Saturday noon, I attended the Sabbath services in the morning. I found about a *Minyan* in attendance, notwithstanding that the weather was fair. I have since been informed that some of that Minyan are hired so that one who comes for Kaddish may be sure to find the requisite quorum. Not a child, not a woman of the congregation was among the worshipers. Upon inquiry I learned that the latter attended only upon New Year's day and on the Day of Atonement, and the reason given for their absence was that they did not understand the service. And thus would Jewish orthodoxy perpetuate Judaism! A dead tongue alone is believed to possess the power of maintaining the life of Judaism. In the meantime, the Christian is actively engaged among the people of the earth, by preaching and teaching it in the languages these best understand.

Macao, of which mention was made above, was, by far, the prettiest place I have seen in China. For its beautiful avenues, drives, gardens, squares, beach and park, credit is to be given to the Portuguese, who gained possession of it some three and one-half centuries ago, and made it one of the important shipping centers of Southern China. Its bay has been compared with that of Naples for beauty, and the place itself is likened to Monte Carlo, not because it is supposed

to equal it in scenic and residential beauty, but because it is the great gambling place of China. Its imposing cathedral, its other churches, the magnificence of its bishop, would seem to indicate that it is a strong Catholic center. But one finds it difficult to reconcile true Christianity with the vices of gambling and opium traffic that are openly carried on in that city, and from which the Portuguese government derives an enormous revenue. Twenty-three gambling houses pay each an annual license of $300,000 for the privilege of enticing Chinamen from all parts of their country to gamble away their fortunes, and often to cover up their ruin with death by suicide.

And a large tax is also exacted for the privilege of manufacturing and selling opium. Both these vices, which heathen China rigorously prohibits, wherever she holds dominion, for the practice of which she visits condign punishment, even with death by strangulation or decapitation, Portuguese Christianity not only tolerates openly, but even fattens upon. And what is worse, the greatest gambling day of the week is Sunday, when excursion boats run to Macao from many sections of China, filled to overflowing with gamblers. And still worse, the government permits gambling to the Portuguese on three days only in the year, but permits it to the Chinese all the year round.

I was shown one of the gambling houses and one of the factories where opium is made. At the latter place I was told that the poppy plant, from which opium is extracted, comes from India, and that some of the great Indian and English commercial houses, conducted by some of the blue bloods of the British empire, made their fortunes out of the sale of opium, a drug that has proved as much of a curse to the Chinamen as alcoholic liquor has to the American Indian, and to others.

If we find it uncomfortably warm on deck, in the ocean air, how oppressively hot must it be in the furnace rooms below, some 25 feet beneath the surface of the water? I recall my first visit to these infernal regions of an ocean steamer, 24 years ago, and in cooler waters than these. The memory of it has haunted me ever since I saw a set of men—one might have taken them for sea monsters—black with grime and soot, almost naked, the perspiration pouring from

them, in front of huge furnaces, feeding their insatiable jaws, removing the ashes and cinders, wheeling in coal, toiling on a floor so unsteady, that but a few minutes sufficed to drive me from what seemed a veritable hell. When I entered their dark and scorching purgatory, its toilers seemed surprised at a visitor from the light and airy regions above, and, later, some of my fellow-passengers seemed surprised that there was such a burning pit beneath, and that men were toiling there, day and night, making possible the ship's wonderful speed. What a contrast, thought I, between those on the deck above and those at the furnaces below. Above, men surrounded with every comfort, lounging in steamer chairs, or on sofas, promenading, singing, dancing, playing; beneath, men whose daily existence is a round from miserable bunk to scorching furnace, and from furnace to bunk, their only recreation an occasional stop at an open porthole to catch a whiff of the cooling sea breeze, the deafening noise of the machinery preventing even their hearing the song and music and dance of fortune's favorites above, of whom probably but the fewest appreciate that without the toil of those below the furnaces would soon grow cold, and the powerful engines would stop, and with but wind as motive power, the steamer crossing the Atlantic within six days would again become a sailing vessel requiring six months for the voyage.

Upon my second visit to the furnace room of an ocean steamer, a dozen years later, I found conditions there not quite so unbearable. And when, a few weeks ago, on the Korea, I again descended into those regions, I was most agreeably surprised at the improvements I found, at the strong blasts of cool air that were being constantly pumped into them, at the labor-saving devices that have been introduced, at the more comfortable quarters that have been provided, to lessen the hardships and to increase the comforts of those laboring there. (Since writing the above, one of the firemen has just been brought on deck from the furnace room below—driven mad by the intense heat.)

While the inequality in the conditions of men is a sad thing to contemplate, still from it spring all the blessings of society. Whatever is worth having must be striven for; ceasing to strive, we cease to be. If all of us were equal, and were to continue equal, there would be none to strive for the

higher and better, and none to try by striving to attain unto the positions of those who have reached the loftier goal. Civilization would come to a standstill. There would be no ambition, no desire—instruments which have secured for us our most valued possessions. Humanity would degenerate to that animal state from which it has slowly raised itself, and largely on the wings of inequality.

The inequalities of society, hard as they seem to many, are its real stimuli. They are blessings in disguise. The upper strata seeking still higher regions, the lower striving to catch up with the upper; all this creates zest, sharpens intellect, arouses ingenuity, stimulates inventive power, hardens muscle, steels nerves. There is no greater propelling power than the perpetual longing for higher position, greater wealth, larger knowledge, wider fame. We are inert by nature, and as the atmosphere needs the occasional storm to cleanse it of its noxious gases, so need we the inequalities to keep us healthily alive, active and progressive. Hard as is the lot of those below, theirs may be the solace that, enviable as seems the lot of those above, all that glitters is not gold, that those are often the most to be pitied who possess the most. And theirs may also be the consolation that all that is above them is theirs to conquer, as many before them have done, as many after them will do again.

And as many as are the thoughts that are kindled within a furnace room of an ocean steamer, so many are the marvels that are revealed in the huge engine rooms of such a steamer as the Korea, and which is by no means the largest liner afloat. What pen can enumerate them all, or describe the intricacies of their construction? Gigantic as are the twin steel shafts that run through the greater part of the vessel, each some three feet in diameter, they revolve with the lightness of a pencil, sending the ship so and so many feet forward with every revolution, forty furnaces and eight boilers consuming over two hundred tons of coal a day, constituting the motive power, with some 150 men in attendance. Should one of the shafts snap, means for repair are close at hand. Should one engine fail, another alongside is ready to take up the work instantly. Should even this fail, another one is stored away, in parts, to be put up within comparatively short time. Besides the monster engines there are a number of

lesser ones to furnish the electric light, the ice for the cold-storage rooms, of which two tons are required daily; to convert salt water into fresh water by process of evaporation, of which 90 tons can be supplied daily; to pump cold air into the furnace rooms, and into the cabins and passageways should storms compel the shutting of outer doors and portholes; to pump salt water into bathrooms, washrooms, on decks for cleansing purposes, etc., etc., of which 400,000 gallons are consumed daily.

S. S. "Rumphins," Dutch Line, enroute between Singapore and Batavia, Java. December 27, 1913, south of the equator.

We interrupted our stay at Singapore yesterday in order to avail ourselves of one of the splendid Dutch liners, which makes the trip between the latter city and Java once every week, on Fridays. If we do not find it much hotter there than we found it in Singapore and as interesting, we shall feel rewarded for our venturing below the equator, where summer prevails not only all the year round, but where also the heat and humidity reach a height such as we know not at home. And this tropical condition is especially accelerated at this time, because while the countries north of the equator are, at this season of the year, having their winter, the countries below the equator are sizzling under the extremes of summer weather.

They certainly have no need of coal in this part of the world, and not much of clothes. The laboring classes, which are composed, for the most part of native Malays, Chinese, Cingalese, Siamese, Hindus, Burmese, Javanese, Arabs, walk about either entirely unclothed, with the exception of a breech cloth, or they encircle the lower part of the body with a loosely hanging sheet. Many of the children dispense with both. This nakedness does not at all surprise the stranger; the heat is so intense that the mind instinctively makes allowance for paucity of clothes. Were custom or the law to require more clothes of them the result would be less work. Most of their labor must be performed while the sun shines, for in equatorial regions there is neither a gradual dawn nor any twilight. The sun rises quite suddenly in the morning,

and sets quite as suddenly between 6 and 7 in the evening, and deep darkness ensues immediately, permitting little outdoor work, and indoor work by artificial light is unthinkable, excepting in hotels, and the like. Even Europeans and Americans who can keep under cover dispense with as much clothes as is consistent with ordinary decency, and the little they wear is of the thinnest white fabric. We provided ourselves abundantly in Yokohama and Hong Kong, at native tailors, with the requisite clothes, and we certainly find them of great comfort now.

But, even with these clothes, I permitted myself an indiscretion on Christmas morning, for which I paid dearly. About seven o'clock I started from the hotel for a walk to see something of Singapore morning life before the heat of the day grew too intense. Returning about an hour later, I was overcome by a severe attack of climatic fever, preceded by chills, which kept me in bed all that day and the greater part of the next. While the heat was probably not the cause of all the trouble, it certainly gave the start to what followed. I was taught a valuable lesson, and I shall endeavor to profit by it.

Will I ever forget the Christmas day of 1913, spent near the equator at Singapore? The very thought of Christmas in our country suggests snow and ice, long-bearded Santa Claus coming in a sleigh and wrapped in furs, Christmas trees lighted with burning candles, the poor remembered with tons of coal and cords of wood, and warm clothes. The heat banishes such thoughts from these regions entirely. The missionary here has, no doubt, a different photograph of Santa Claus. His picture probably presents him to the natives as smooth shaven, robed in a white drill suit and helmet, accompanied by a number of swarthy skinned, almost-naked natives, one holding a shade umbrella over his head, the others bearing his gifts for distribution among the little ones. Or it may represent him as coming in one of those peculiar wagons they have here, drawn by a pair of yet more peculiar oxen, the like of which I have never seen before—small, with a high hump over their shoulders, a great pouch-like extension suspended from their throats, their horns very long and very straight, extending upward, usually in parallel lines, giving the head a very much elongated appearance.

The celebration of the birth of Jesus at this season of the year has one advantage in this climate over that of northern countries; it is less contradictory of the New Testament stories that during the night of the birth of Jesus the shepherds were with their flocks on the field, when they saw the heavens opening and heard the angels singing. They could well have been in the fields with their flocks in a climate such as this on a December night, but never in Palestine, where, on account of the cold winter weather which prevails there in December, no shepherd could have been seen with his flock at that time and season, nor have any been seen since in that country during that winter month. It is well to bear in mind that not all the gospels tell this story, and that early Christians celebrated the birth of Jesus in the spring of the year.

I know not how much credence the white colony of Singapore attaches to Christmas, but I do know that to the festive part of it they ascribe greater significance than does any other community of which I have knowledge. Nearly all business is suspended from Christmas day until after New Year. Not only the banks, but even the drug stores, remain tightly closed. Everybody is celebrating with an abandon that is typically Oriental. The intensity of merrymaking which we put into one day they put into eight days, and find even these too few. And the natives, who are either Mohammedan or Confucian or Buddhists, catch its spirit, and apparently find nothing in their respective religions that forbids them having a good time when white men rejoice. Strangers, not knowing this, suffer not a little inconvenience from this general suspension of trade.

Of all the places I have visited I do not recall one that made so strong a first impression upon me as Singapore. Its street populace is the strangest I have ever seen. If you have ever looked into a kaleidoscope you will recall the bits of different colored glass within forming strange picturesqué designs. Imagine in the place of each bit of different colored glass a native Malayan or a native of one of those other countries I have mentioned above, and of yet others, the middle or the lower half or all of their body covered with one or another kind of vestment, each of a different color or of a combination of colors, generally of beautiful design and of harmonious blending, and you may have some faint con-

ception of a street scene at Singapore. The complexions vary from extreme African black to Chinese and Japanese yellow. Some of the almost naked are of shapely outline and look like bronze figures. Others are of statuesque appearance and walk with a stateliness worthy of a Sultan. Some of the men wear their hair suspended from the backs of their heads in one or two long braids. Others let their jet black hair grow long to the middle of their back, and let it hang broad and free, ungathered, unbraided, unclasped, fluttering in the air when a chance breeze happens to catch it. Others tie it up in a coil on top. Others cut it short, but depend for head ornamentation on the highly colored turban, fez, cap or some other strange form of headgear. Others use instead of a turban or fez a circular-shaped tortoise-shell comb, and wear it as sort of a diadem on their heads. Some of the men wear earrings, and, seeing these with their long-braided or flowing hair, with their loose jackets and highly colored sheets draped like a shirt, they would easily be mistaken for women, were it not for the knowledge that but few women are to be seen in public in any of the Malayan Straits Settlements.

And as different as is the populace of Singapore from the usual run of people, so different is its leading hotel, the well-known Raffles, from the regulation hostelries. Of course, climatic conditions compel the difference. In a building constructed like our Bellevue-Stratford, the guests would suffocate. Raffles Hotel is built on the plan of an open square, the rooms two and three stories high, opening on three sides of it. Each suite is composed of four rooms, high and spacious, affording an amount of air space equaling in cubic feet that of a little bungalow. A high, wide, concrete porch leads to your suite, the front of it, facing the open square, is entirely open, and is furnished with wicker chairs for lounging and reclining and entertaining. Back of it, without a direct opening front or rear, to the outer air, therefore, entirely protected from the sun's rays, is the bedroom, wherein one is supposed to spend the best part of the afternoon as well as the night. Each of its two beds is very wide, and provided not even with a sheet to cover with. Back of this apartment is the wash room, whose window opens to a rear street. Alongside it is the shower room of the suite, with a door leading

to a rear porch, which room, not being provided with sewage connections, has a native in constant attendance, who keeps a rigid watch on its sanitary condition. In this latter room is contained, among other utilities, a large hogshead, over which is attached a faucet, and near it are placed large dippers. When showering oneself—and twice a day is recommended—you either get into the hogshead and throw dipperfuls of water over yourself, or you perform the ablution while standing on the concrete floor. This bathing place is a new and unique experience for a foreigner. But experience has probably proved it the best suited for the Orient, for I find this excellently appointed Dutch steamer, that seems to be a Delft creation afloat, fitted out in a similar manner for bathing.

I forgot to mention that the beds are provided with mosquito netting, and you make use of it, too, whether you like these air barricades or not. And you use it as a protection against little lizards, which here take the place of flies and mosquitoes, on which these lizards feed. The former, consequently and fortunately, are few here, and you soon get used to their destroyers. It is an interesting sight at night, when the lights are lit, to see the lizards gathering around it as flies and other bugs do at home on summer nights. But it is said to be an uncomfortable feeling to find, when dressing in the morning, little lizards in one's shoes, hats, sleeves or pockets. To avoid that discomfort one must place his clothing, when retiring, where lizards cannot share them.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock last night when our steamer crossed the line of the equator. It is needless to say that our ship did not poke its nose against it, neither did it jump over it or duck beneath it, neither did we hang our visiting cards as a souvenir upon it. We are told that on a certain voyage a woman bothered the captain so long to be sure to tell her when the ship would cross the equatorial line that he resolved at last to satisfy her curiosity. And so he ordered a plummet line, by means of which depths are gauged, to be cast out. When this was done he had her called and shown the line that had been especially fished up for her benefit. After looking upon it and touching it she went away satisfied, and quite assured that the equatorial line was not different from any other rope.

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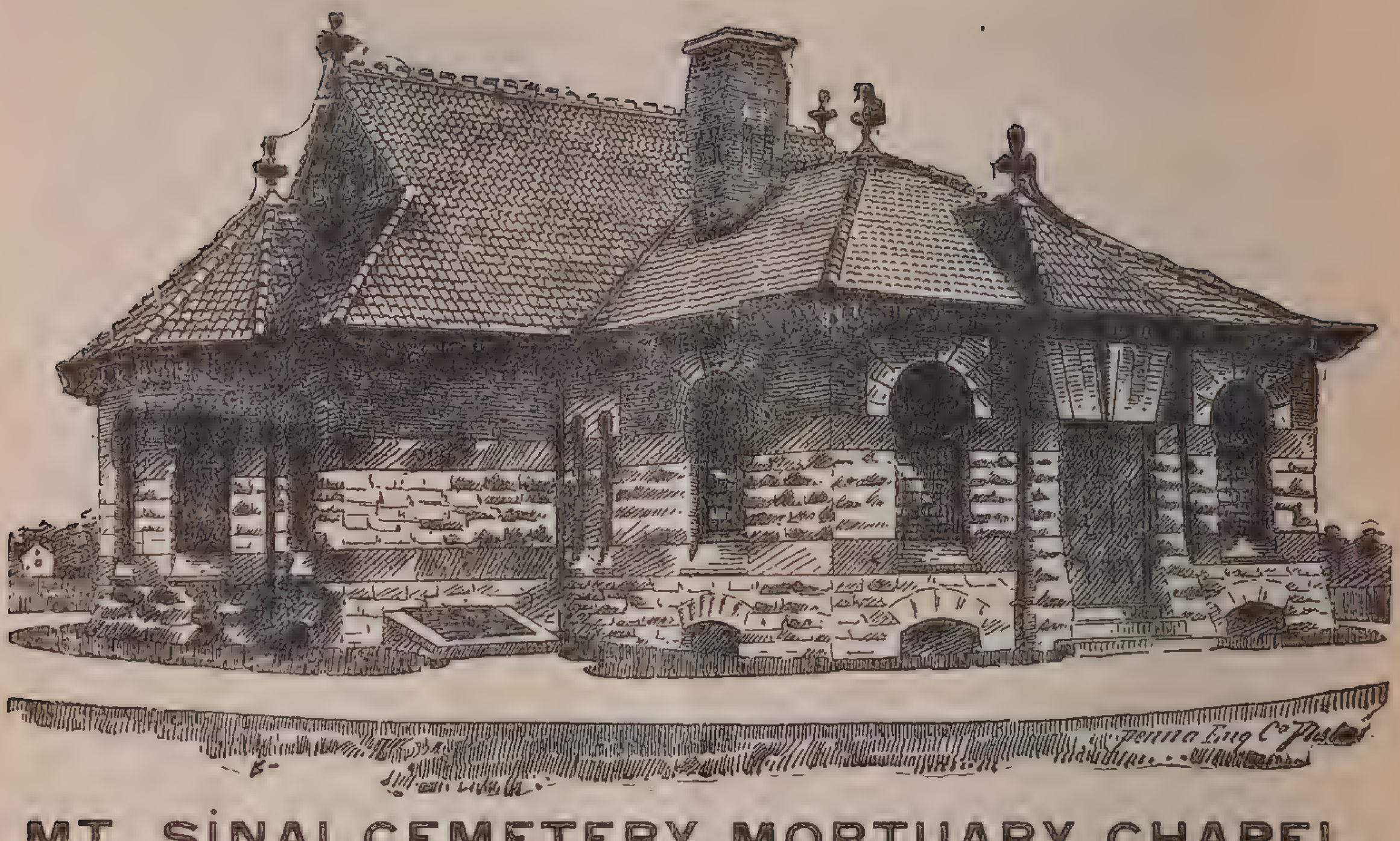
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A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

VII.—Continued

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

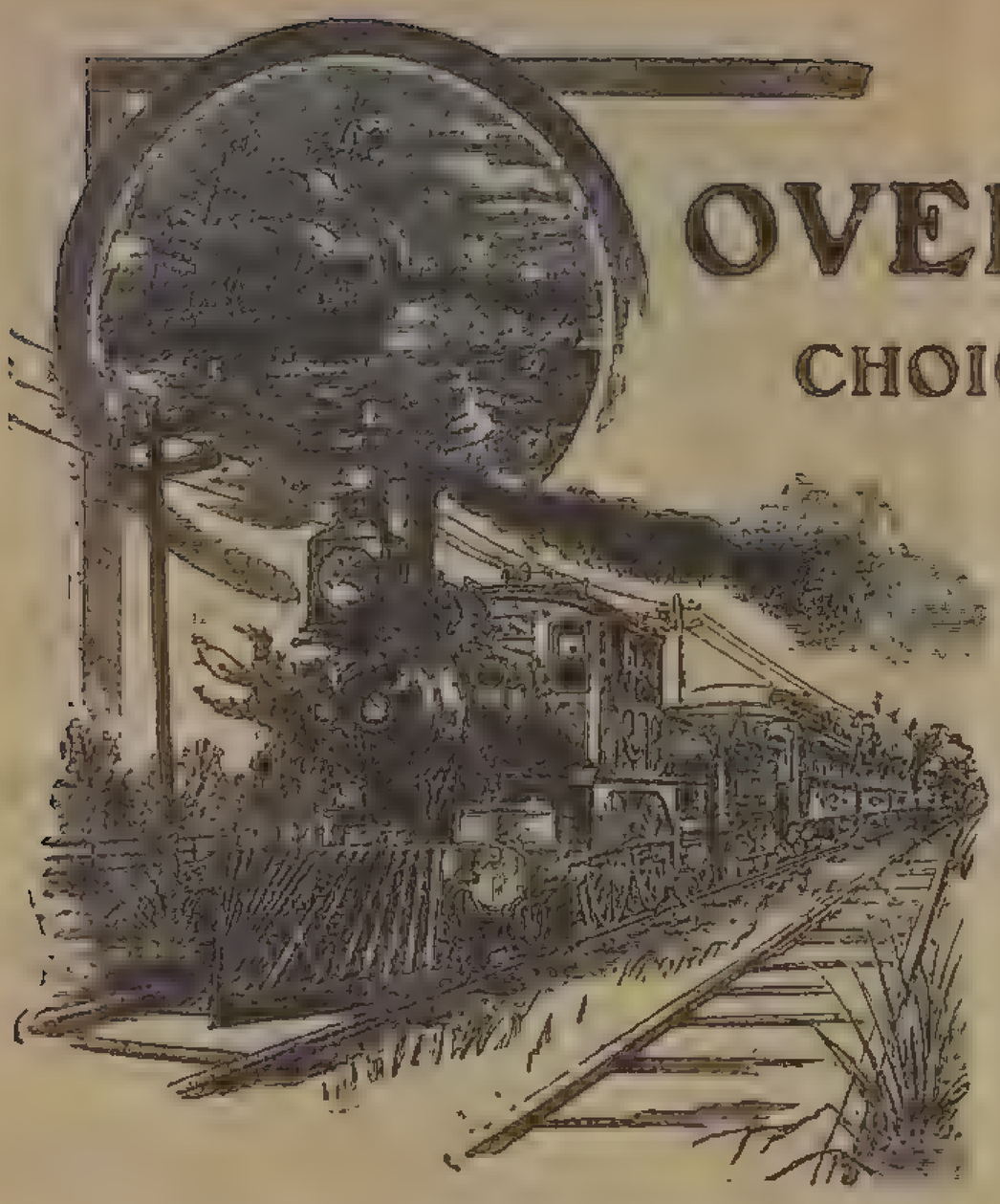
By RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

And read from the Pulpit Sunday, March 22nd, 1914

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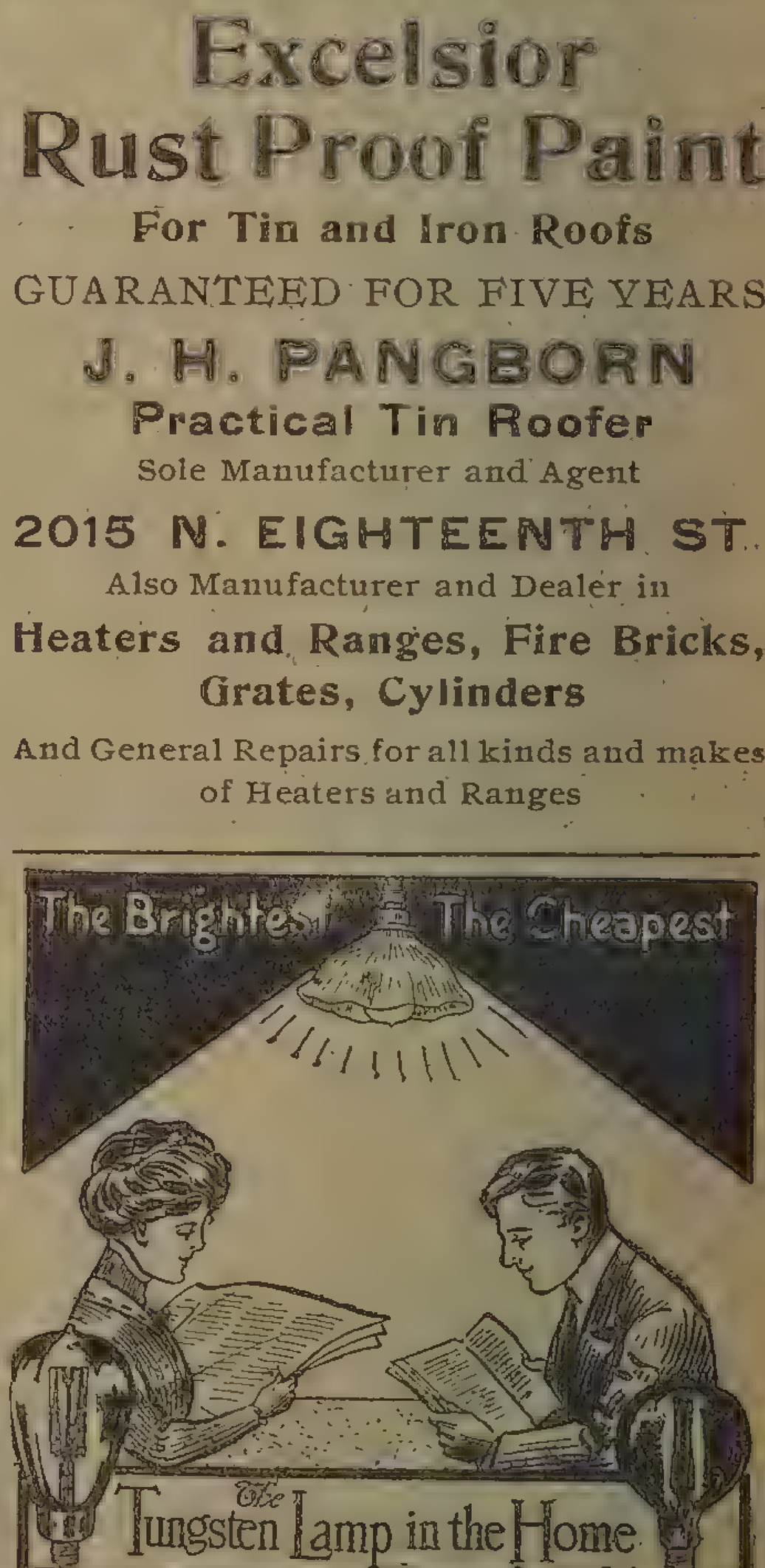
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Enroute, Java Sea, between Batavia and Singapore, aboard S. S. "Rumphins," January 4, 1914.

More than a week has passed since last I wrote. Short as that time is, a world of new sights and new impressions has been crowded into its observations. It would require many weeks for anything like a satisfactory description of them. I saw a new part of the world, and a people different in looks, manner, speech, attire, mode of dwelling from any I have ever seen before. Java had hitherto been to me but a little more than a name. On the little map of the world that was used during my early school days there was a little spot in the Indian Ocean, below the equator, beneath which was printed the word *Java,* the name occupying a larger space than the place it designated. Upon visiting it I found it to be an island, inhabited by thirty-five millions of people, a population nearly six times as large as that of Holland, to which it belongs, and occupying an area five times as large, a land greater yet in produce than in size, that has built up many an independent fortune for many a Dutchman, and that is likely to enrich yet many more for many generations to come.

How came Holland in possession of so valuable a territory? It is the old, old story, the story that began in America, in 1492, European explorers seizing the land of far-away countries by right of might, either claiming it outright for their respective sovereigns or establishing first trading-posts, as did the Dutch in Java, and in Sumatra and Borneo, close to it, and the other islands of the Indian archipelago, then obtaining the right to build a warehouse or two with the privilege to place a few soldiers there for protection, then increasing the warehouses and soldiers, until finally the warehouses and soldiers extended to all parts of the country, and men of war arrived with yet more soldiers to appropriate all the land and all the people by force of arms, generally after long protracted war, much cruelty and untold sufferings.

To cite an instance. While in Canton, China, I saw a spot in the harbor designated as *Dutch Folly,* so called for the reason that, when the Dutch first obtained permission to establish a warehouse there, they petitioned the emperor for the right

to establish alongside it a little hospital for the care of such of their men as may become sick. The petition was cheerfully granted. Soon after a ship arrived, and among its cargo unloaded were huge boxes marked "medicine." One of these accidentally dropped while being carried from the ship, and to the astonishment of the Chinese officials revealed its contents to be a lot of rifles. Opening the other boxes, they found them to be full of powder, bayonets and sabres, and so they said "strange sicknesses these white devils have which require weapons of war for their cure." And that the Dutch of those days were not far behind the Spaniards in cruelty may be seen from the tortures they visited upon one of their own, who was found guilty of plotting with the natives an attack upon the intruders. His flesh was torn from his body with red-hot pincers in six places, his right hand and his head were chopped off, his remains quartered, and the four parts exhibited as a warning unto others. His house was torn down with the exception of one wall, whereon his head was spiked —the skull of which is to be seen there to this day, preserved by periodically applied thick layers of whitewash, and underneath is written: *In accursed memory of the punished traitor to his country, Pieter Erberfeld. No one will be allowed to build here in wood, brick or stone, or to plant here now or eternally. Batavia, April 14, 1722.* The others had their flesh torn from their bodies, their hands cut off, their arms and legs broken, and were thrown out of the town gates to die miserable deaths. Capable of such cruelties to one of their own, we can easily imagine the treatment natives received who refused to bow under the yoke of the foreigner.

To be sure, here and there, one of the native chiefs is allowed to sport the title of Sultan, and to occupy his ancestral palace, like the one in Djokjakarta, which place I visited. The title, however, is but a mere shadow. He is stripped of all power. He is allowed a body guard of 300 Javanese soldiers to "save his face" in the eyes of the natives, and an honor guard of sixty Dutch dragoons more as a watch upon him than as a protection.

But I must not dwell too long upon the story of the conquest of Java by the Dutch, of the wars that were waged, of the cruelties that were practiced upon an inoffending and

helpless people, till finally forced to see their land and themselves pass into the hands of the conqueror. Those interested can easily obtain the desired information in special books, or in a condensed form in any good encyclopedia. What will probably interest the reader more will be what interested me most, the land itself and its people.

A more tropical country than Java one can scarcely conceive, nor a more fascinating people than its aborigines. If those of you who have been in the tropical plants division of the Horticultural Hall, in Fairmount Park, will dismantle it of its glass enclosures, will vastly increase the size and variety and color of its specimens, will add to them thousands of specimens of other genus and species, will multiply their number several million fold over an area of some six hundred miles long and 150 miles wide, will fill these with all manners of tropical animals, birds, insects, large and small—anyone doing this with the aid of a powerful imagination may have some conception of what is presented to the visitor of Java. The wonderment begins the moment one sets foot upon the wharf of Batavia. One becomes conscious immediately that he is in a wholly new part of the world. He discovers that even in the capital the people are overwhelmingly native, that of its population of 150,000, only about 5000 are Europeans, 30,000 are Chinese, and the other Orientals and Eurasians (*i. e.*, half European and half Asians), all the rest are Javanese. And from the moment the visitor casts his eyes upon these he becomes charmed by them, and the spell endures with undiminished strength until his departure.

Their race is Malayan. Their color shades from a dark nut brown into a pale yellowish tint. Their features are regular. Their stature somewhat undersized. In grace, poise, movement they are unexcelled by any people I have ever seen. Alongside them the Dutch seem stiff and clumsy. And this grace and poise are true of the men as well as of the women (who are very much in evidence), as much of the old as well as of the young, as much of the peasant of the interior as of the people of the city. Their expression betokens in the main sweetness and gentleness. Kindliness beams from their eyes and echoes in the music of their voices. And as to cleanliness they seem to be spending as much time in the water as out

of it. The canal and irrigations systems of Holland having been very extensively introduced into Java, streams of water abound everywhere. In these the people, male and female, young and old, may be seen at all hours of day and night engaged in washing clothes, and in cleaning themselves of the perspiration of toil, or in watering their stock, attired, for the most part, in nothing but a sheet fastened about the loins of the man, and about the chest and loins of the woman; boys, up to ten and twelve, and girls, up to six or eight, entirely unclad; and all this undress, not only while swimming and washing, but generally so, in the streets, about their huts, or on the farms.

Strange as it may seem to one who has not seen this, there is nothing offensive in this mode of dress or undress. There is an innate modesty about the Javanese, an unconscious naiveté, that disarms one of every suspicion of a lack of shame or morality, and which impression is amply borne out by those who have long knowledge of them. Their purity of mind and body has become almost proverbial among the foreigners. There seems to be far more decency about even their larger exposure of body than there is about many of our decollete dressed women at home. At home, exposure stands for nothing but display; here it is enforced by the intense heat of a tropical clime, sanctioned by ages of practice and so accustomed to from earliest infancy that the mind thinks nothing wrong and the eye does not even see it. They are simply children of nature, living their natural lives, governed by their own code of morals and laws of chastity, which are inviolable to nearly all of them, untempted to lust and sensuousness by simple habits, frugal fare, constant employment and close domestic ties and family honor. Those who have long acquaintance with them assure us that there has never been need among them for any such crusades against sexual immoralities as are disgracing at the present time the much vaunted superior civilization of America and Europe.

They marry young, the boy about fifteen and the girl at thirteen, even younger, the couple remaining with the latter's family until the family of their own requires a separate household for them. To remain a bachelor would be regarded among them as an insult to one's ancestry, and a menace to

the morality of other families, and, therefore, none exists. Their wives are very prolific of children, the mothers continuing at their work till an hour or so before the child is born, and returning to it a day or two after, their mode of dress and manners of living having, unlike ours, in no way hampered their physical development. Frequently, when the wife feels herself ageing, she herself chooses a younger woman to be placed alongside her as a second wife to her husband, fully contented to remain under his roof as mother of her own children, and leave it to the younger one to raise a second family. I am told that this relationship, by virtue of long-established usage, gives rise to no domestic friction; that, on the contrary, it protects the peace and purity of the household rather than endangers it.

Numerous as the children are, one feels that there cannot be too many of those dear little creatures who, whether playing or working, running or swimming, seem the very embodiment of grace and harmony and physical perfection. And one is not surprised at it when he learns that at the moment the child is born its grandmother or nurse pulls and twists and bends and massages its every part, limb and joint to make each supple, limber, nimble and free from unshapeliness. In all the week that I have passed among them, and among the many thousands of them that I have seen, I recall having chanced across but a single cripple. Their feet seem about as apt as their hands. No shoe covers them. The waiter at your table in your hotel or aboard the ship, the policeman in the street, the brakeman on the train, the woman in her most attractive sarong (sheet covering), the groom alongside his bride walk barefoot. With their feet they bail out their boat while the hands wield the paddle. With one of their feet they hold the board while their hands do the planing of it, or manipulate the sail while one hand is busy with the rope and the other with the tiller. With their big toe and the one next to it they pick up objects as fine as a needle and thread. On all fours they run up a tall, straight cocoanut tree or any other fruit-bearing palm in as short a time as it takes to write this sentence. From what I have said of the people thus far it follows as a natural conclusion that the parents themselves should be very fond of their children. One sees among them

in front of their huts the sweetest kinds of domestic scenes. A wife is said to know of no greater misfortune than to be deprived of children, and in Batavia I saw a place to which wives brought sacrificial offerings to move the great Allah to bless them with offspring. Unlike the Japanese and Chinese women who carry their infants in pouches on their backs, the Javanese women carry them in slings at their sides, the legs of the little ones straddling their bodies just over the hip, making it possible for the mother to keep her eye upon it or to nurse it, both her hands in the meantime being free to do her work. And the fathers seem even fonder and prouder of their children than the mothers. The Dutch trace to that fondness of children the sweetness of the Javanese character, and their faith that that gentleness will continue as long as that fondness will endure. A high Dutch official told me that no Javanese parent has ever been known to strike a child.

Their needs are few, and these are easily supplied. They live in one-room bungalow huts, located under shady tropical trees, built of bamboo and thatched with rice straw. The doors leading into them have neither bolt nor lock, as have not the bungalows of the hotels, all sleeping, on account of the tropical climate, with doors and windows wide open, the thief apparently not having found as yet his way into Java. Upon a little raised platform within the huts the people sleep side by side, attired in their sarongs; occasionally a curtain is drawn to separate the sexes when grown. No chimney rises above the hut. The little cooking they require is done outside, as is the eating. Their fare is almost entirely vegetarian, and consists largely of fruit which grows at their very doors all the year round, theirs being perpetual summer. Besides the tropical fruit and vegetables known to us, they possess a dozen or more other varieties such as we have never seen or heard of, and which, besides being very plentiful and pleasant to the taste and good to look upon, are also rich in nourishment. An outlay of but a few cents supplies the necessary daily supply of food.

As to clothes, as I have already said, they require little more than the sarong, the sheet that covers their bodies, either from the waist down or from under the arms, the material of which is, for the most part, hand painted, according to an

art and pattern of their own, called *battic* work, quite attractive and often quite expensive. The more elaborate the pattern and the more attractive the coloring, the more stylish is the wearer of it. To me the most attractive of all is the native grace with which they are worn by the men as well as by the women. Sometimes both of them cover the upper parts of their bodies with a jacket of some light fabric. Being Mohammedans, and that religion not allowing the men to walk with uncovered heads, they cover these with a kerchief, generally of battic work, giving it, by means of twists and turns, a turban shape of very attractive form. The women sometimes cover their heads with a highly colored veiling of some kind, but, as a rule, they walk bareheaded, with their hair neatly tied up in a knot.

Batavia, the capital, is a beautiful city, and, whilst most of its beauty is due to the luxuriant tropical vegetation of the country, great credit must be given to the Dutch for having taken advantage of it. The streets are prettily laid out, and lined with majestic trees. Instead of introducing into Java the kinds of homes they occupy at home, as the English have done in some of their colonies, the Dutch have had the good sense of copying the bungalow architecture of the natives, under the shade of trees, adding to them some of the modern improvements. Some of their women even copy the sarong style of dress, appearing even in the hotels for breakfast or luncheon, attired in a loose jacket, sarong-sheet, and sandals on their bare feet. How readily a hot climate will evaporate fashion, and make all human flesh kin! At twelve o'clock noon all business is suspended, and the stores and offices remain closed till 4 P. M., and continue open till 8 P. M. Much of the best work of the day is done between 6 and 9 in the morning and between 6 and 8 in the evening.

Fragrant flowers abound everywhere, and a creditable park affords opportunity for walks and drives. The horses in general use are little ponies, which, notwithstanding their diminutive size, and the oppressive heat, are remarkably hardy and fleet. Tramways encircle the city, with first-class apartments for Europeans only, second class for Europeans, natives and other Orientals, and third class for natives only. Many of the big boats on the canals are pulled by the natives. In

some of the industrial establishments, natives are stationed under shady trees, pumping the needed water, doing thus the work of an engine. While the wholesale and shipping trades are carried on by the Dutch and a few Germans, the retail and industrial trades are carried on almost exclusively by the Chinese. The natives have no trading instincts, neither do they care for industrial life. They love the freedom of the open, and are, therefore, best fitted for agricultural life, in which they attain remarkable success, but of which others reap the lion's share.

Though they raise much sugar cane, tea, coffee, tobacco, rubber, pineapples, cocoanuts, bananas, figs, nutmegs and other tropical plants, their principal product is rice. In its cultivation they attain a perfection unexcelled even by the Chinese and Japanese, because these lack the tropical climate. The Javanese raise a crop of the finest grade of it in five months, five crops in two years. The country is divided into districts, each district into villages. To each village a certain amount of land is assigned, which is worked by the villagers in common, each family receiving its pro rata share of the profits after the taxes have been paid for the use of the land and the water, and an additional head tax of 2 per cent. These village lands can never be sold, they must always remain the property of the villagers in common, a scheme which tends to keep the farmers on the soil, finding there their home and work. Lands lying between the villages are set aside for large corporations, which employ, or perhaps I should say *exploit*, such of the villagers for whom there is not enough of work on their own communes. Out of such operations have been made some of the largest fortunes of Europeans.

A more interesting sight than these natives at work upon the fields, men, women and children, in their native costumes, often in scarcely any, is difficult to conceive. Not even our most improved farm machinery achieves the results which they attain with their crude plow and simple hoe, occasionally aided by the labor of the buffalo. One sees side by side one plantation of rice germinating, another half-matured, another ready for the sickle. They, having but one season, and that one intensely hot, and lasting all the year, and their soil being very rich and bountifully watered, naturally, during the rainy sea-

son, and artificially, during the dry monsoons, the number of their crops is limited only by the length of time it takes to ripen each.

Of all my world tour thus far I do not know of any days that will prove more memorable than the last two days of 1913 and the first two days of 1914 which I spent in the interior of Java, having traveled some 400 miles southwest of Batavia, as far as the Sultanate town of Djokjakarta—the town that is regarded as the heart of Java. Almost parallel with the railroad runs the old postroad which for solidity of construction, state of repair and shades shames our country roads at home. Both these roads traverse a magnificent valley, resembling those of Switzerland, flanked on each side by mountains of volcanic origin ranging in height from 3000 to 6000 feet. In all there are over 100 volcanoes in Java, 13 of which are active at the present day, the lava discharge of which is and has been enormous, accounting thus for the exceptional fertility of the soil. Occasionally the eruptions are terrific and very destructive. One of them, some 30 years ago, blew into fragments half of a good-sized island, situated in the strait between Sumatra and Java, wiped out two cities as if they had never existed, landed big steamers far up into the hills of Sumatra. The loss of life is estimated to have been more than 70,000 souls.

Thanks to an influential letter of introduction I might have had an audience with the Sultan. But, unfortunately, he demands two days' notice and the guest's appearnce in full dress even if it be in the morning. Having had but one day at my disposal in that part of the country, and my full dress suit having been left behind in Batavia, I had to forego the pleasure of meeting a Javanese Sultan and seeing something of his palace and harem within which he is said to have some three-score wives and four or five-score children. And I had to content myself with seeing a little of his grounds and the ruins of an older palace much resembling in architecture one of the ancient castles of Europe. It was destroyed by an earthquake two and a half centuries ago.

Yet another remarkable ruin I saw some two miles beyond Djokjakarta, that of a Buddhistic Temple built 1000 years ago. A view of that ruin is alone worth a visit to

Java. Its architecture is different from any I had ever seen before. It has no interior. It is simply a carved stone covering over a lofty hill rising terrace upon terrace, pathway upon pathway, growing smaller and smaller, till the apex is reached. The sides of these terraces tell in creditable bas-reliefs the life of Buddha in thousands of figures, many of them in a splendid state of preservation. More than 500 life-size statues of Buddha still stand in their places, and fully as many lie scattered in fragments. The structure covers many acres, and, standing in the center of an amphitheater of hills, makes an overawing impression.

At first thought, one is amazed to find such a work of art in the heart of such an out-of-the-way country as Java. But it is not difficult to account for it. In the ninth century, missionaries from India invaded Java and succeeded in converting its people from their primitive-nature religion to Buddhism. A number of centuries later the Mohammedans came and imposed their faith in the place of the old. The abandoned Buddhistic shrines fell into neglect and gradually into ruin. The natives have continued Mohammedan to this day, the Dutch apparently being more concerned in getting profit out of them (often by un-Christian methods) than getting Christianity into them. And it seems that the Dutch have also not been over-anxious in giving the natives an education. A tourist reports than an official stated to him that "to educate the natives would only mean trouble for the Dutch." The Catholic Church, however, must have made considerable headway, for even in Batavia, the capital of a Protestant Colony, the finest church is a Catholic Cathedral, and some of the finest institutions there, and in other parts of the island, are Catholic.

These invasions of Buddhists, Mohammedans and Dutch account for the conglomerate of Hindu-Arabic-Dutch-Javanese which constitutes the speech of the natives.

According to a statement by a co-religionist about 6000 Jews are scattered throughout the island, some of them engaged in trade, others in operating sugar refineries. Many of them have accumulated considerable wealth. A goodly number of them hail from India and are true to their faith. The others, hailing mostly from Europe, either become con-

scious of their Judaism only on Kippur or are oblivious of it all the year round and freely intermarry with Gentiles and natives. Some time ago, the Jews of Batavia, so my informant told me, were asked by a Dutch official why it was that, while Protestants and Catholics and Mohammedans have their respective places of worship, the Jews have none. A beautiful tract of land in the heart of the city was offered to them gratis as a site for a synagogue. The Jews met, resolved to raise a fund of 500,000 Gulden ($200,000), 100,000 to be spent on the erection of a synagogue and the other 400,000 to be invested for a maintenance fund. Notwithstanding the great wealth of some of them, only 200,000 Gulden were subscribed and the plan fell through. There is not a Jewish place of worship, not a Rabbi, in all the island. Here is another call for missionary work among our own.

Tempted as I am to continue telling of what I saw and heard and felt in Java, I find that my story is growing too long and that I must stop. I do this with reluctance equal to that with which I took leave from the island. Its picturesque tropical scenery, its beauty and fragrance will long haunt me. I can now fully appreciate the saying of old sailors that one can smell Java before he reaches it. And I can also better understand now than ever before Rousseau's preaching that the only true civilization exists among primitive people, that all else is artificiality and hypocrisy. The author who said that Java is the land for hermits knew whereof he spoke. In that land of beauty and plenty one may find seclusion, rest and peace.

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VOL. XXVII Sunday, April 12th, 1914 No. 22

A Rabbi's Pilgrimage to the Orient

VIII.

A LETTER ADDRESSED

To Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

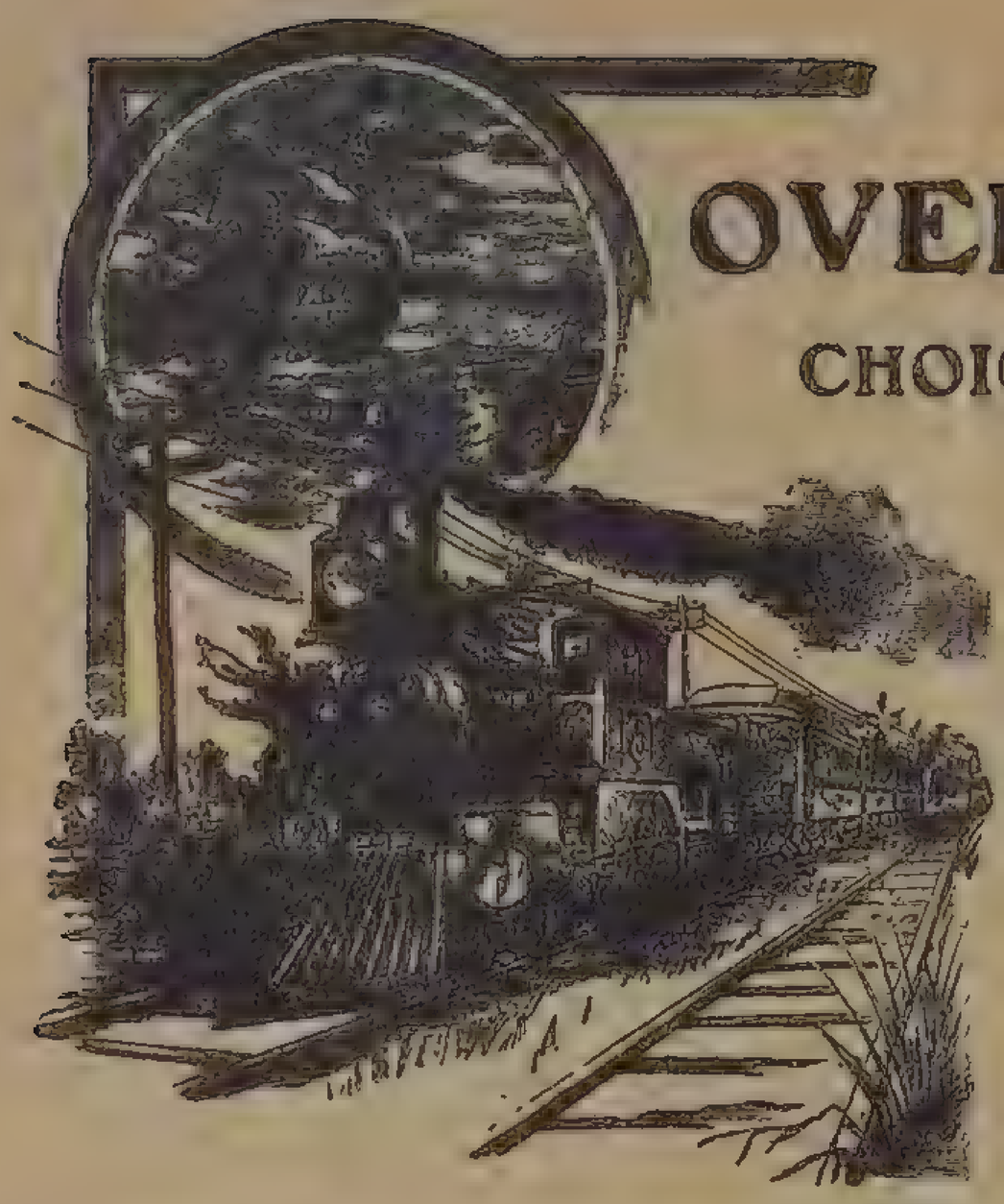
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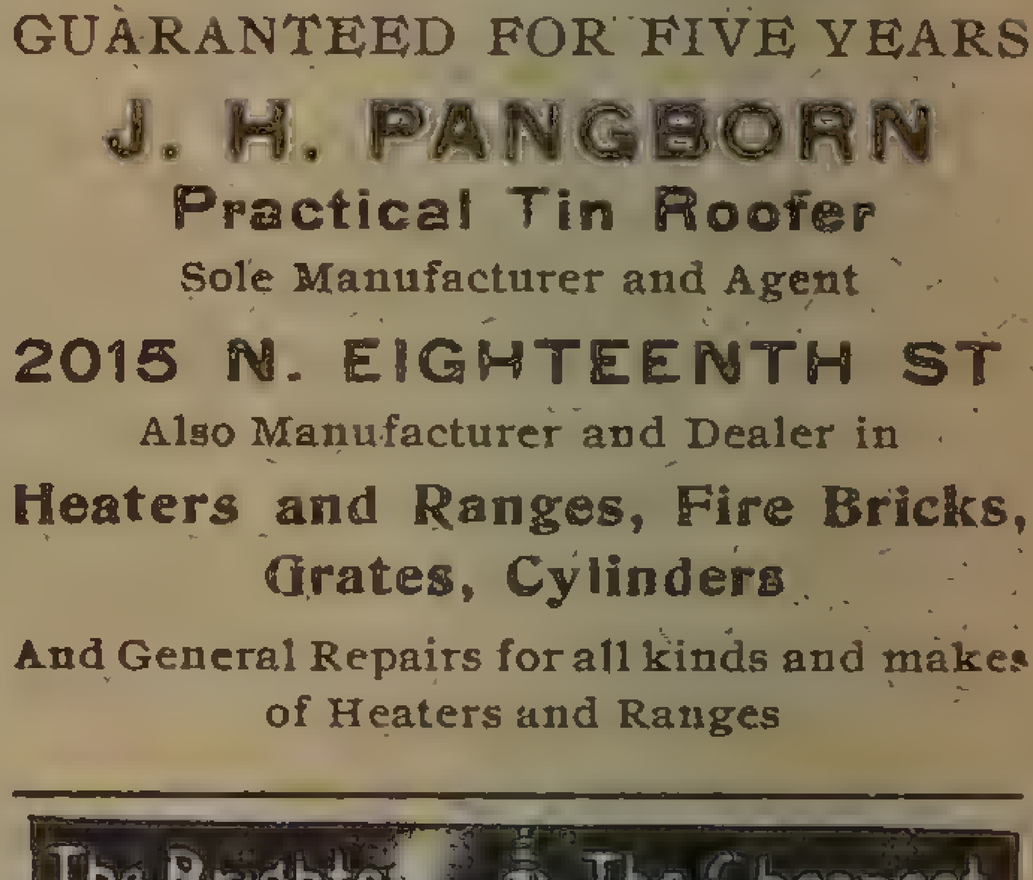
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BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

And read from the Pulpit, Sunday, April 5th, 1914

COLOMBO, CEYLON, February 20, 1914.

Bombay, being situated on the west coast of India, which had trade relations with Central Asia and the Roman Empire even in ancient days, and with European nations of medieval times, has been a seaport town of importance for ages, and as such has gathered into its midst people from all parts of the oriental world, and quite a number from the Occident. These peoples, retaining their native mode of dress, a characteristic habit of the East, give its streets a strikingly picturesque appearance. Considering the number of its inhabitants, about 1,000,000, and the commercial importance, its number of Jews is strikingly small, only about 6500, more than half of whom are of the non-commercial *Bene Israel* (of whom I shall speak later), the remainder being, for the most part, of Bagdad origin. But whatever the Jews lack in number, some of the individuals make up in efficiency, for there are the headquarters of the Sassoons, one of the largest business houses of the Orient, and perhaps the greatest public benefactors of Bombay.

A letter of introduction from Mr. Menasseh Mayer (of the Sassoon family), of Singapore, to his son-in-law in Bombay, Mr. Sassoon Nissim, a great grandson of David Sassoon, the founder of the family, opened the way for me for a very hearty reception by Mr. A. J. Raymond (whose wife is likewise a great grandchild of the founder of the Sassoons), who is the chief representative of the firm, the heads being now

permanently located in London. Busy as Mr. Raymond was, having but a few days before returned from a trip to England and the United States, he cheerfully placed himself and his automobile at my disposal, while looking into Jewish affairs at Bombay, and Mr. Nissim accompanied my party and myself in his automobile several times on sight-seeing tours.

Accompanied by his wife and by Mr. E. J. Moses, a member of the firm, Mr. Raymond spent an evening with us at the hotel, and the following evening we spent at his home as his dinner guests, where we were also joined by Mr. Nissim and Mr. Moses, and where we had a delightful time.

With Mr. Raymond and Mr. S. R. Marcus, the latter a gentleman of leisure, who kindly volunteered his services as guide, I visited two of the three synagogues, both of them, as have been almost all the others I have seen thus far in the Orient, the gifts of the Sassoons, and both maintained from perpetual endowments created by them, as are the others. Synagogal connection in the Orient is, therefore, not an expensive affair—it might perhaps have been better for its state of Judaism if it were. The same apathy as to matters religious which I found in nearly all the Jewish communities I have thus far visited, I found in Bombay. To most of the oriental Jews perfunctory compliance with certain devotional and ceremonial forms is looked upon as a sort of tax they must pay to God to assure their individual salvation. That Judaism has a mission, that the present-day Jew has to continue the work his fathers have begun, that he still has a task to perform in the humanization and fraternization of mankind, seems to enter the minds of but the fewest. But for paid attendants to make up the requisite *Minyan* (quorum of ten adult males) the daily services could often not be conducted, and but for mourners, or for those who commemorate the anniversaries of the death of dear departed ones, the synagogue would perhaps not be opened at all on week days. The Saturday services, which commence at half-past 6 in the morning and which are attended by some two or three score worshippers, are conspicuous for the absence of women and children. Many abstain from work on the Sabbath-day, but of the more progressive, notably of the younger generation, many observe as little a Saturday Sabbath as Sunday Sabbath; they

work seven days in the week, all the year round, excepting on *Rosh Hashanah* and *Kippur, Christmas* and *New Year,* and on the King's birthday.

The duties of the *Reader* (who is by no means a representative man, who is wholly unconversant with the English tongue, speaking but Arabic) do not extend beyond functioning at the divine services, and performing the required ritual acts. A sermon is never preached. Of the history and religion and ethics of Judaism the children are taught little or nothing. Their whole religious education seems to concentrate itself upon Hebrew, and one suspects that the proficiency acquired in that tongue does not extend much beyond knowledge of the mere reading of it, seeing that the Hebrew text of their prayerbook (*Sephardic*) is accompanied by an Arabic translation printed in Hebrew letters. Some of them have frankly confessed to me that they see no reason why they should continue as Jews. While I did not approve of this attitude of theirs, I could quite understand their state of mind. Knowing little or nothing of their glorious, if tragic, past, seeing nothing in the present state of Judaism of which to be proud, they utterly fail to see a future for it. But for the well-nigh impassable barriers with which all oriental religions have hedged themselves, intermarriage would long since have robbed us of many of these. Some of them even cite the instance of the Sassoons—the elders founded synagogues; a great granddaughter of the founder of the family has married out of the faith, is now Lady Rock-Savage. Mr. A. J. Raymond and a few others see a remedy for this indifference and apathy only in a recognition of the changed times and circumstances under which present-day Jews live, and in harmonizing with these Jewish services and ceremonies. The former, during his visit to England and the United States, attended upon the services of the Liberal Synagogues of London, and upon those of Temple Emanuel, San Francisco, last Rosh Hashanah, and of Temple Emanuel, New York, last Succoth Eve, and was so pleased with their devotional spirit and the æsthetic form and their edifying discourses that he has not only become an enthusiastic reformer, but even ready to organize a reform congregation in Bombay, as soon as a suitable leader shall be found.

If the synagogal life of Bombay presented nothing new, the *Jacob Sassoon Jewish Free School,* founded and endowed by him whose name it bears, for the free education of poor Jewish boys and girls in Hebrew and English, presented a sight wholly different from any of the kind I had ever seen before. Besides beholding there a splendidly organized educational institution, under the head mastership of Mr. E. M. Ezekiel, B. A., LL. B., attended by some 250 boys and girls (mostly of Bagdad antecedents) graded into eight classes, and taught the most important of modern branches up to college entrance, besides beholding a class in elementary carpentry, and a well-equipped primary whose calisthenic drills would do credit to any of our western schools, besides all this, I saw there a number of Jewish children and teachers whose complexion is as dark as that of the Hindus, in fact, resembling the latter to such an extent that had I seen them anywhere except in a distinctively Jewish school, I would have taken them for "natives." Several of them hailing from the Malabar coast, especially from Cochin, India, were as dark as are our darkest negroes. Some, whose ancestors have long lived among the Chinese and Arabs, have acquired the facial features of these people to a striking degree. Whoever wants to be cured of the notion that the Jew, the world over, constitutes an easily distinguishable race, possessing like facial features and racial characteristics, needs but to enter this school, or, better still, the *Bene Israel* school of that city, to be cured forever of such a belief.

The name "*Bene Israel*" (children of Israel) is borne by some 10,000 Jews who have lived so long in India that neither in complexion nor in features, nor in costume and manner, are they distinguishable from the Hindus. According to some, they entered that land at the time of the Assyrian captivity, constituting thus a part of the *Lost* Ten Tribes of Israel; according to others, they migrated there from Babylon, after the second captivity, some 500 years before the present era; according to others, they came there after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, some 1800 years ago; according to still others, their migration to India synchronizes with that of the Parsees who fled the conversional tyranny of the Mohammedans, some 1200 years ago. Though it will probably never be

established which of these theories is correct, one thing is sure, that, even if we assume the most recent of dates, 1200 years, it represents long enough of a sojourn in tropical India, where intense heat and outdoor life compel a discarding of almost all clothes, and burn the skin, in course of the ages, to a dark brown or black color, to account for the Hindu complexion of the *"Bene Israel."* They are as unlike in color of skin to most of the Jews of Bagdad origin as is that of the African negro to the Caucasian American. In fact, the former make this difference of color a cause of separation between them, following thus the caste division of the Hindus. They neither intermarry nor interdine. The former do not recognize the latter, especially the Cochin Jews, even in the synagogue, denying them the right to be called to the reading of the law, or to be counted as one of a *Minyan*. So dark are they that, were any of them to apply for lodging in some of our American hotels he would be turned down as a negro; his children would, in our South, be obliged to attend a colored school, and his wife would be obliged to ride in a Jim Crow car. And yet is his blood as free from the African strain as is that of the purest Caucasian. Well might he repeat, with slight changes, the words of Sulamith in the *Song of Songs* of the Bible, "Do not regard me with dislike because I am dark. It is the sun's fierce rays that have made of my color what it has become. It is the hard work that my people have performed in the open fields and shops, centuries upon centuries, that has imparted to us the color of the Hindu, and it is our long sojourn in his land, and our long association with him that has led us to adopt his mode of dress, and some of his customs and manners. If length of sojourn in a country and almost complete identification with its people be a virtue then are we entitled to greater consideration than those of more recent immigration."

Their school has for its purpose providing a good practical Jewish education to Bene Israel children especially and to other children generally. It is maintained by the Government and municipality of Bombay, by the Anglo-Jewish Association of London, by the firm of David Sassoon & Co. and by some private subscriptions. Its income, however, is inadequate to its needs. Its grounds are spacious, large enough for the introduction of a course in agriculture. Its school-room ac-

commodations leave much to wish. Its course of studies and the manner of teaching are excellent. Among the text-books used I noticed a Hebrew grammar by the late Professor Manheimer, of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio. Some 350 pupils are in attendance, more than one-third of whom are girls. The enrollment shows a few Hindu and Parsee children. Among the teachers are a few of the Christian faith who were trained in American Mission Schools. Quite a number of its graduates have passed successfully into the Bombay University; and some of them fill creditably positions as teachers, magistrates, physicians, barristers, clerks in government offices, and the like. The poor children of the school are also provided with clothing once or twice a year, according to their needs.

Besides their school, I visited their synagogue, a small and unpretentious building, in a narrow side street of a poor but busy section of Bombay, some of the streets of which bear the names of Israel Street, Samuel Street, Isaac Street. I also visited the home of Mr. Ezekiel, the head master of the other school, of which I have spoken, and who is one of the *Bene Israel* and is a graduate of its school. He is as dark as the others, yet a man of stately appearance, winning personality, great intellectuality, and an ardent student of Jewish literature. He is wholly a self-made man. Notwithstanding his having attained his fiftieth year, he obtained last year from the University of Bombay the degree of bachelor of laws. His library, though quite extensive, is limited in modern Jewish literature, and the Jewish Publication Society of America, and other publishers of Jewish works, magazines and papers, would serve a noble man and the cause of the Bene Israel in particular, and of oriental Israel in general, if they would favor him with copies of their publications. Any one possessing a copy of Rodkinson's "Translation of the Talmud," and having no use for it, would find a grateful recipient of it in Mr. E. M. Ezekiel, 18 Israel Street, Bombay (3), British India.

But 3500 of the 10,000 *Bene Israel* live in Bombay. The remainder still live scattered in small village communities engaged in agricultural pursuits, in the trade of oil-pressing, in carpentering and other industries. They are notoriously de-

ficient in the commercial spirit, but the fewest of them being engaged in trade even in Bombay or Poonah. As a whole they are very poor.

In a few of their religious customs and observances they differ from those of the other oriental Jews. In fact, when the latter first came in touch with them, they found that the former had lost all knowledge of Hebrew excepting the *Shma,* which they repeated by rote upon all occasions, Sabbath and week days, fast days and feast days, marriages and funerals. Some of their religious observances were entirely patterned after those of the Hindus. They possessed no longer a scroll of the law, nor any other Jewish literature. They observed, however, the Sabbath, the Abrahamic rite, and some of the holidays, but under a different name and on different dates, and in different manner. Since then, they have reacquired the Hebrew tongue, have adopted the *Sephardic Minhag,* and conform in general with the observances and practices of the other oriental Jews.

From the religious life and activities of the Jews of Bombay to a cotton mill is a far jump, and the reader will probably be mystified as to the connection between the two. But the mystery will be solved by the mere mention of the name Sassoon. Not only is the largest cotton mill in the Orient, the Jacob Sassoon Mill, owned and operated by members of that family, but also a number of others, such as the Alexander Mill, the E. D. Sassoon Mill, the Rachel Sassoon Mill, the E D. Sassoon Dye Works, etc., etc. Accompanied by Mr. N. E. Misry, one of the office force, and by one of the superintendents, I inspected the largest of these, the Jacob Sassoon Mill, and found it truly a gigantic plant of some 130,000 spindles and of more than 2000 looms, employing some 6000 Hindus, 20 per cent. of whom are women. A comparison between oriental and occidental mills and labor laws would probably make an interesting study, the result of which would, no doubt, show the superiority of the latter. The employes of the mill I visited work twelve hours a day, from 6.30 A. M. to 7.00 P. M., with half an hour of rest at noon, quite enough, in a country of such tropical heat as India. Formerly they were obliged to work as many as sixteen hours a day. There is no work on Sundays, excepting in such weeks in which a Hindu festival

occurs, when the Hindu restday is compensated by making of the Christian Sabbath a workday.

Various reasons are assigned for these long working hours. In the first place the Hindu, as a rule, does not take kindly to indoor work, the mills finding it, therefore, difficult to obtain the necessary number of laborers. In the second place, it is difficult to keep those who do take up the work longer at it than six, the utmost, nine months in the year. They stop whenever they choose, no matter how pressingly they may be needed. In the third place, the efficiency of their labor is but from one-half to two-thirds of that of occidental laborers, necessitating, therefore, longer hours of work and lesser pay. In the fourth place, the inferiority of Indian cotton to that of American, and the strenuous activity of the Japanese in the cotton marts, necessitate equalization in India through longer hours of labor and smaller pay to meet competition. Notwithstanding the great heat, I spent the greater part of an afternoon in that mill, following its work from the unpacking of the bales of the raw material to the packing and shipping of the finished product of all kinds of white and printed cloth. As we passed from room to room, we surprised a few asleep where they should have been at work, or idling away their time where they should have been earning their wages. One observes in quite a few an utter indifference to the care to be taken of expensive tools and implements, lacking in the sense of the responsibility of the employe as well as of the employer, and of the dignity of labor. Naturally, the most culpable in this respect are the children, who are employed at half time, from the ages of 9 to 14, and at full time after that. On the other side, it seems to me that, in justice to themselves as well as to the employes, the employers might introduce fans into all of the rooms to offset somewhat the intense heat, and also suction tubes in those rooms in which the raw cotton is cleansed of its dirt and dust. It is painful to see women, who need every breath of air while at work, with mouths and noses tied to escape being choked by the dirt that is blown by powerful machinery out of the cotton.

Aside of these few improvements suggested, one, having like myself been face to face, for a number of weeks, with the almost famine poverty of the low-caste Hindus, from whose

ranks almost all the laborers come, cannot but feel that this and the other plants are truly God-sends to them, and that they have every reason to think and speak of the Sassoons as benefactors.

And these are by no means the only ones who have such reasons. It may be shared by the high as well as by the low, by Gentiles as well as by Jews. Let me mention a few of the benefactions in Bombay and environs by this illustrious family:

		*Rupees.
1.	The Royal Institute of Science, Bombay	1,000,000
2.	Apollo Bunder Memorial to the King-Emperor, Bombay	300,000
3.	Jacob Sassoon Hospital, Poonah	200,000
4.	Y. M. C. A., Bombay	15,000
5.	Jacob Sassoon Jewish Free School, Bombay	372,000
6.	Jacob Sassoon Jewish Free School Feeding Fund	100,000
7.	The Lady Rachel Jacob Sassoon Free Dispensary	125,000
8.	The Jacob Sassoon Jewish Charity Fund	70,000
9.	The Jacob Sassoon Passover Food Trust Fund for Poor Jews	175,000
10.	The Lady Rachel Jacob Sassoon Poonah Burial Ground Fund	22,000
11.	The Jacob Sassoon Bombay Burial Ground Fund	10,000
12.	The Byculla Synagogue, Bombay (Magen David)	87,000
13.	The Fort Synagogue, Bombay (Kenieseth Eliahoo)	100,000
14.	The Poonah Synagogue, Bombay (Ohel David)	28,500

And there is the *Sassoon Reformatory* in the outskirts of Bombay, and the *Sassoon Mechanics' Institute and Library*, on the Esplanade, in the center of the finest public buildings of that city.

In the lower hall of the latter institute stands a splendidly executed, life-sized marble statue of the founder of the family, David Sassoon, and in one of the upper halls hangs a portrait of him. Both of these represent him as a typical oriental Jew in features, in flowing, venerable beard, in turban and long robe, almost the counterpart of Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*, as represented by Sonnenthal, of Vienna or Possart, of Munich. In the home of Mr. Raymond I saw a photograph of Sir Edward D. Sassoon, the grandson of David, decorated with the ribbon of his knighthood, every inch of him betokening a type of the best of English aristocracy. They have spanned the

*A rupee equals one-third of a dollar.

road between the Bagdad small merchant and the English multi-millionaire aristocrat within but three generations, and they have made that road, all along, illustrious with their princely benefactions. To thousands and tens of thousands they have proved the truth of the meaning of their name, for the Hebrew word *Sassoon* means in English *Joy*.

As a *joy,* I believe, they would have proved to me and to thousands of others had they been residents of the United States, and had they known of the work of the National Farm School, an institution that is training poor Jewish lads in practical and scientific agriculture, and is fitting them for leadership of Jewish agricultural colonies; an institution that is removing them from the slums and ghettoes, where they are beset by all manners of moral and physical danger, and is taking them to the broad and sunny fields where health and wealth and happiness await them; an institution which, notwithstanding the splendid accounts graduates of it are giving of themselves, is allowed to continue crippled for the want of means, is allowed to turn away annually hundreds of applicants for admission because of a lack of room, and all for the reason that men have not yet learned that noble as it is to alleviate poverty and disease, to correct vice and ignorance, after they have risen, it is nobler still to *prevent* their rise by timely *preventive philanthropy.*

POSTSCRIPT.

P. and O. S. S. *Maloja,* Red Sea, March 5, 1914.

Of my different railroad journeys of hundreds of miles through the interior of India, and of my visit to Madras, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Madura, and the Island of Ceylon, very much or very little might be said, just as one is disposed to treat the subject. As to Madras and Ceylon, I am inclined toward the latter course. As a city Madras is uninteresting. Its former commercial importance has been supplanted by other cities. Beyond its museum—and this is nothing special—it has no sights to attract the tourist. Much of the same might be said of Ceylon. While parts of it are beautiful, it offers little or nothing that has not been seen before and better

in India. Colombo, its leading city, is beautifully located on the sea, and this sea, together with the interior mountain towns of Kandy and Nuwari Eliya, form welcome recreating places to one who has sweltered, for some time, under the tropical heat, and has had to put up with the poor accommodations of Southern India. While the very extensive tea plantations in the interior of Ceylon (and some day I shall describe in detail the process of tea growing) has nothing new to offer to one who has seen the like in India, China and Japan, the Botanical Garden, near Kandy, offers an attraction of the highest order. If not as extensive as that of Buitenzorg in Java, or as well kept, it is probably as rich in rare tropical specimens, if not richer. There may be seen, side by side, in richest luxuriance, every species of palm, India rubber, orchid, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace, cloves, bay rum, cocoa, and no end of tropical curiosities such as insect catchers, that work as intelligently as if they had eyes to see and ears to hear and nerves to feel.

Of the other towns mentioned above, Tanjore, Trichinopoly and Madura, celebrated for their possession of the greatest Dravidian Temples, I would like to write at length, but to do this satisfactorily would necessitate, as a prerequisite, an extensive treatise on Hindu religion and Hindu art, which I hope to attempt some time in the future when I shall have greater leisure at my command, and shall have time for closer study of the subject.

When this letter shall be read, springtime will have set in, and shortly after that a large part of the congregation will have dispersed for their respective summer quarters. As many of these will like to follow the continuation of these accounts of my journey around the world, I have decided to close the first series with the tenth of these Pulpit Letters and to start, God willing, a new series, in the form of Sunday Lectures, next fall, that shall cover observations and experiences in the lands yet to be covered by me, namely, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and possibly also Southern Spain, and that shall, if time permits, include also a general résumé of the religious and economic and political and social life of peoples in the Far and Near East.

I am but too conscious of the shortcomings of the accounts which I have given, which often were written under great

pressure, and under circumstances far from favorable to satisfactory writing. And I can promise nothing better in the future. But the little that was mine to give I gave cheerfully; and if there be any who have derived information or pleasure from it, I shall feel happy that I have been permitted to make some small return for the great privilege that was granted to me by an indulgent congregation, that of making a study-tour around the world.

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The Significance of Shylock

BY

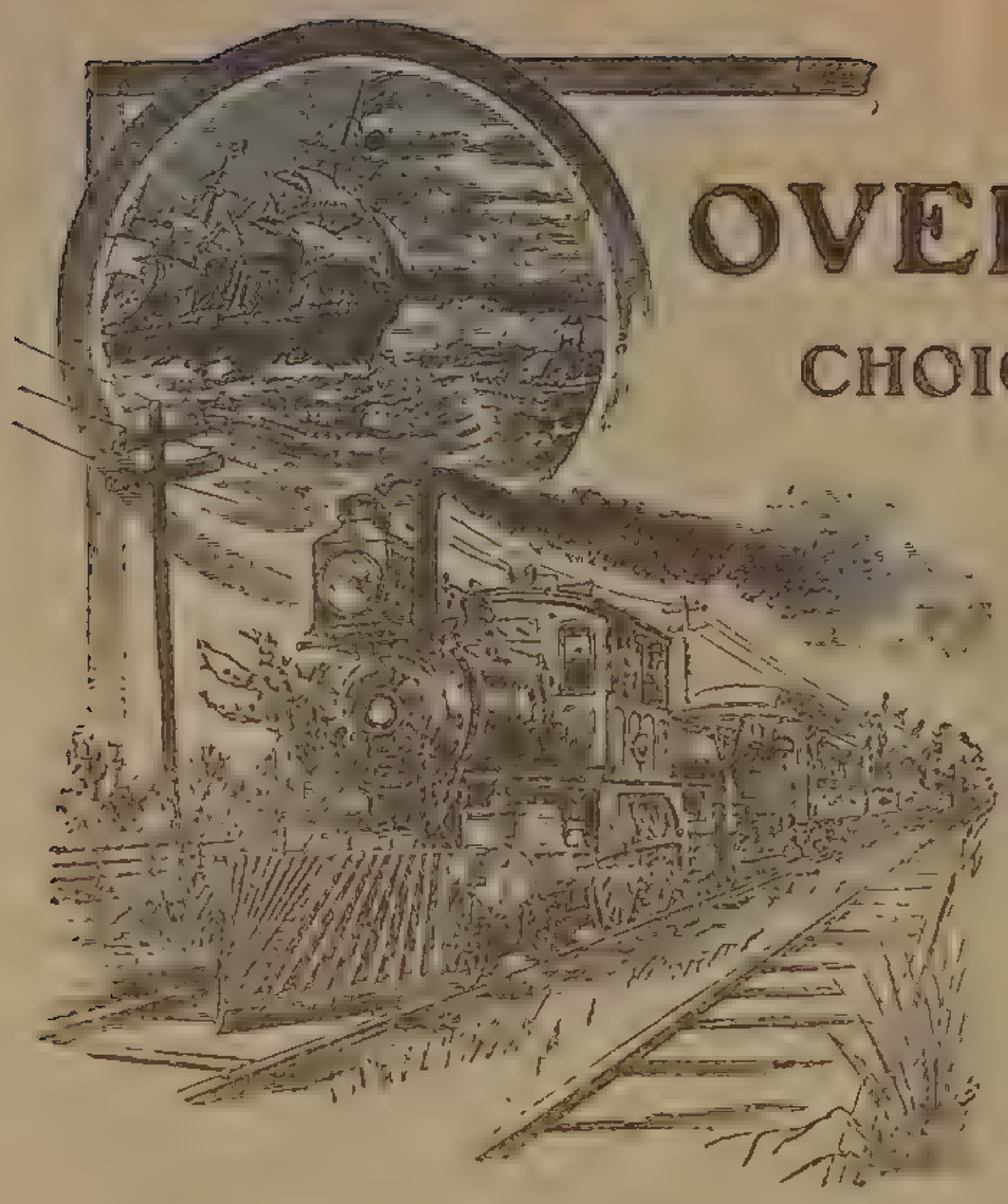
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The Significance of Shylock.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

Philadelphia, Pa., April 19th, 1914,

BY

Rabbi Charles J. Freund,

Congregation Oheb Shalom, Harrisburg, Pa.

The present week will be made notable because of a birthday celebration. Wherever English is spoken the recurrence of this birth anniversary will be recalled. More especially as it happens to be the three hundred and fiftieth birthday of the individual who more than any other single person has left his indelible impress upon the English language. He has been a most potent factor in formulating English as it is spoken and written to-day. English is spoken everywhere on the surface of the habitable globe. The letters written to this congregation by your senior rabbi on his tour of the world have borne testimony to the almost universal use of English. Along with the King James' version of the Bible, whose tercentenary we celebrated three years ago, the dramas and poems of William Shakespeare have had a great influence in establishing the English language. It is fitting that with the recurrence of his birthday during the present week, we should pay tribute to his memory and more especially consider his service from a Jewish standpoint.

With his other accomplishments the Jew is a linguist. He came to this quite naturally in the course of his migration. Until established in the lands where tolerant treatment was accorded him he has been as "a bird of passage." When temporarily domiciled he learned with proficiency the languages of the various countries in which he found himself. A startling exemplification of the Jew's ability to speak different languages is seen from the fact that when Columbus started on his quest for India by a western passage, he took

along a Jew as a possible interpreter. In carrying on trade relations the Jews were quite apt in acquiring knowledge of languages. This was in addition to the fact that they were versed in the language designated as sacred. In countries where the Mohammedan religion predominated they were proficient in the knowledge of Arabic; in Italy and Spain, and, in fact, wherever they were, they learned the specific language of the various countries. This was more especially the result of the fact that the Jews were the intermediaries of commerce. That faculty necessitated that they should be skilled to speak the language of the land of their sojourn.

The time of the sojourn of the Jews in the British isles is quite long. But the Jew, as one who could not claim the defense of any specific nationality, was subject to the buffets and kicks received from an oft hostile world. While England, in the main, was disposed to be fair—for the Anglo-Saxon is a lover of fair play—yet it was to the interest of a king of England to exile the Jews from his realm in the year twelve hundred and ninety. Accordingly they were forbidden to live in England from that year until the auspicious year sixteen hundred and fifty-five. The same year which saw the establishment of the first Jewish settlement in what was then New Amsterdam, was made doubly notable by the re-entry of Jews into England, that permission having been granted them by Oliver Cromwell. In the two hundred and sixty years which have passed since that most eventful year, the Jews have learned and absorbed English. With the rest of the English-speaking people, the Jew recognizes the services rendered by Shakespeare and pays tribute to his memory.

As Jews, we are more especially interested in the treatment accorded the Jew at the hands of the Bard of Stratford-on-Avon. Of course, we need go no further than the portrayal of Shylock in the Merchant of Venice. We approach a consideration of Shylock with some degree of trepidation. The case is one which has been prejudged. As far as the Jew is concerned, it is asserted that Shakespeare has not been fair in his portrayal of Shylock as a Jew. There is much ground to substantiate this claim. For it is asserted that the Merchant of Venice has been the instrumentality of doing the Jew an almost irreparable wrong.

Shakespeare, we feel almost safe in asserting, was not sufficiently acquainted with the Jew to depict him with any degree of accuracy. As previously mentioned, the re-entry of the Jews into England occurred more than half a century after the appearance of the Merchant of Venice. Its purpose, if we are disposed to be lenient with Shakespeare, was that it should respond to a public clamor for something further derogatory to the then despised Jew or that it might be an effort to portray a human being in action. Giving Shakespeare the benefit of the doubt, we can be charitable enough to lean in this latter direction.

We are moving from the time in which Shakespeare lived. Various indeed have been the interpretations given to Shylock. Despite the efforts of even the greatest of Shakespearean actors to portray the "Jew whom Shakespeare drew," it is not for one moment to be imagined that Shylock is typical of the Jews, nor a typical Jew. The Jew has been designated as the "world's cosmopolitan citizen." It is manifestly impossible for dramatist, no matter how skillful, to compress that composite creature into one characterization. All of the experiences, weal and woe, joy and sorrow, aspiration and defeat of the Jews cannot be combined in a single characterization. It is no detraction from the unmatchable skill of Shakespeare to deny to him the ability to depict *the* Jew in a single drama.

Furthermore, Shakespeare is not aspersed if we assert that Shylock is not typical of the Jews. The theme of revenge which is elaborated as the central theme is not characteristic of the Jew as different from other people. Revenge is not for man. The law of retaliation as pronounced in the Mosaic dispensation was but a step in the development of religion. And even if the traditional Jewish explanation of the law "eye for an eye" were understood, it would become intelligible why Shylock is not typical of the Jew. He had much provocation to wish to evince hatred and revenge for the wrongs perpetrated against him. There was justification for the desire on the part of the Jew to even up matters with those who had been his tormentors and persecutors.

We do not dispute the fact that the Merchant of Venice contains lines of matchless beauty. In the interpretation of

one of its main themes we are at a loss to read fully the motive and the purpose. We are close to the time of Browning and Emerson. Yet even at this proximity they have their interpreters who are not always in agreement as to the significance of their writings. It is all the more difficult to discern what Shakespeare may have had in mind when as a "pot boiler" the Merchant of Venice was first produced. Was he perhaps all unknowingly pleading eloquently for a fair treatment to be accorded to the Jew? We are in a dilemma and must leave the answer to a "judge who may arise a thousand years hence," and, possessed of greater intelligence and discernment than are ours, he may be able to fathom the purpose.

Historically, the character of Shylock fails to portray the Jew. It may be instanced that aside from the plot being borrowed it bases on a striking actual experience. Gregorio Letti, in his biography of Pope Sixtus V, relates that in the year one thousand eighty-six a Jew, Simon Cenade, and a Christian, Paul Mario Secchi, entered upon a wager as to the accuracy of the capture of Santo Domingo by Sir Francis Drake. The Jew lost, and when Secchi demanded the fulfilment of the stipulation that the loser was to forfeit a pound of his flesh, Cenade appealed to the Pope. Owing to the inhuman nature of the bet, the Pope decided that both should pay two thousand scudi toward the erection of a hospital then in course of construction.

Shakespeare was too big to be petty in matters that concerned the Jew. Into the mouth of Shylock he placed words which stand unrivaled as the plea for humanity, whose echo is to be heard ringing down the hall of time. On November 18, 1863, Abraham Lincoln delivered at Gettysburg his memorable address. Edward Everett, the polished orator, is reported to have said that he would gladly have exchanged his prepared two hours' address for the homely truths spoken so briefly and feelingly by Lincoln. And we can likewise say that when Shakespeare places certain words into the mouth of Shylock, he gives the Jew a plea which cannot be surpassed. The individual who had been wronged, whose back had been made to feel the unfeeling lash of persecution, who was "more sinned against than sinning," could well use the words which Shylock uses when he says, "I am a Jew. Hath

not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as the Christian is? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Why revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suffrance be by Christian example? Why revenge? The villainy you teach me I will execute and it shall go hard with you, but I will better the instruction." The Jew was ill-requited for what he had given the world. Inadequate was the compensation that he received for furnishing mankind with the things that were as the guiding posts for conduct. At the hands of an unfeeling world he was treated as a pariah, an undesirable outcast. The principle of boycott and non-intercourse was literally carried out against the Jew. In part, his religious exclusiveness was to blame; but this was not sufficient reason to bar him from the trades and necessitating his resorting to the only mode of livelihood left open to him, that of taking usance. This was only tolerated because church law had forbidden those of the faith to practice it. The plaint of the Jew to be considered as human was made in the spirit of fairness. For this at least does the Jew rest under lasting obligation to Shakespeare. The recital of the lines could readily evoke an exclamation like that which Heine reports a woman to have said in his hearing, "The poor man is being wronged."

If for this the Jew is obligated to Shakespeare, there is another thing in which the portrayals are libel rather than fair presentation. The character of Jessica types anything but a Jewish woman. Her lack of filial respect is not only noticeable, but it is extremely remote from the manner in which a Jewish child and more especially a daughter would treat a parent. There is no scintilla of excuse for making Jessica appear so void of Jewish feeling whereby she would countenance any ridiculing of her parent rather than support his undertakings for the defense of his race, his nation or his religion. Jessica is not a type of Jewish woman in the remotest degree.

Some years ago I heard Dr. Lyman Abbott deliver an address on "The Industrial Problem." In closing he made use of the words "I should like to bring here a guest from the coal mine, grimy, sooty, ignorant, superstitious, following such leaders as are given him, groping for better things, loving his wife, wanting something better for his boy than he has found, for his daughter than his wife has had. I would say to you this man is your fellow-citizen. You owe him the best protection and education you can give him. He is your fellow-man; give him a hand, recognize him as your brother." Lyman Abbott said this of the man begrimed and soiled by hard work. Let us apply a similar thought to the man whom Shakespeare begrimed and soiled as Shylock, and, paraphrasing his portrayal, we might imagine him to say, "Here is a Jew, a human being created in the image of God; he is swayed by the same emotions and feelings as yourselves; he is actuated to noble activity by high and noble motives. He loves his *home,* his wife and children better than himself—he stands ready to make any sacrifice for their welfare, he bespeaks not your sympathy, but your fairmindedness—treat him kindly and fairly, he is a child of God, he is your *brother*—we are all God's children."

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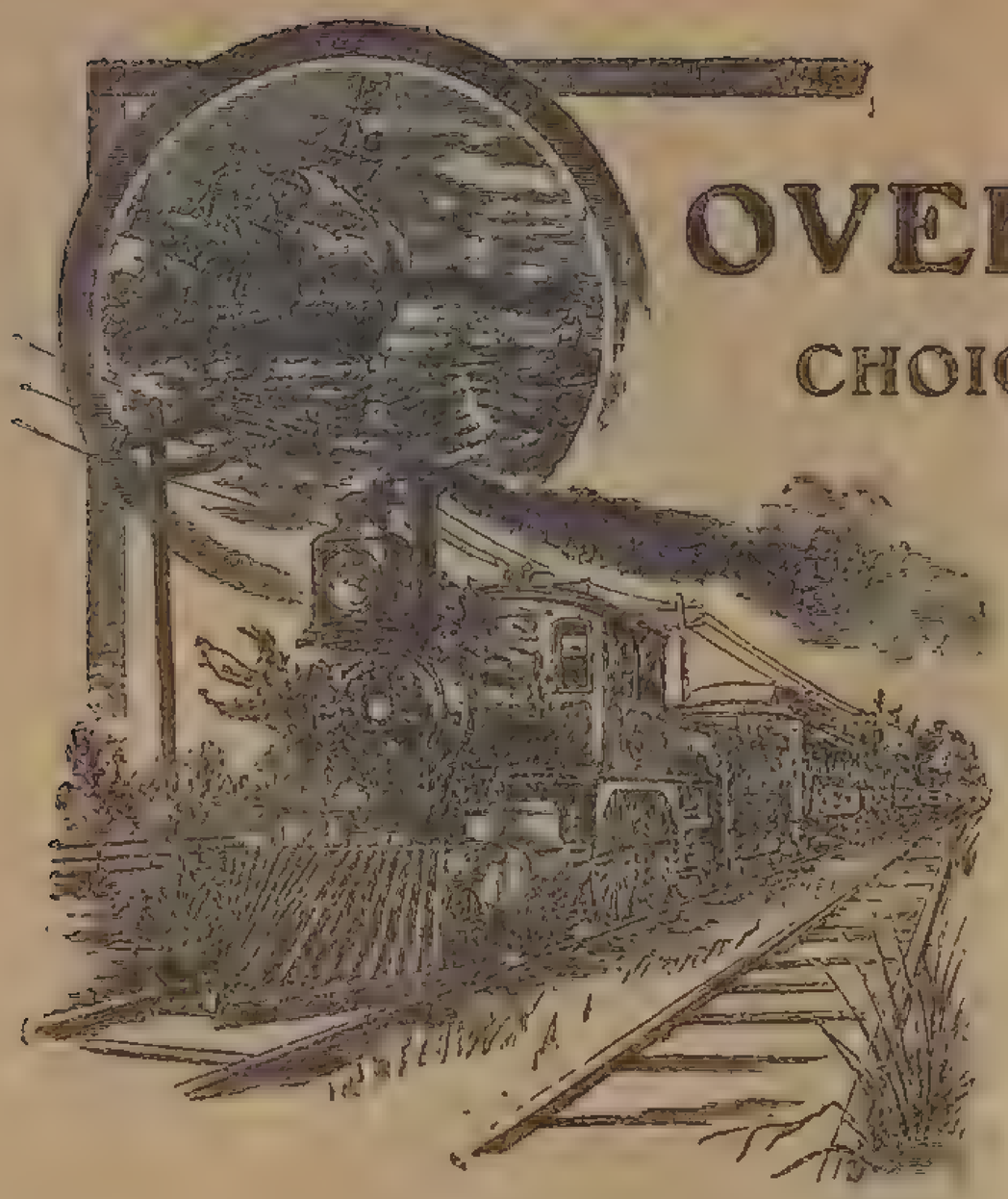
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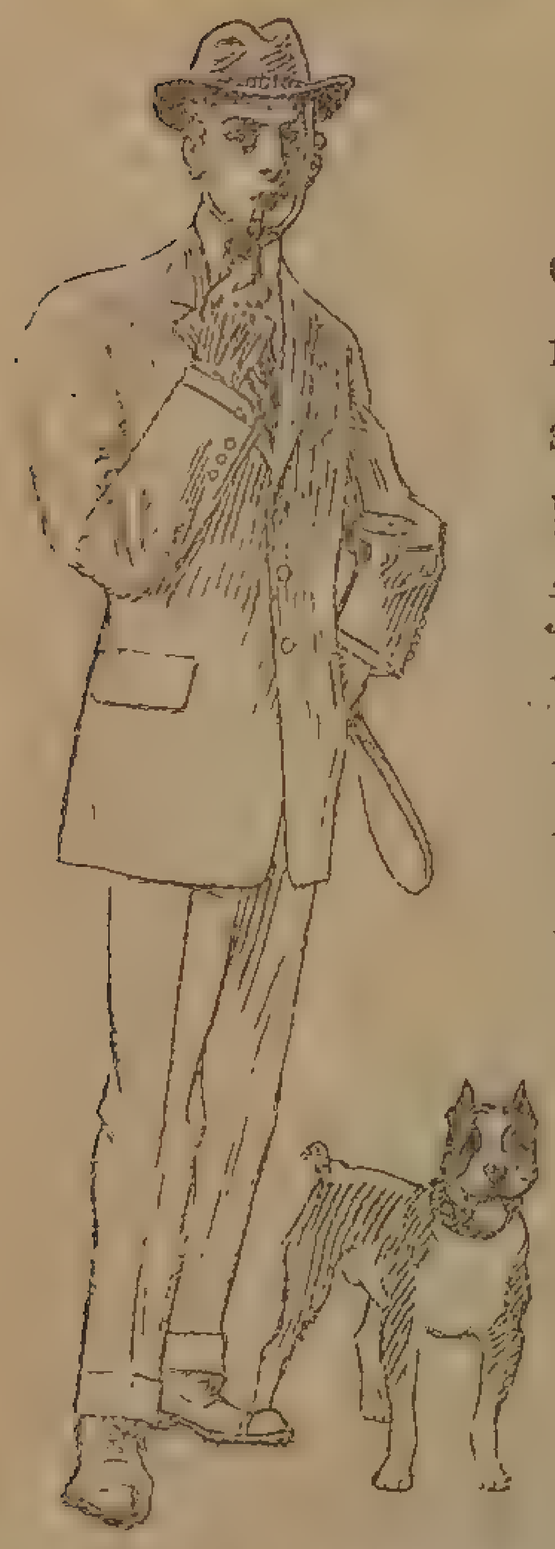
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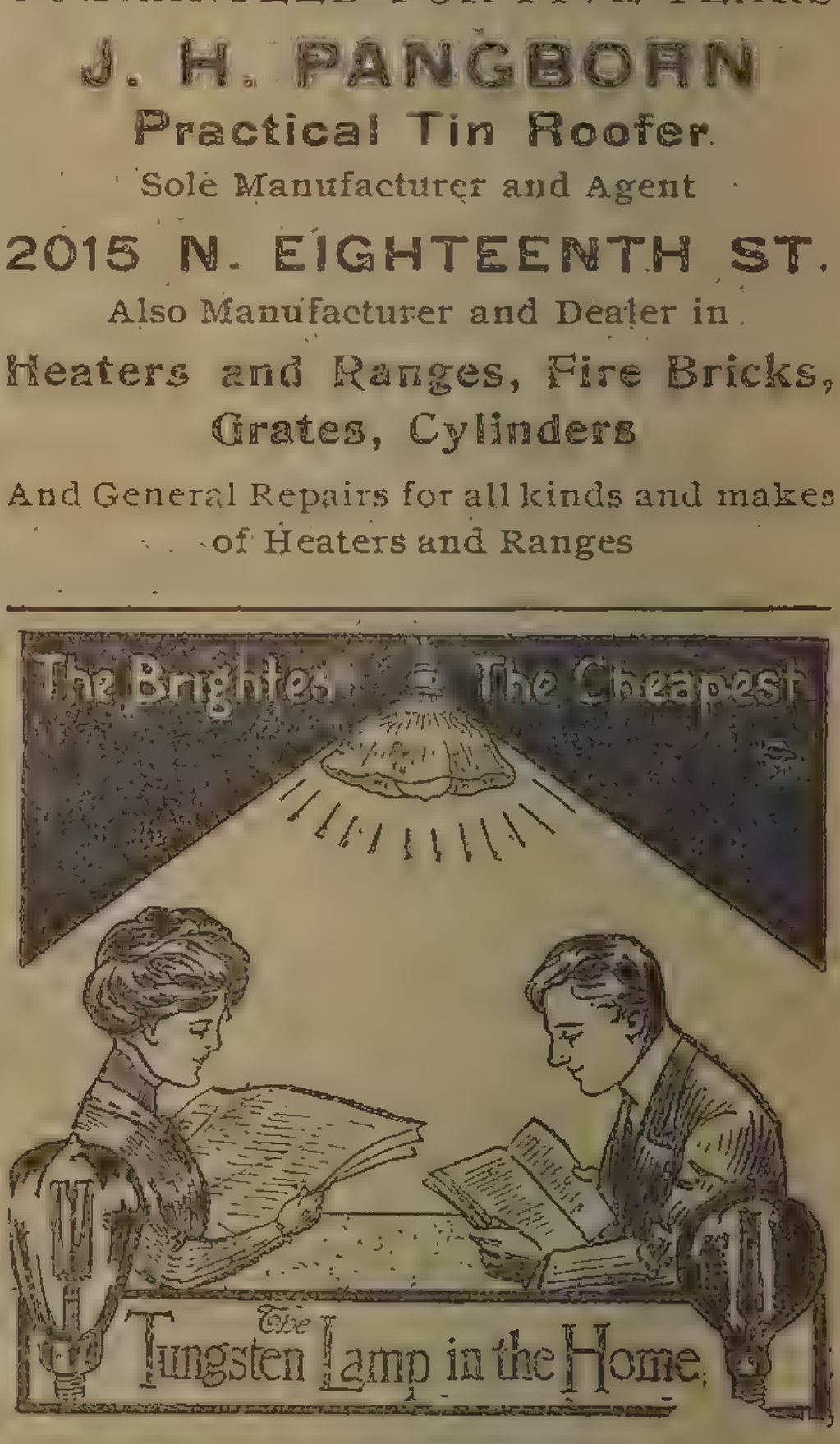
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Who are the Civilized?

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, November 1st, 1914.

Had any one asked me two or three years ago which of the peoples I regarded the most civilized, I would, I believe, have been quite ready to reply and the answer would have been very favorable to a few of the prominent nations of the earth. Had I been asked the same question some nine months ago, while in oriental lands, I would not have been quite so ready, neither would my answer have been quite so favorable. Were you to ask me that question now, I would hesitate considerably before I would give my answer, and, when finally given, it would differ materially from that of two or three years earlier. I have seen and heard and read much since then, and the new knowledge acquired has exploded many an old-time theory, and new observations have shaken many former-day convictions to their very foundation.

Not so sure of meaning of civilization to-day.

The term *civilization* has been one of the glibbest on our tongues. We have toyed with the words *progress* and *advance* as if they had been the commonest of commonplaces. Not a preacher or teacher, not an after-dinner speaker or political orator but he was convinced that the sun in all his untold aeons never shone upon peoples as enlightened, as humane, as happy and prosperous, as those of our own country and of half a dozen others on the European continent. In evidence thereof they referred to schools and libraries, to colleges and universities, almost without number; they pointed to monster-presses busy day and night turning out journals and magazines and books, at a price so cheap that even the poorest could satisfy their knowledge-hunger; they waxed eloquent when they enumerated the hospitals and asylums and scores of other charity institutions, and fairly went into ecstasies when they enlarged upon the fraternization of the different nations of the earth, upon the interrelation between them in the trades and industries, in matters of edu-

As we were some time ago.

cation and science and religion, an interrelation which, they believed, was welding, with each year more and more, the different peoples into one people, and the different governments into one government, and the different religions into one religion.

To-day, some of these very countries are branding each other as barbarians and savages, are accusing each other of cruelties from which even the most brutal of savages would shrink in horror. To-day, some of the foremost of these countries have laid aside their former peaceful occupations, and with the aid of sword and gun and bayonet, of dynamite and lyditte and other means of murder and destruction, are slaughtering their fellowmen, are filling hospitals with the maimed and crippled, are bereaving and orphaning and widowing tens of thousands of homes, are scattering suffering and sorrow, ruin and destruction, far and wide.

Nations believed to be civilized are now called barbarians.

What has happened to effect so horrible a change within so short a space of time? War has entered the lands at the bidding of the one or of the other, or in despite of them. Not one of them claims the responsibility for it, yet, not one of them is free from guilt. Every one of them, notwithstanding loud and unctuous professions of brotherly love and peaceful aims, has courted war so long till finally, bidden or unbidden, wanted or unwanted, it has come to launch its curse, unfortunately upon the innocent as much as upon the guilty. Like the monster creature depicted in Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, war has risen to ask its full homage, and to claim its bloody tax, and to compel its cruel will, of those who sinfully conceived it and guiltily brought it forth.

Due to cruelties of war.

And for months to come, perhaps for years, fifteen millions of men in Europe, physically the strongest, mentally the most vigorous, individually the most needed, the very sinews of their respective nations, those who should be the creators of the next generation and moulders of its destiny, will be engaged in seeking each other's destruction, in trampling under foot all law and order, every sense of right and justice, in ruthlessly pulling down what other men's hands have laboriously built through long years of faithful

Yet greater evils to follow.

toil. While industries producing the necessities of life will, for months, perhaps for years, beg for the want of men and means to operate them, those creating the means of murder—gunshops and sword-smithies and powder-mills and nitro-glycerine works—will be taxed to the utmost, day and night.

And why this terrible change? Why these deeds of horror? What moral principle is involved? What lofty ethical ideal is sought to be attained? What outrageous wrong has been perpetrated by the one upon the other that nothing but cruel war can expiate the crime? Are they fighting as our revolutionary fathers fought to free themselves from an insufferable yoke long forced upon them by a cruel tyrant? Are they fighting as fought our fathers during the Civil War to break the chains of slavery forged by greed upon the limbs of our defenceless colored brother?

Why this war?

No such purpose is involved in the war that is now wrecking the continent of Europe. Stripped of all pretext and pretention, there is left the bald fact that at the bottom of this carnage is one nation's eagerness to command the trade of the world, and another nation's determination to prevent its own elimination from the world markets by crushing the other; one nation's insistence upon outranking in its navy or army every other nation, and the other nation's determination to maintain its own power by annihilating or crippling that of the other; one nation's eagerness to reimburse itself, at the expense of a rich neighbor nation, for costly losses sustained in an earlier war, and that other nation's insistence upon keeping its place under the sun in the face of a world of arms against it; one nation's desire to humble, by means of powerful alliances, a former bitter foe, thereby wiping out the disgrace of a former humiliating defeat, or assuaging its long-nursed thirst for revenge, and recovering provinces torn from it, and the other nation's determination to hold, at all cost, the provinces that were but reconquered, that originally were its own.

To satisfy greed.

No, not a principle is involved in this present war; not a high ideal is pursued by any of the nations engaged therein. Not all their appeals for sympathy, not all their incriminations and recriminations, not all the

Not a noble principle involved.

explanations offered in "white books" and "orange books," in "blue books" and "gray books," can conceal the one bald fact that beneath all their verbiage, back of their clash of arms and cannonades lies base greed, vile selfishness, insatiable ambition, ravenous lust of power.

And these nations all believe themselves and are believed to be the most civilized on earth. Moreover, in the assurance of their belief, they have even felt themselves divinely called upon to carry that civilization of theirs to foreign lands, notably to the lands of the Far East, and to plant it among the "uncivilized," the "benighted heathens," with the aid of the *three B's*, Bible, Bayonet and Battleship. I have been privileged to travel somewhat among these "uncivilized," these "benighted heathens," and to see something of their domestic and social and industrial life, something of their beliefs, customs and practices, and reflecting upon these in the light of recent European carnages and brutalities and perfidies, I have been obliged to ask myself, time and again, "Who are the Civilized?"

The so-called "uncivilized" look with horror upon the crimes of the "civilized."

And conversations had by occidentals with some of the orientals in their own lands left little doubt as to whom the latter think the less civilized of the two. To what other conclusion can they come when they think of the white man's raids upon their lands and peoples and faiths, upon the massacres, pillages and rapines, which his greed and lust perpetrated upon defenceless peoples, whose only offence was that they possessed lands and peoples which the European desired, and that their color differed from that of the invader? The Eurasians—half-Europeans and half-Asians—now seen by the thousands and tens of thousands in the Orient, show only too clearly that color matters very little when it concerns the gratification of the white man's lusts. And the dirty work that is now being done by the Japanese, at the white man's command, and in despite of the white man's treaty with China, and in the interest of those who but a few years ago raised a loud cry against him as The Yellow Peril, shows but too clearly that the white man's cunning and perfidy are far more perilous to the human race than the yellowest and blackest color of the oriental.

What must these grievously wronged Chinese have thought of European civilization when they read or heard, some years ago, of the German Imperial farewell charge to soldiers, about to set sail for China, not to spare any nor to give quarter to any, that they are so to bear themselves that for generations to come the name of Christian shall strike terror into the hearts of the heathen—a farewell injunction which, history sadly records, was only too faithfully carried out by them and other "bearers of civilization" to oriental lands?

European crimes in China.

What must they have thought of the white man's civilization when a cruel war was forced upon them by the Englishman, because of their opposition to the introduction and sale of opium within their borders, a war that mercilessly slaughtered thousands of their people, levied heavy indemnity upon their nation, and robbed them of vast and valuable territory? Where the Chinaman rules not a drop of opium is permitted to be manufactured and sold; only where the European holds sway, Macao, for instance, a possession of the Portuguese, there the poisonous drug is produced from plants brought from British India, and is temptingly offered at the Chinaman's ruin, and at the white man's enormous enrichment.

What must the Chinese have thought of European honor and honesty when they compared the sacred regard in which they held their own treaties made with European powers with the latter's infamous violation of them, these regarding no pretext too insignificant or too immoral to justify their aggression, pirating from them vast areas of land, and harbors to such an extent that there is not left to China to-day one decent haven, along her own seaboard of 5000 miles length, in which to shelter her few ships. Can she help asking: What are the title deeds by which the European invaders hold territory on Chinese soil? By what right other than that of might, of robbery, of treachery, of violence, can they lay claim to what is not theirs?

And what must other oriental nations think of the civilization of those who came to them with the Bible at first, in order to introduce soon after the bayonet and the battleship, and the permanent rulership of the European? What tales of European civilization India can tell, and Egypt, and Boerland—

In India, Egypt, Boerland, and other oriental lands.

poor Boerland, where almost every village was a Louvain, where the Englishman tied women and children of the natives in a line, and placed them as a barricade in front of themselves, from behind which they cowardly shot at the husbands and fathers and brothers and sons, knowing that these would not endanger the lives of their dear ones by firing in return! What tales of suffering the people of the Congo Free State can tell, endured at the hands of Belgians; and the Persians, endured at the hands by both the Russian and the English; and the Javanese, endured at the hands of the Dutch; and Turkey, at the hands of Russia and Italy, of Greece and the Balkan states! It is the lamentation of more than one-half of the inhabited globe, every bit of it pirated, every part of it saturated with the heart's blood of the natives, shed in defence of their country and their home, of their liberties and their rights!

And you may hear stories of sufferings and wrongs nearer home, stories which will little tally with definitions of civilization that you have ever been taught, The Finns can tell you of flagrant violation by Russia of most sacred treaties and pledges, and of horrible punishment in Siberian mines for those who dared to raise their voice in just protest. The Poles can tell harrowing stories Russian tyranny and outrages. The Jews can tell of infamous cruelties and oppressions, of denial of the barest human rights, of expatriations and expulsions, of Kishineff massacres and Gomel pogroms, of restriction for habitation to a frightfully congested pale of settlement, of exclusions from the public schools, from the higher seats of learning and higher callings, of Beilis imprisonment and torture on the charge of having slaughtered a Christian lad to use his blood for ritual purposes, according to the requirement of the Jewish law; of insults and outrages such as have been so ably and vividly depicted for us recently by Miss Florence Reed in the play "The Yellow Ticket."

Nearer home, in Russia.

And what are we to think of the civilization of the Servians, of a people capable of such horrible murders as those which they visited upon their former king and queen, and recently upon the successor to the throne of Austria, and his wife, throwing the corpses of the former out of the window into the streets below, as if they had been the vilest dogs,

none of the murderers being held to account, some of them even receiving, shortly after, the blessing of the church at the coronation of their present king.

Yet other illustrations of present-day civilization we might give. We might speak of French learned societies expelling from their ranks scholars of renown, solely because they are citizens of Germany, with which country their own is engaged in war. We might speak of French savants returning with disdain titles and medals received from German universities or institutions. We might speak of Frenchmen putting under the ban German literature and music, as if the writers and composers of them—many of them long dead—had been in any way responsible for the present hostility between the two countries. We might speak of the rounding up and removing from their families and placing within prison camps of a large number of men of German birth who have lived in England for many years, pursued there their callings peacefully, and as profitably for England as for themselves, never gave the slightest occasion for questioning their loyalty to their adopted land.

In France, England and United States.

We might cite as illustration of high civilization those of our own country who, despite our President's entreaty for strict neutrality, despite their participation in national peace-prayer-meetings, despite their roundly scoring this or that nation for its responsibility for the present war, for the holocaust of slaughter it entails, and for the harvest of misery it ripens for the survivors, are nevertheless carrying on a profitable trade with belligerent nations by the shipment of large consignments of ammunition, weapons, gun-carriages, barbed-wire fencing, and the like, consignments running up into the millions of dollars. The interest of their pockets greedily approve what the logic of their hearts severely condems.

In the light of the facts we have cited, we must conclude that, if civilization mean what we have been taught it does, the nations of the earth are still far from it, notwithstanding their loud and frequent professions of it. If civilization does not mean fraternization of all, irrespective of differences of creed and color, of race and nationality; if it does not mean holding sacred and inviolable every man's rightful possessions; if it does not mean the full

What civilization should mean.

enjoyment everywhere and by all of every human liberty and of every inalienably right; if it does not mean the unhampered privilege of every one to develop his every faculty, and to follow his every rightful bent; if it does not mean the holding of every man innocent, no matter what the accusation against him, until he be lawfully proved guilty; if it does not mean the freedom of all to every cultural advantage; if it does not mean the right to worship God, or gods, in accordance with the dictates of one's conscience, and in the form and manner that best please the worshipper; if it does not mean the full enjoyment by every one, and be he the humblest, of the full rewards of his labor; if it does not mean the replacement of egoism by altruism, of animalism by humanism, of swords by plowshares and of spears by pruning-hooks,—if civilization does not mean all of this and more, it means little or nothing.

What society would mean under sway of real civilization.

Such a conception of civilization, such a living of it, would make war and its attendant cruelties and outrages inconceivable; would make unheard of such land piracies and such butcheries as are being practiced in oriental lands: would make impossible such missionary interferences and molestations as now harass followers of oriental religions, and frequently drive them, through desperation, to deeds of violence. Such a conception of civilization, and such living of it, would expunge forever the persecutions that are being visited upon Jews, the prejudices and ostracisms which they are made to suffer, even in this land, and at the hands of those who are pleased to think themselves the very cream of civilized society. Such conception of civilization, and such living of it, would remove forever every distinction between man and man because of differences of color or race, of creed or nationality, that are but accidents of birth, would show that, notwithstanding external differences, heart and soul are much the same in all, whether they be found in the orient or occident, whether the mouth pledge fealty to this flag or that, whether head bow in worship in synagogue or church, in pagoda or mosque, whether they be white or black, yellow or brown or any of the shades between.

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VOL. XXVIII Sunday, November 15th, 1914 No. 2

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II.

By Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

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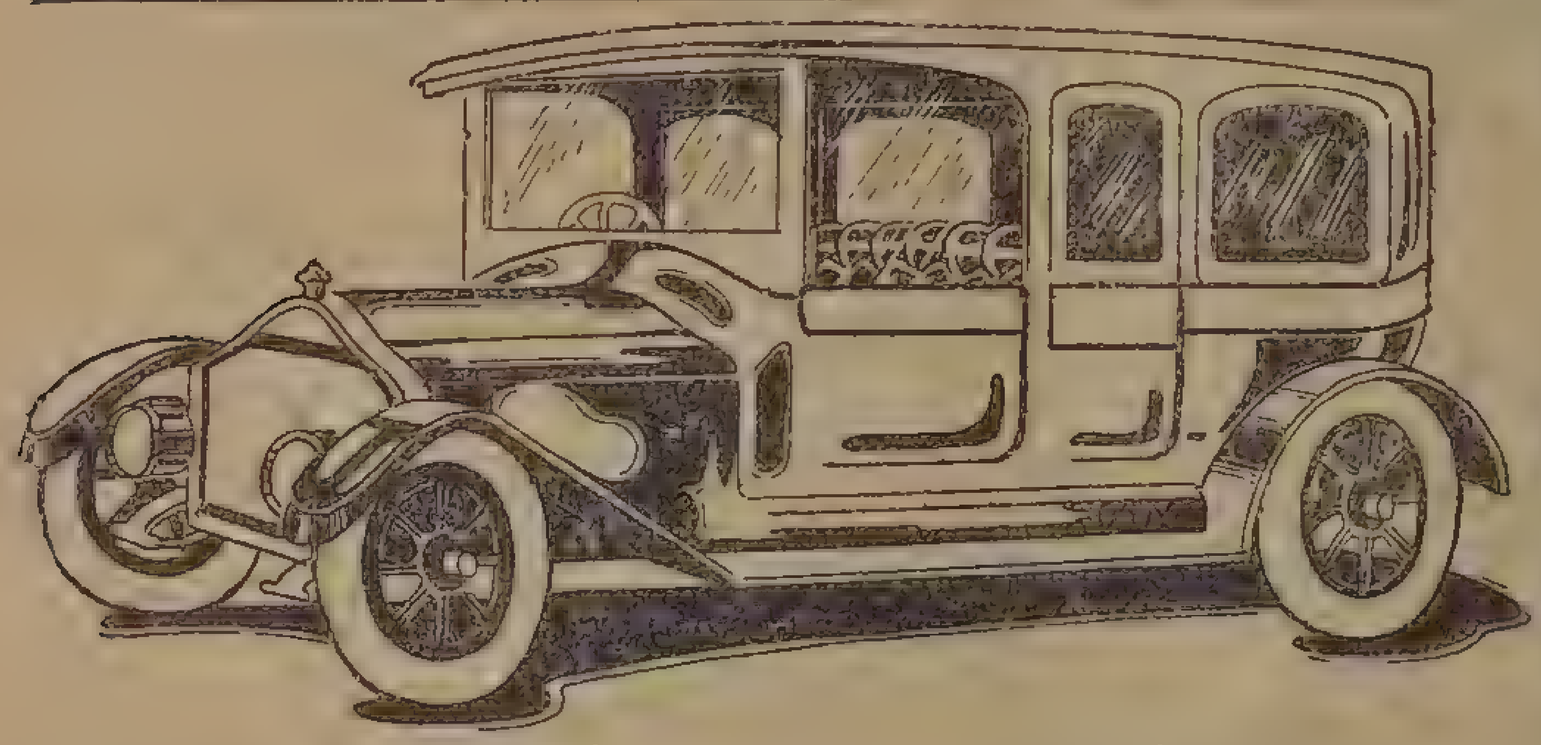
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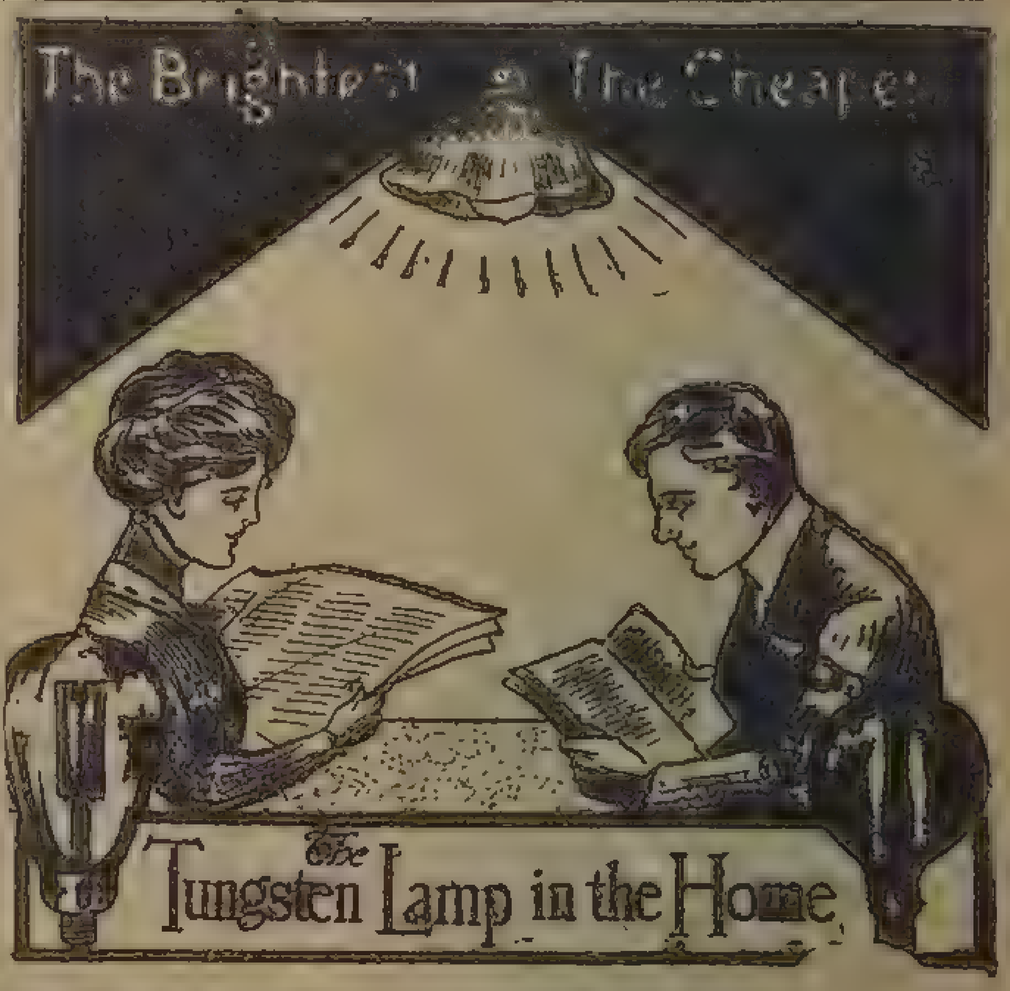
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II.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, November 8th, 1914.

Since my return from my pilgrimage through Asiatic and African lands, the question has been frequently asked: "Were you not afraid of the natives?" "Did you not have trouble among them?" "Have you been able to put up with their uncivilized ways?" At first, I found these questions quite amusing; repetition of them, however, furnished food for thought. It clearly showed how little is known of the civilization of the orient, and how greatly we overestimate our own.

Oriental civilization underestimated.

So low is the conception which the people of the Occident, in general, have of the people of the Orient, that not a few of them will probably feel inclined to doubt my statement that, in the five or six months which I passed among them, I experienced not a single incivility at their hands, that I neither saw nor heard of a single act on their part which could be regarded as savage or barbarous. Those of them who served me in the hotels or on the road were trustworthy, honest and well-behaved. What I saw of their domestic life led me to conclude that their family-ties are close and affectionate, that the honor of their womanhood is sacred, that their attitude towards parents and elders and superiors is reverential. Their religious beliefs, though differing much from ours, seem fully to answer the needs of their minds and hearts, and they pay their shrines a devotion even superior in fervor to that which we pay to ours. Notwithstanding almost insufferable impertinences, and unwarranted intrusions on the part of missionaries into the religious and domestic life of the orientals, branding beliefs and practices which are sacred and

Domestic and social and religious life of the Orient.

precious to the natives as absurd and damnable, these exercise a patience, a self-control, such as few of us would show were missionaries of theirs to treat our faith, as missionaries of some of our denominations treat theirs. If occasionally some of them do rise in opposition, it is because the insults offered their creeds pass beyond the bounds even of oriental endurance.

Little vice and crime in the Orient.

Barring one instance of slight tipsiness, observed at a Japanese picnic, I encountered not a single case of drunkenness on my oriental journey. Sobriety and frugality and industry seem the universal rule. Life and property are held sacred everywhere. With the exception of some piracy practiced on some interior waterways of China, by men said to be driven to it by the desperation of hunger, and occasional raids by wild Bedouins in the deserts, crime is little known. Even in cities where the population runs up to the hundreds of thousands and millions, as in China and Japan, there is scarcely a semblance of police control.

The modesty of their women.

The modesty of the oriental woman is especially noteworthy. Where she does not entirely veil her face in public, she draws a shawl in front of it, or covers it with her hand, when passing one of the opposite sex, Neither in Japan or China are the clothes of the women made to fit their figures, it being held immoral for a woman to reveal her outlines, or, as they phrase it, "to throw temptation into the eyes of men." In those regions where intense heat necessitates the wearing of but little clothes, in India for instance, modesty in no wise suffers from the paucity of them. Rigid laws of purity have made it their proverb, "We see nakedness but we do not look for it or at it." The occidental tourist is said to be the only one in the orient who offends in that direction. And those of the orient who have travelled in the occident emphatically declare that the paucity of their women's clothes, due to excessive heat, does not suggest the indecencies of our women's wear encountered at fashionable balls or at grand operas.

Marriage obligatory on all.

Bachelors and unmarried women are next to unknown in the orient. For every woman, they say, a man has been brought upon this earth; marriage is, therefore, not only the right but also the duty for the one

as much as for the other. Parents, they hold, commit a grievous sin who do not provide betimes a wife for their son, and a husband for their daughter, and the state, they add, endangers the morality of the community, if it does not enforce marital alliances among all its young people. The larger the family a woman raises the higher is the esteem in which she is held. The greatest misfortune that can befall a wife is said to be childlessness.

The dance with them, when performed by the reputable classes, is either a religious exercise or a pantomime performance of some tale of history or romance. The movements confine themselves to a few gestures of hands and arms, and a series of body-swayings. Round dances such as ours, performed by men and women together, in which the arm of man encircles the body of woman, excite in them the bitterest disgust. One can readily imagine what their opinion would be were they to see some of the latest dances, as performed by some of our up-to-date young people.

The decency of their dance.

Acts of charity are observable everywhere, and they are rendered, at times, at a self-sacrifice that is most touching. The performance of kindly deed is a religion with them, not, as with us, a service of economic necessity. Poor as they are, for the most part, there is generally a crust to spare for the one poorer still. Where that crust fails, personal service is rendered, the seeing leads the blind; the healthy nurses the sick; the strong supports the weak. The latch is generally on the outside, and the wayfarer is always welcome. No question is asked; no fee is accepted. The host gives the best he has; often he gives up his own bed, that the stranger may rest in comfort. Not a village in Palestine, but has its guest house, where travellers find free lodging, the villagers taking their turn in furnishing food. Invited for dinner at the home of a resident of Damascus, I sat waiting from six to eight o'clock in the evening to hear the summons to the meal. At length I was told by the head of the family, that, as soon as I was ready to eat they were ready to serve. Telling him that I had been waiting two hours long for the call, he told me that in the orient the guest owns the home, that his is the right to com-

Their charity and hospitality.

mand, and his host's the duty and pleasure to obey, that the guest's likes and dislikes become those of his entertainers as long as he is under their roof. Elsewhere I was told that under the tent roof of even the roughest Bedouin, the guest, be his race or religion or nationality what it may, is as safe as he is under his own.

No sight in the orient is as pleasing as the affection displayed by the elders towards the little ones. It is said that a Javanese father has never been known to strike a child, and the Dutch, who own and rule Java, put their safety, to a considerable extent, in the native's love of his family, feeling assured that the fear of endangering his family-ties will keep him from acts of violence or rebellion. A society for the prevention of cruelty to children is not to be found in all the orient, among orientals, and is said not to be needed. Neither have they need of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The religion of the high-caste Hindus endows certain animals with divinity, which belief keeps them not only from eating any meat, and from wearing anything made from any part of an animal, as leather shoes, for instance, but also from killing even a pestiferous insect. The charge that female infanticide is practiced by the Chinese is regarded by people who have lived amongst them for many years, and in closest intimacy, as a miserable invention.

Their love of children and care for animals.

Never in all the year is the Chinaman as unhappy as when on the last day thereof any of his debts remain unpaid. Rather than such a disgrace should befall him, he will part with his most valuable possessions, even with images of his household gods, and sacrifice them at any price, so as to be able to enter the new year free from debt, and declare it to all the world, by means of an emblem placed over the door of his home or shop, as is the custom of the land.

Their business integrity.

And a harder working-man than the Chinaman would probably be difficult to find, and according to general report, a more conscientious one. In positions of trust and confidence he is preferred even to the white man. In business dealings his word is said to be his bond. To be found guilty of a deception in business is regarded by

Their faithful service.

the Chinese merchant a disgrace that can be wiped out only with suicide. Occidentals feel never so safe as when they and their families are in the care of Chinamen. "Be loyal to the master whose rice you eat," is one of the teachings of their religion, and Chinese servants prove the beauty of that teaching by the faithfulness of their service. The faithfulness, however, which they give they expect in return. To a white man who distrusts them they quote one of the precepts of their great teacher Confucius, "If you mistrust a man do not employ him; if you employ him, do not mistrust him."

The only acts of violence that I saw in the orient were those committed by white men against natives. In Singapore I saw an hotel employee brutally slap a Chinese jinrikisha man because he had answered a call out of his turn. I saw the face of the latter flush with wrath, but the brutality remained unresented, because though there are only about 5000 white men in that city, against some 90,000 Chinese, such is the power of the white man's guns, that, no matter how much abused, the native dares not offer resistance. In another town an Englishman complained bitterly that his own Government proposed to hold him to account for having knocked down his Indian servant. No matter how high the standing of the native, no matter even if he be a Maharajah, the color line is drawn against him everywhere. He is never forgiven for God's mistake in making him black instead of white. The country club may occupy one of his seized palaces, yet his foot may never again cross its threshold. As an Indian prince, his son may be lionized at Oxford or Cambridge; returning to his native land, the snobbery of the conqueror excludes him everywhere. No exclusive social set may entertain him; no society lady dare dance with him. Being of darker hue, he must of necessity be regarded of inferior race. In such cities as Manilla, Philippine Islands, a vile American sailor ruffian will shove from the sidewalk, for no cause at all, a native gentleman, perhaps a graduate from one of the foreign universities, and with a blasphemous oath call him a "*nigger*."

The only violence that of foreigners.

The white man forces his way into oriental lands, and takes from them the best they have. If, in turn, some of their

Much taken from them; little given in return.

people want to settle in the United States, to earn there their bread, in return for hard and honest toil, they are chased away as if they were criminals or wild beasts, and told never again to set foot upon our shores. How, in the light of such wrongs the missionary can have it in his heart to go among them and to preach to them of brotherly love, of equality of all men in the sight of God, the Common Father, is beyond my comprehension. The equality they speak of must exist somewhere in heaven; there is no sign of it anywhere on earth. The brotherhood of which they mouthe so unctuously, may have a place in prayerbook or in sermon; in actual life it spells restriction and exclusion, degradation and contempt.

All too often is the mistake made of believing a man inferior because his color (due to exposure to intense heat) differs from ours, or of regarding his civilization lower than ours because his modes of life and beliefs, his customs and manners and institutions are unlike ours.

Because color differs, man not therefore inferior.

If all the truth were known, we would probably find that we are debtors to China for much which we regard best in our civilization. And if she had not been crippled by European and Asiatic conquerors, she might to-day have been further than we are in the march of progress. She was a nation of culture, when yet the ancestors of most of European countries roamed naked and houseless in the primeval forests, and subsisted on berries and raw meat. She possessed a University and a Public Library 1200 years ago. She knew the art of printing and of the manufacture of paper and published an Encyclopedia 900 years before they were known in Europe. She wove silk and decked herself with it at a time when Europeans still clothed themselves in hides. By her discovery of the mariner's compass and of gunpowder she revolutionized the world, and by her introduction of glass and porcelain she helped to beautify it. She built suspension bridges, canals, aqueducts, great engineering works, before European nations had yet started building mud roads. Her great wall, the greatest structure ever reared by human hand, 1500 miles long, climbing mountains, crossing valleys, clambering up the face of mighty

The occident debtor to the orient for discoveries.

precipices, was built 2000 years ago. The temperance movement and the trades unions, which we regard among the newest of new things, were established by her in her realm more than twenty centuries ago.

And what is true of China, is true of other oriental lands. In Palestine, India and Arabia rose the greatest of religious leaders. There, were written the greatest of sacred books, and enacted the greatest of moral and civil laws. There, was the foundation laid to the science of astronomy. There and in Egypt rose the first architects who planned with giant minds and wrought with giant hands. Damascus taught the world the art of tempering steel; Phoenicia the art of navigating the seas. The coppersmiths of Bagdad supplied the world markets with their wonderful products, before there were yet industries in Europe, worthy of the name.

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It is a mistake to believe that, great as these oriental nations were in the past, they are in a moribund state at the present time. If they are no longer what they have been, it is largely because they have not been permitted to be. War, misgovernment, imposition of heavy indemnities andt axes by foreign conquerors, and consequent impoverishment, have wrought havoc and stagnation. India that wrought so mightily in art and architecture, in craftmanship and agriculture, centuries ago, is capable of equal and better work at the present time. And they who see clearly see signs of an early reawakening.

The orient awakening.

In Japan that awakening has already taken place, and has lifted the people to startling heights. Scarcely a branch of industry, of commerce, of knowledge, of research, in which she does not equal the foremost of European nations. In her war with Russia, she gave ample proof what her army and navy can achieve through patriotism, perseverance and pluck. Her schools, from the lowest to the highest, are full to overflowing with her children, and the education they receive equals in thoroughness the best given anywhere in the world. "The time may not be far distant," said to me a European instructor in Japan, "when occidental students may come to Japan for a finishing touch." Japan has accomplished in five decades of years what took

The progress of Japan.

Europe five centuries to do, and if she be not interfered with, or clip her own wings by over-ambition or by following the evil lead of certain European powers, there is no telling to what heights she might attain in another century or two. Out of a cultivable land area equal to about one-half of the state of California, she raises sufficient food to feed her fifty millions of people. Better perhaps than any other nation of the world does she know the art of keeping a whole people happily employed and contented in spirit. Notwithstanding the great density of her population, her foresight and oversight make impossible such poverties and slums as infest even the greatest and richest of occidental cities.

The progress of China.

And China, too, is awakening, and all the more promisingly because of the long mental rest she has been forced to keep. A nation that can leap, as she has done, in a single bound, and with so little bloodshed, from the most oppressive of autocracies into a modern democracy, has in her the power for a great future. On all sides her people are preparing themselves for it. Her great cities teem with great men and great industries and enterprise. Reverence for the old flourishes side by side with enthusiastic admiration for the new. Schools of all kind abound, and are crowded with eager learners, ranging in years from early childhood to manhood. Telegraphs and telephones and railroads are spreading to all directions. Rich in resources, she is beginning to develop them with commendable zeal. Her cotton-mills and steel-mills are threatening to become powerful competitors of the sister mills of the occident. The gunpowder which she invented centuries ago to wrest the hidden treasures from the rocks, she is learning to put to European uses now. She is building up and is busily and skilfully drilling an army of four million men, an easy task for a nation whose population is one-fourth of that of the whole globe. She is rearing arsenals from which she turns out daily large quantities of munitions of war. Should she follow the European mode of conscription she could muster an army of sixty millions, with which, under able leadership, she could conquer the world. Allied with India and Japan, which nations together possess an other quarter of the population of the earth, and who could stand against them?

The orient is proving herself an apt pupil of the occident, and is giving promise of outstripping her teacher. She is gaining in strength and spirit, while the European powers are, with each day more and more, weakening themselves. When the strength of Europe shall have ebbed to the lowest, and that of the orient shall have reached the flood tide, the long-trodden worm may turn. There may be a terrible reckoning. It were well for the European nations, now sapping each other's heart's blood, to pause long enough in their carnages, to look forward and reflect. With such a menace back of them, even victory in Europe may mean ultimate defeat in the orient. What Napoleon said of China applies yet more powerfully to the whole orient: "There lies a giant sleeping," said he, "let him sleep, for when he moves he will move the world."

The orient a giant that may move the world.

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VOL. XXVIII Sunday, November 22nd, 1914 No. 3

WHO WILL BE THE CIVILIZED?

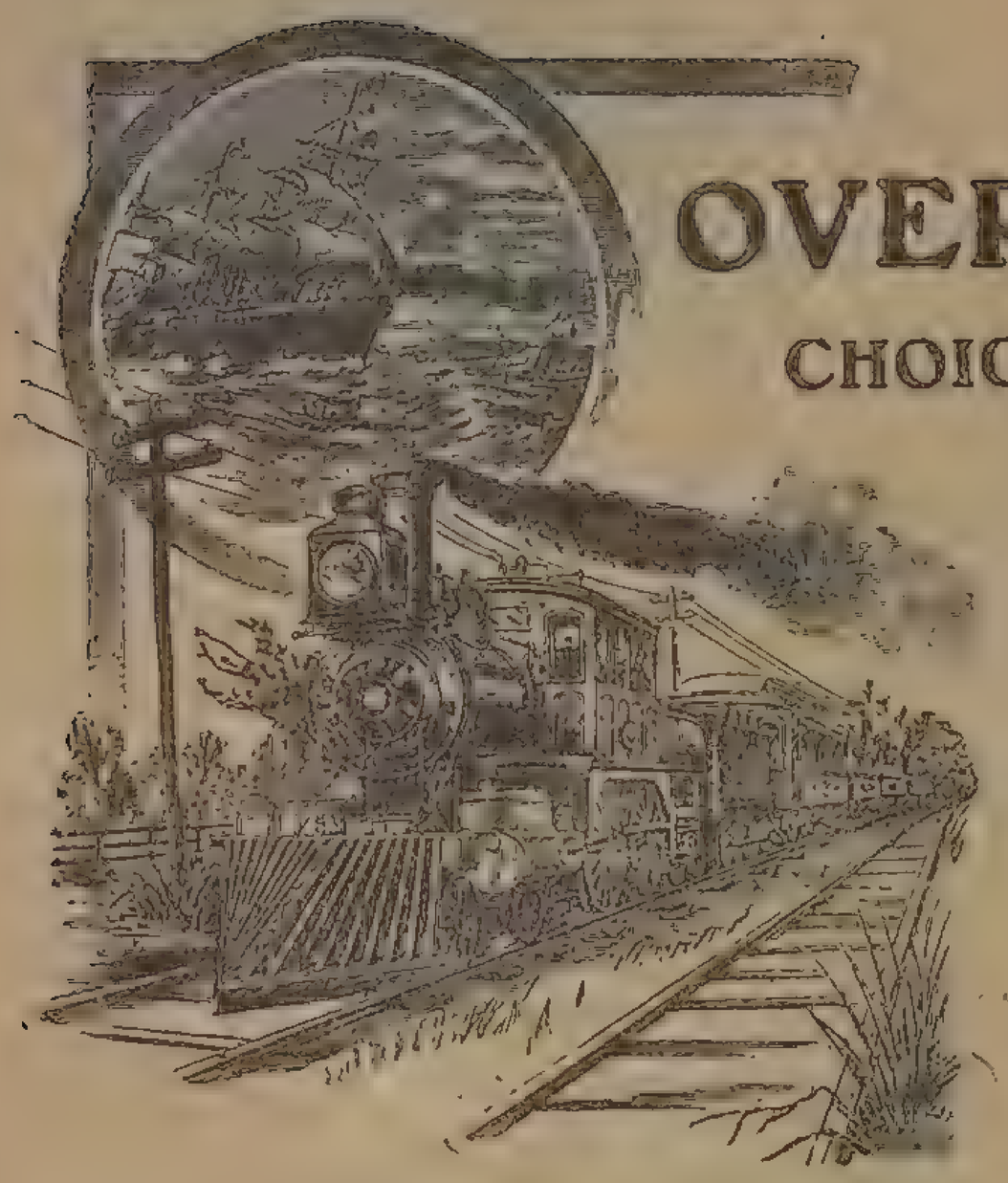
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By Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

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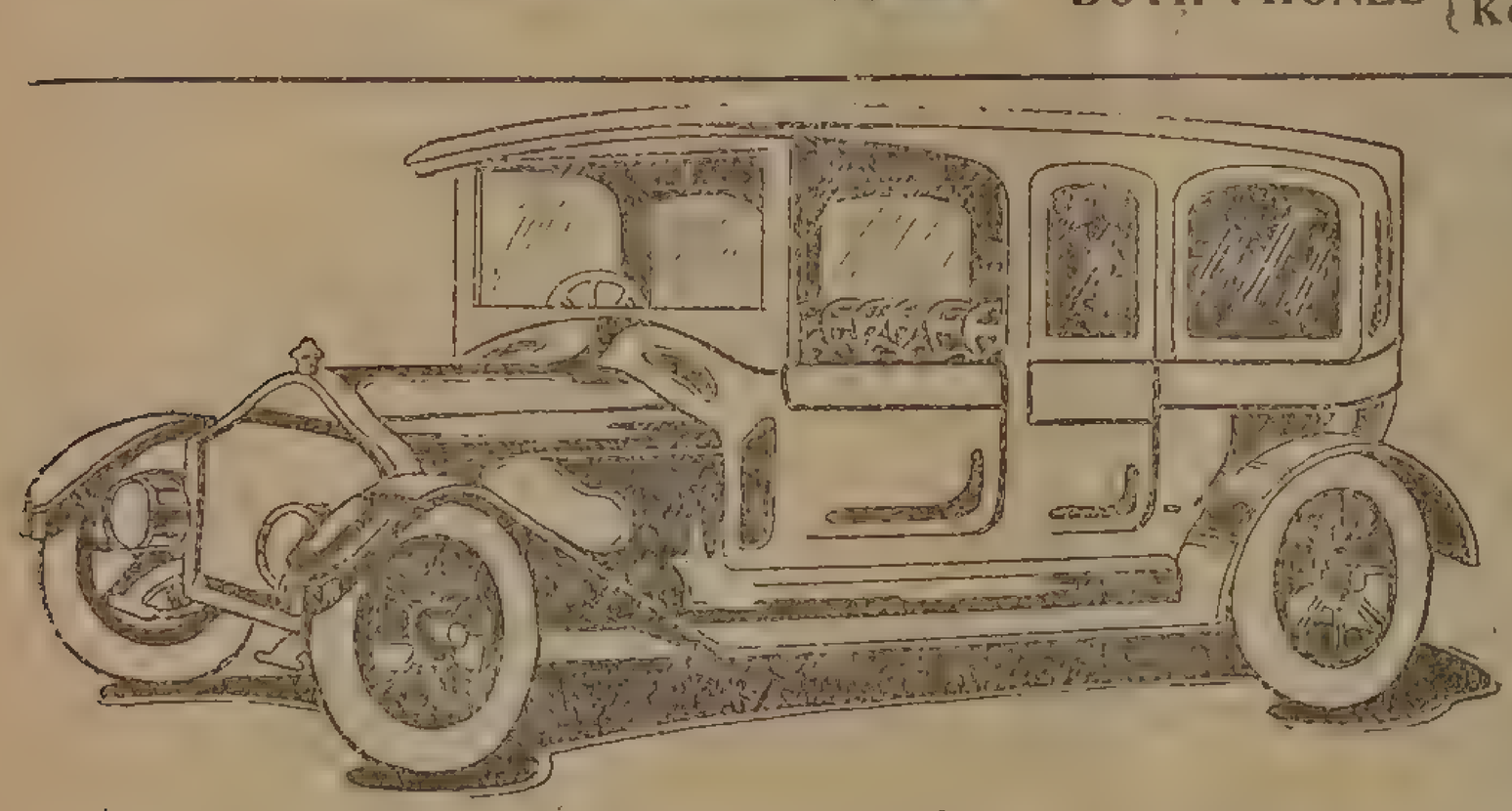
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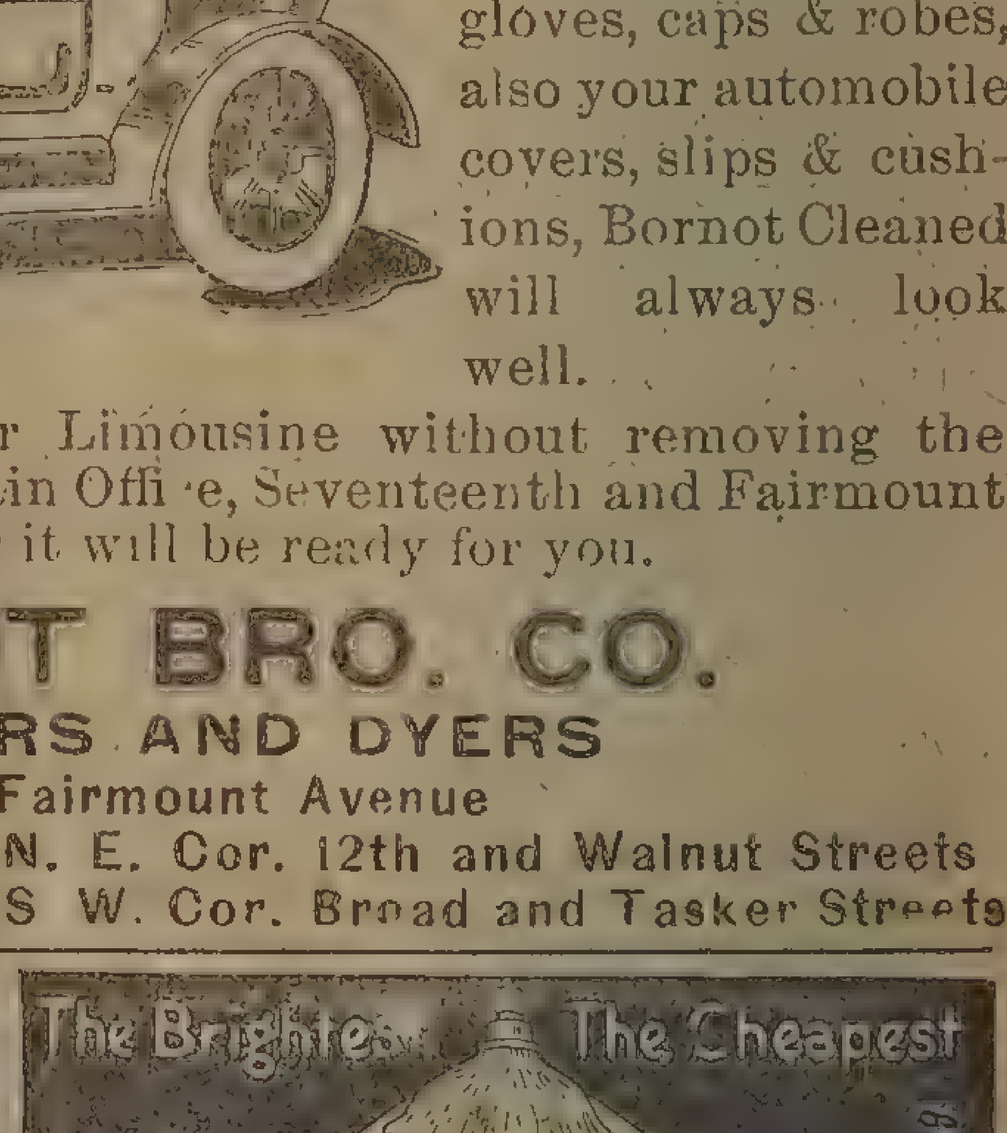
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Who will be the Civilized?

I.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

by

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, November 15th, 1914.

There died a short time ago, in high old age, Mr. Alfred Wallace, of London, an eminent scientist, who enjoyed the distinction of having been the co-discoverer with Darwin of the theory of evolution. Asked, at the occasion of his ninetieth birthday anniversary, to give an expression of the progress the world had made during his long life, he surprised his questioner not a little when he replied, that he had witnessed no real advance during his life-time, that his studies had led him to the conclusion that there has been no intellectual and moral progress from the days of the ancient Egyptians and Syrians down to the keel laying of the latest dread-nought. Notwithstanding a great accumulation of human knowledge, he continued, we are no better nor more clever than were the ancients. The builders of the pyramids, seven thousand years ago, knew as much of mathematics as Newton did. We know more of science in general than they did, but not of virtue. Look wherever we may, we see in the lives and actions of the people the consequence of crass ignorance and moral depravity. Economic and social diseases exist, that have no right to be, and that never existed before. Vices fester on the very surface of society, and are indulged in as much by the highest as by the lowest. Political wrongs and national outrages are committed, with none to say them nay. Trades are full of deceptions, and industries full of adulterations. Capital tramples upon labor, and labor outrages capital. From top to bottom, he concluded; our whole social system is rotten to the core.

Wallace's denial of progress in morals.

These severe strictures on the moral status of present-day society naturally evoked much comment and controversy. But the discussions were largely academic, and confined for the most part, to theologians and moralists. If a summation of their judgment could have been had, the verdict would probably have been, that the gloomy views of Mr. Wallace were due to the pessimism of old age.

Denial charged to pessimism of old age.

I remember such a verdict having been passed upon Lord Alfred Tennyson, at the occasion of his publication of the second part of his *Locksley Hall*, fifty years after he had written the first part thereof, in which second part, entitled "*The Lonely Lord*," he drew a picture of present-day society even darker than that of Wallace. In it he spoke of progress halting on palsied feet, of crime and hunger casting our maidens by the thousands on the street, of city children soaking and blackening soul and sense in city slime, while we are proudly boasting of science, and glorying our time; of masters skimping the haggard sempstress of her daily bread; of single, sordid attic rooms holding the living and the dead.

Corroborated by Tennyson.

And some such verdict I remember having been passed upon Emerson, in disapproval of his declaration, shortly before his death, that society has not advanced at all, that it has receded as fast on one side as it has gained on the other, that our progress is only apparent, not real, like that of the workers of a treadmill, that for everything that is given, something is taken, that while we are acquiring new sciences we are losing what is far more valuable—old virtues.

And by Emerson.

Those intimately acquainted with these distinguished writers, assure us that they were anything but pessimists, that none were fonder than they of looking at the bright side of things. That they also saw the dark side was because their trained minds, their seeing eyes and hearing ears and feeling hearts, would not let them do otherwise. They knew the ancient world from close study of its literature and monuments and other remains; and they lived in the heart of the modern world, not as mere closet students, but as close observers of modern con-

Were close students of modern evils.

ditions and tendencies, and, comparing the old with the new, they could not but feel disappointed at the little moral progress that had been made.

Some time has passed since these men uttered their strictures, and so much has taken place in that space that, had their statements quoted been made at the present time, some of those who questioned their truthfulness then, might in these days have been the very first to applaud them. If to criticize they might have wished at all, it might have taken the form of complaint that the strictures had not been severe enough. Keen as had been the observations of the writers quoted, even they could probably not have foreseen such a debacle of morals as is now engulfing the civilization of the greater part of the inhabited globe.

Their conclusions generally accepted to-day.

If so distinquished a churchman as the Rev. W. S. Rainsford can publicly question the Christianity of the Christian nations now engaged in war, can ask how they dare to kneel to God in prayer, and then rush forth to kill their fellowmen; if a preacher, such as the Rev. S. Monroe, of the Episcopal church of New York, can exclaim in the columns of the New York Evening Post: "What a spectacle we Christians are to the non-Christian world, whom we in our self-glory call heathens;" if a preacher, such as the Rev. Dr. Frederick Lynch, can invite the attention of the world to the horrors that are now being perpetrated by peoples calling themselves Christians, rushing with bestial thirst for blood, to rip their brothers' bowels out, swearing eternal hatred against men whom they have never known, putting the firebrand to peaceful homes and sacred altars, sending adrift, from besieged and burning cities, helpless women with little babes in their arms, and, at their sides, little, cold, hungry, tired boys and girls, hardly old enough to walk, the terror-stricken mothers not knowing whither to turn for safety, where to rest their weary heads at night, or to obtain a morsel of food, or how to defend themselves against the passions and lusts of their persuers; if newspapers and magazines can publish cartoons purporting to show the collapse of religion and morals in the twentieth century, such as the one picturing an African chief reading an account of the atrocities of the present European

Disappointment of churchmen over ineffectiveness of religion.

war, and saying : "Ugh, The Dirty Heathens !" or representing a Chinese answering a missionary, who is urging him to become a Christian : "No ! No ! Chinese can never learn to shoot well enough to be Christians"—if such things can be said and published (and they might have been published with equal truthfulness of peoples of our faith, had they been of the great nations of modern Europe), then it is highest time for a thorough stock-taking of our morals, highest time for asking ourselves whether we are better than they whom we call heathens, or even as good, whether we have made progress at all, whether our civilization is even as advanced as was that of peoples of thousands of years ago.

Much of our trouble has lain in our all too great satisfaction with ourselves, in our cocksureness that the like of us has never been before, and would likely never be again, that we are about as near perfection as humanity may ever hope to be. It was in the haughtiness of that spirit that we, with much converting at home to do of self and others, with little of God in our hearts, spoke of certain oriental peoples, who are fairly saturated with the spirit of God, as heathens, and regarded ourselves as the divinely appointed agents to convert them to our own superior religion, and, after spending millions of dollars upon them, actually succeeded in making a number of them worse than they had been before. It was in our overweening self-conceit that we hugged the delusion that, because we enjoyed certain material advantages over our ancestors, certain comforts and conveniences which they never possessed, we were, therefore, not only infinitely happier than they but also infinitely better.

Mere material progress mistaken for highest civilization.

Centered in this belief, we began, and continue, to make much of things material and little of things spiritual; much of mind, and little of soul; much of gold and little of God. The more brazen some of our women grow, the more superior they think themselves to the unsophisticated dames of bygone days, who shrank from smoking cigarettes, or from drinking intoxicating liquors, or from deporting themselves in a manner to bring the blush of shame upon the cheeks of virtue. The more familiar sporting terms grow upon our lips, the less move they in prayer.

Sensualism usurps spirituality

The more we remember of salacious dialogues in modern problem plays the more we forget the commandments of the decalogue. The more haughtily the head is carried the less inclined is it to bow in worship. We speak with awe of secular studies, and with ridicule of lessons of the religious school. We crowd the theatres and music halls, and desert the churches and prayer meetings. We have honor for entertainers, and contempt for preachers. We deem the stock-exchange, the broker's office, the bank, the bar, the shop, the legislative hall, a far fitter place for a man of talent than the teacher's desk or the preacher's pulpit. We set higher value upon the acquisition of wealth than upon the acquisition of virtue. We regard no age too old for the acquisition of proficiency in the latest dances, and we display in the acquiring of it a zeal which, expended upon gaining other and far more needed knowledge, would yield far richer returns. On the invention of life destroying agencies—on farther-reaching projectiles, on faster-killing guns, on deadlier explosives, on newer machineries for slaughtering thousands and tens of thousands, on newer means of getting at an enemy through the air or under the water—the heads of the foremost nations of the earth are readier to expend millions and billions of dollars than for life-ennobling, for life-saving and life-protecting agencies, especially for agencies making for the cementing of the peoples of the earth into closer ties, for uniting the nations into lasting bonds of peace and good-will.

Cast your eyes forward, and what is it that you see? The bony fingers of lean and lank and hollow-eyed poverty at the throats of millions of people. Cholera and other pestilences, the accursed companions of all wars, making their ghastly entrances into the lands, and casting their fatal spell upon thousands who escaped shot and shell. Thousands of wives widowed in the prime of their years. Thousands of parents robbed of the light of their lives, of the prop of their old age. Thousands of children robbed of their right to the love and care of a father. Thousands of farms laid waste, of businesses destroyed, of homes ruined, of careers blasted, of accumulations of a life-time swept away. Bitter hatreds planted deep into the hearts of men, which not the next fifty or a hundred years will succeed

Worse to follow.

in eradicating. International conferences and conventions in the interest of the higher humanities stopped, probably for scores of years. Faith in God, in justice, in humanity, in progress, shaken, if not wholly shattered.

Is this the fruitage of the civilization of the centuries? Have all the preceding ages bequeathed to us the best they had that we might produce nothing better than this? Is this to be our legacy to the generations that shall succeed ours?

Is this fruitage of centuries of civilization?

All too long have we believed that progress lies only in the growth of science, in the dissemination of learning, in the spread of commerce, in the increase of inventions, in the introduction of machineries, in the development of the arts and industries, in the accumulation of wealth.

Mere knowledge and polish puffed up our conceit.

All too common has been the belief that they are the most civilized who have the most learning and the most art, who wear the most fashionable clothes, and have the most polished graces and manners, who live in houses equipped with the latest improvement, and who surround themselves with the greatest ease and comfort.

We see our error now. We see that a man may live in a palace, and have the manners of a Lord Chesterfield, and yet have the heart of a savage. We see that a man may have graduated from the greatest of universities, and have read no end of books, and speak fluently half a dozen tongues, and be conversant with a dozen sciences and arts, and have amassed great riches, and yet be capable of bringing more misery into the world than could a whole nation of people, whose learning extends little beyond the three R's, if as much as that, who know little or nothing of modern comforts, whose clothes are few, and possessions small, and who have of graces and manners none at all.

Error recognized.

I know of no better definition of civilization than: *a state of society in which prevails the greatest amount of human happiness and the least amount of human suffering.*

Definition of civilization.

Gauged by that definition, and which of the peoples of the earth may we class as the most civilized? Gauged by that

definition, and a simple, contented, industrious, peaceful people, such as I beheld in Java, may be far more civilized than those of our own country, or of the foremost nations of Europe.

Near approach to it seen in orient.

What degree of civilization may we claim for ourselves, when remembering the physical and moral filth that is reeking out of the slums of our large cities, the cry of hunger and misery that rises out of the tenements of the poor, at the very same time when the wildest and costliest revels resound in the mansions of the rich?

Lack of civilization seen in slums.

What degree of civilization may we claim for ourselves when we think of our divorce courts severing in some of our states one marital alliance out of every seven, of our police courts busy day and night, of our policemen, standing guard, armed with pistol and club, of the bitterness between employer and employee, of the religious prejudices and racial hatreds that poison the hearts of men against each other?

In courts.

What degree of civilization may we claim for ourselves when we see one of the leading newspapers of the land dividing its front page with accounts of a base ball championship game and the fall of Antwerp, the game receiving the place of preference, albeit the fall meant the slaying and crippling of thousands of human beings, and havoc and ruin to a proud and busy seaport town—a catastrophe that well deserved not only the first page but also all the other pages of that issue being bordered in black?

In press.

What degree of civilization may we claim for ourselves, when we read, as we did the other morning, of a home being stormed in this city, because a reputable colored family, in the full exercise of its citizenship and human rights, had seen fit to rent it, and of violence being threatened its members, if they did not speedily remove themselves from the immediate environs of the so-called respectable white people?

In prejudice.

What degree of civilization may we claim for ourselves, when we see society people paying a $5 bill for a delicacy or two, or for a bottle of choice wine with which to tickle their surfeited palates, when not many squares away from them there are poverty-stricken families

Among society people.

that have not a 5c piece with which to buy the needed loaf of bread; when we see young people spending little fortunes on orchid bouquets, on automobile hire, on no end of sweets and other needless extravagances, while regiments of unemployed laboring people walk the streets, in vain search for work and wage, while almost every one of the hundreds of charities in this city clamor for more means to relieve suffering and distress?

What degree of civilization may we claim, for our sending, on the one side, one or two shiploads of clothes and food to succor the needs of war sufferers, and, on the other side, tens of shiploads of ammunitions of war, which are more to cause a continuation of war-suffering for months, perhaps for years to come?

What degree of civilization may we claim, for our raising loud cries of indignation at Germany for violating the neutrality of Belgium, when we ourselves violate the neutrality pledged to the belligerent nations at the outbreak of the war, by furnishing money and means to some of the belligerent nations to help them in their warfare against their opponents?

Our course reminds me very much of a shrewd glazier, who would occasionally walk through certain densely populated districts and distribute gratis to the boys, small, hard rubber balls and traverse that district on the following days with his kit upon his back, calling aloud, "Windows to mend!" His liberality effected a large smashing of window panes, and consequently a profitable investment. And so a goodly number of our people expend 1% in war charity to make their 10% in the prolongation of the war, which their charity helps to bring about and which prolongation means continued orders for war materials and war funds.

Is it to be wondered at that Wallace and Tennyson and Emerson declared, at the heights of their long and studious and observant lives, that modern society had made no advance over the ancients in intellect and morals, that our progress halts on palsied feet, that, for every new fact of science gained, an old virtue has been lost? Is is surprising that some of the foremost of our churchmen are obliged to admit the sad truth that religion has failed to tame the beast in man?

Accepting the definition of civilization we have given, it follows as a consequence that they are the most civilized who contribute most to the increase of human happiness, and to the lessening of human suffering. Applying that standard to the nations now engaged in war, nothing can be clearer than that each has placed itself beyond the pale of civilization, and that every individual, who handles a weapon with which to destroy or injure his fellowman, is no more civilized than the Fiji Islander on the war path. Applying that standard, every nation not engaged in war but preparing for it, training its soldiers and marines for the purpose of inflicting death or suffering upon their fellowmen, lacks the fundamental principles of civilization.

Warring nations no more civilized than Fiji Islanders

Applying that standard, every man and every woman, indebted for all they are and have to the brain and brawn of their fellowmen, to those who have lived before and to those who live in the present, far away and near, are false to every principle of civilization, if they are wrapt up wholly in themselves, if they know no other needs than their own needs, no other sufferings but their own, if they do not take an active, helpful interest in all that concerns the good and welfare of humanity, if the report of other people's sorrows does not come to them laden with a call to do all in their power to relieve, to solace and to soothe.

Self-centered people uncivilized.

Not until we shall have learned to appreciate to the fullest the great teachings of Moses, of more than three thousand years ago: to *love our neighbor as ourselves*, and to practice it in our daily lives, not until then shall we be worthy of being called civilized.

When men will love their neighbors as themselves. they will be civilized.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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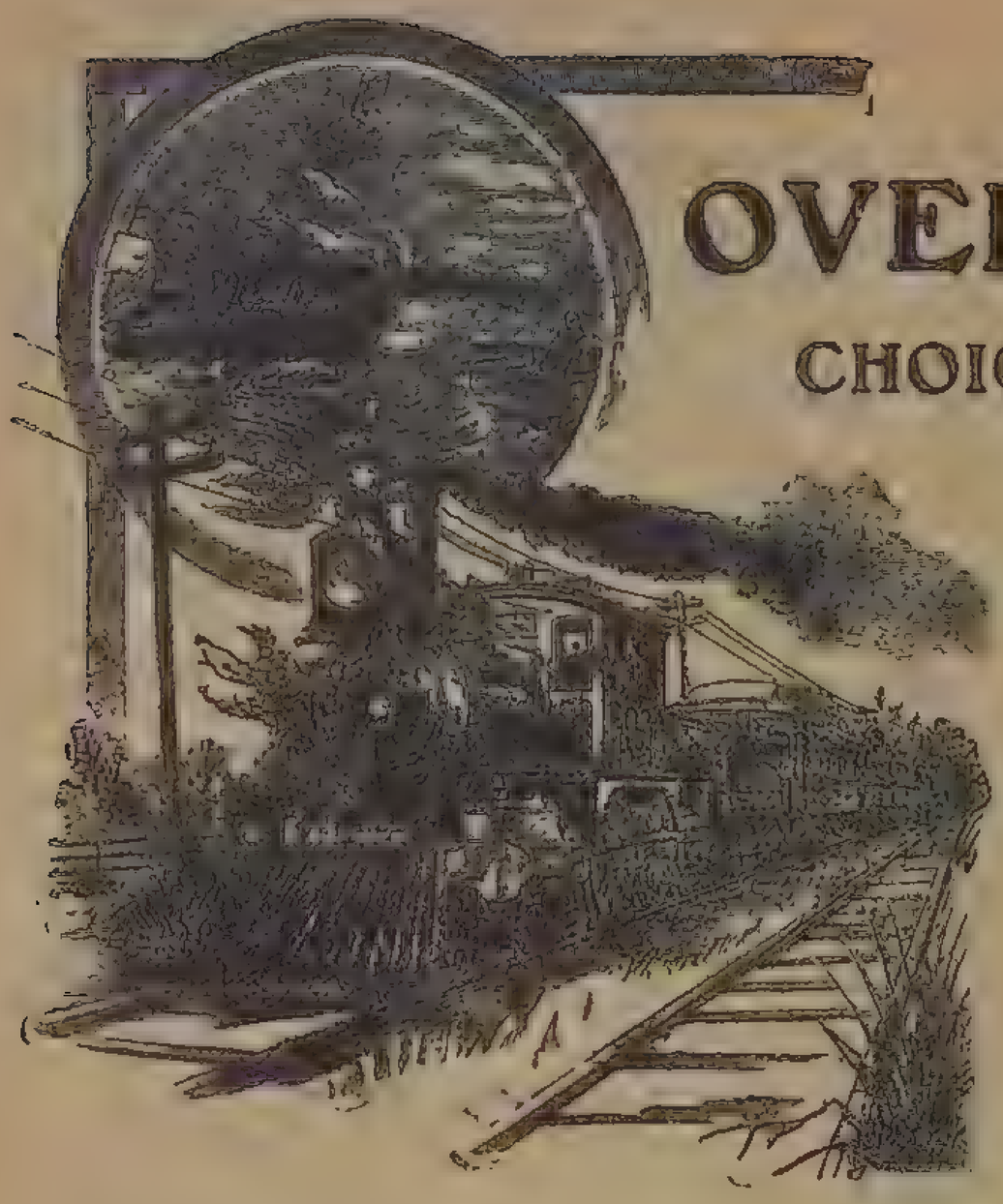
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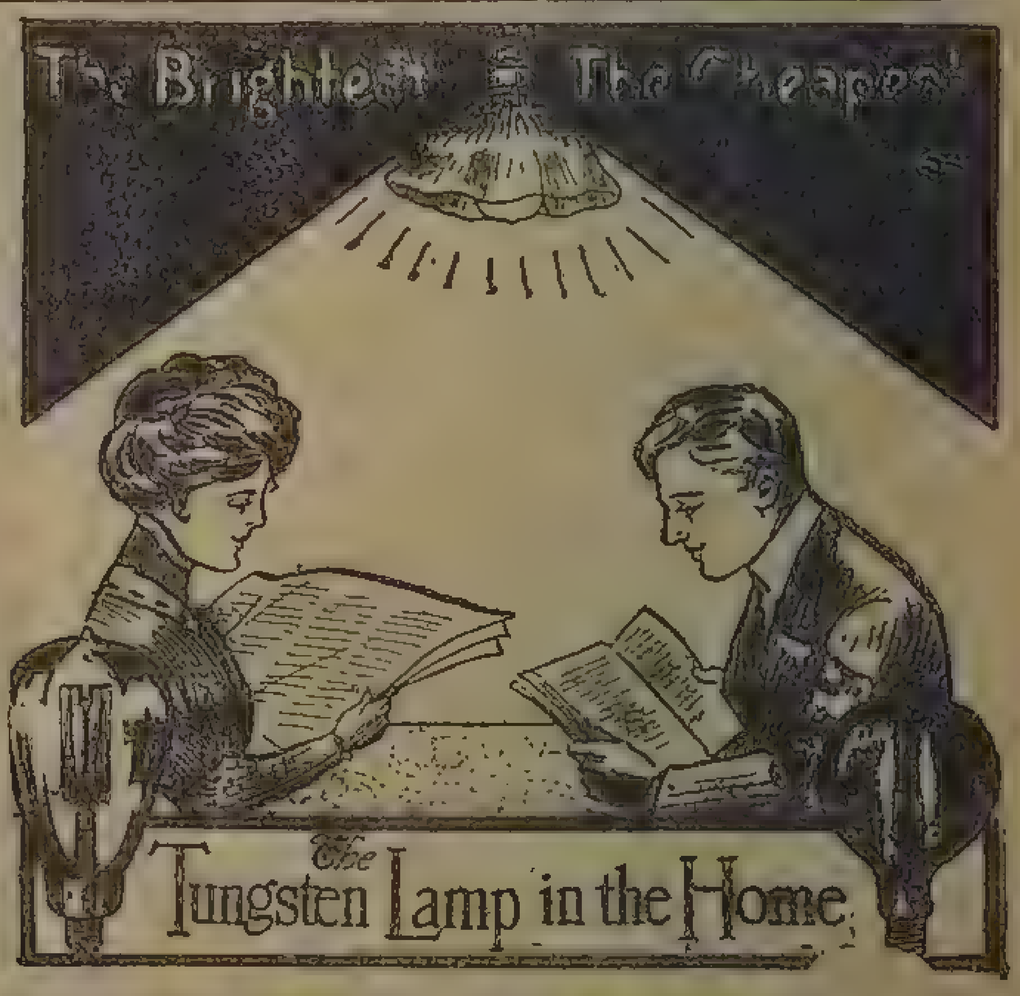
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II.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, November 22nd, 1914.

There are those who cannot accept the statements, made by the distinguished writers whom I quoted in last week's discourse, that modern society has not advanced beyond the ancients in intellect and morality, that real progress stopped progressing thousands of years ago.

Some cannot believe that we have not progressed over ancients.

"What of our railroads and telegraphs, our cables and telephones?" they ask, "What of our steam power and electricity, and wireless communications over distances of thousands of miles? What of our newspapers that tell us daily the news of all the world? What were their oxcarts compared with our automobiles, their canoes with our steamships, their scythes with our mowing machines, their tallow dips with our electric light, their goose quills with our type-writers, their mud huts with our sky-scrapers? What of the other great things we have done, and are doing," they ask, "of which the ancients never as much as dreamed? We tunnel mountains, we dam mighty rivers, we convert deserts into gardens, we annihilate space and time, we connect oceans, and pin the ends of continents together. We build engines that rob labor of its drudgery, and that do the work of hundreds of men. We exterminate famines and pestilences, and wrest from the lightning its power of doing harm. We perform marvels of healing greater than those which fancy has recorded in books of miracles. Through shorter hours and larger wages, our laborers enjoy advantages of which the working people of former ages never even heard. We expend well-nigh countless millions of dollars annu-

They cite proofs of progress.

ally on educational and charitable institutions. All this, and more, we do," they say, "how then can we help believe that modern society is far in advance of that of ancient days?"

The eminent scholarship of the writers quoted may serve as proof that they were as well acquainted as we are with the great inventions and discoveries and achievements of modern times. And the great care they bestowed in all their writings clearly shows, that they were not given to using language recklessly. The word "progress" had a meaning for them which manifestly it has not for many of us. To them it meant, what its origin indicates, "going forward," and by "going forward" they understood other things than passing into greater ease and comforts, into lesser drudgeries and hardships. To them "progress" meant reaching out for the higher humanities, for the eternal verities. It meant breaking every shackle of animalism, all arbitrary class distinctions between man and man, all prejudices and hatreds because of differences of race or creed or nationality, all greeds and jealousies, all wrongs and injustices, that make for poverty and vice and crime, that create many of our diseases, most of our charity-needs, most of our strifes and discords and cruel wars. To them it meant the attainment of the age, long dreamed of by the prophets and bards of old, when all men will live in peace with one another, and pursue in common their common good, when every man will live and labor in the consciousness that in his brother's welfare lies his own welfare, that in the happiness of all lies the happiness of each.

Proofs show wrong conception of progress.

And who dare claim that this ideal of progress has been attained, or that we are any nearer to its attainment than were our Palestinian ancestors or the ancient Greeks.

Real progress not yet attained.

It is true, the ancients knew nothing of railroads and steamships, of telegraph and telephone. But no less true it is that their simple modes of life, the smallness and closeness of their settlements, for the most part agricultural, had little need of faster modes of travel, or of speedier means of communication. Each generation secures for itself what it most needs. Necessity was as much the mother of invention then as it is now.

When they felt the need of pyramids, they found the means of constructiug them, and reared them in a manner so marvellous that, though seven thousand years have since passed, they have defied the ravages of time and man, and they rival in their wonderfulness the greatest work our age has brought forth.

Ancients' lack of modern conveniences no proof of their backwardness.

When they felt the want of art, the artists appeared, and they created works of genius so indescribably beautiful that the like of them has not been wrought to this day.

When they felt the need of literature, the writers responded to their call, and produced narratives and epics, hymns and orations, that have served as models to all the world of what is best in the art of writing; when laws of conduct they needed, they enacted codes and systems that have remained the standards of ethics and legislation for half the world.

When iron tools and implements and weapons of war they needed, they found the ore and smelted it, and invented the forge to aid them in shaping it into the desired form.

When clothes or ornaments they wanted, they invented the loom and the distaff, and developed the potter's and dyer's art, and the silver and gold-smith's skill, and with their aid they produced silken and woolen apparel, and jewelry and vases and urns, that are marvels of beauty, and treasures of art, when seen even at this day in the museums of Cairo or Athens.

When the fever of extravagances and luxuries and entertainments seized upon them, they built their great coloseums, their vast public baths, and surrounded themselves in their homes and palaces with fineries and elegances probably unequalled this day,—as may still be seen in the unearthed city of Pompey, in the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, of the Golden House of Nero, of Hadrian's Villa, of the palaces of the Caesars on the Palatine Hill of Rome.

Considering the remote time when the ancients wrought these wonderful things, and the little of antecedent knowledge which they had for their legacy, I cannot but regard their achievements as infinitely greater than ours, seeing that they and all the ages after them have served us as guides and teachers.

Considering their time, their achievements greater than ours.

The work that is entirely of our own origination is no greater in value than is that which was originated by the ancient Egyptians or Hebrews or Greeks. As a Marconi would have been impossible without an Edison, and an Edison without a Morse, and a Fulton and a Stephenson without a Watt, so would all that we boast of to-day as the glory of the 20th century been impossible, if our century had not been preceded by the 13th and 7th and 5th centuries before the common era, in Egypt and Palestine and Greece, respectively. There was as much genius in the invention of the alphabet as in the discovery of the X ray; as much science in the construction of the first water-raising screw along the Nile as in the construction of the dam at Assuan; as much skill in the quarrying and transporting and raising of the obelisk of Karnak as in the rearing of the Eifel tower of Paris; as much thought and patience in taming wild beasts into domestic animals, and domesticating wild plants into nourishing and palatable food, as in all the work that is now being done by such men as Burbank. In all likelihood, the world will, two thousand years hence, be, in material things, as far in advance of us as we are in advance of those who lived two thousand years ago, and it would, indeed, be small thanks to us, if our remote posterity would think as lightly of our achievements, as many of us think of the achievements of our ancestors that have made possible our own.

I, too, had been of those who believed in the great superiority of the moderns over the ancients. But that was before I had strayed among the ruins and remains of antiquity, and before I had availed myself, during my recent leisure summer days, of the courtesy extended by the Royal Library of Munich for a study of rare and scholarly works treating on the lands I visited. When the poet said:

Have myself been believer of inferiority of ancients.

Willst den Dichter du verstehen,	Wouldst thou the poet understand
Musst du in Dichter's Lande gehen.	Then visit thou the poet's land.

he might, with equal truth, have added, if the orient and ancients you would know, it is to their lands that you must go.

Nearly all my life had I studied Biblical scenes and Biblical themes, but I never understood them as I have since

my feet trod the soil of Palestine. An indescribable feeling comes over one, when he realizes to the fullest that he is walking the same highways over which the prophets and bards and lawgivers of ancient days made their way, that he sees the people of the present living and acting in almost the same manner in which the great tribunes of old saw them, when they addressed and admonished them. Their words acquire a more luminous meaning than they ever possessed before, and their appearance assumes a diviner form. What sweetness and gentleness when they appeal; what righteous indignation when they denounce! What earnestness when they enunciate eternal truths! What lofty conception of right and justice is theirs; what yearning for intertribal love and international peace! They know no fear even in the presence of tyrants; for the sake of the oppressed and down-trodden they dare all, and risk their all. No statesman to-day would dare to speak to his ruler words such as the prophets Nathan and Elijah and Daniel spoke to theirs. Not a law of righteousness, not a conception of virtue, not a provision looking to the protection of the poor and helpless, of the widow and orphan and stranger, which they did not enunciate, which they, if possible, did not enact. How small some of the big men of our day seem along side of these giants of Biblical times!

Have been cured of it in Biblical lands.

Similar feelings possessed me, when I wandered among the colossal ruins of ancient Egypt; when I stood in front of the mighty pyramids, and penetrated into the heart of one of them; when I gazed upon the great sphynx of Gizeh, and passed, through an avenue of lesser ones, into a wilderness of the most gigantic assemblage of temple—and palace—ruins which the world has ever seen. Smaller than the smallest dwarf seemed proud man of the twentieth century in the presence of these enormities of heights and weights and splendor. What towering intellect they still display! What daring feats of execution! What marvellous enterprise: quarrying single blocks of granite weighing hundreds of tons, transporting them hundreds of miles, and raising them hundreds of feet high, without the aid of such lifting agencies as we possess to-day! What knowledge of all the technicalities and intricacies of architectural calculation and construction!

In Egypt.

And like feelings seized upon me, when I visited the sites of the ancient Grecians, sites among the most sacred to the memory of man, where they fought so nobly for liberty, and wrought so ably for civilization.

In Greece.

What words can describe the spell that is cast upon the traveller, who, for the first time, mounts the heights of the Acropolis, enters the sacred precincts of the Parthenon, casts his eyes over the city of Athens, and far out upon the sea, and upon the hills and mountains bordering upon it, whose every inch has helped to make history of the most entrancing kind, has aided in producing art that has never had its equal in all the world!

The spell of the Acropolis.

How all the modernity of modern Athens dwindled into insignificance alongside the glorious ruins of the proud city of the ancient Greeks! In those ruin-strewn streets below taught Socrates. In yonder groves, once known as the Academy and the Lyceum, Plato and Aristotle gathered their disciples about themselves. From yonder eminence Pericles and Demosthenes addressed the people. On the stage of the open-air, marble-seated theatre below, Sophocles and Euripides and Aeschylus produced their great tragedies. In the awe-inspiring temple built by Phidias, the greatest work of art that genius ever reared, stood the statues of gold and marble which his own hands and those of Praxiteles and others had wrought. Far within yon mountains lived and sang the greatest of all poets, the blind yet all-seeing Homer. Yonder are the scenes of the great victories of Themistocles and Miltiades, and in the hills back of them brave Leonidas taught all the world how to dare and die for a righteous cause. There was the country that produced within a single century (530-430 B. C. E.) more men of highest genius, in statemanship and leadership, in philosophy, literature and art, than has any other people or any other age, before or since.

All the different styles of architecture that have been tried since the days of Phidias: the Roman and the Renaissance, the Saracenic and the Moorish, the Gothic and the Colonial, not one of them has surpassed or has even approached that of the ancient Greeks in beauty of form and proportion, in perfection of simplicity and harmony. In simplest lines they effected beauties which others

Supremacy of ancient Greeks in architecture.

could not reach even by richest ornamentation. Their innate artistic genius and their subtle knowledge of optics produced results, the secret of which even the closest students of art did not discover until but recently: the avoidance of straight lines, the almost imperceptible curving of long, horizontal lines, to prevent the appearance of sagging; the slight inward bent of perpendicular lines to prevent their seeming bending outward; the doweling of joints so perfectly as to make them scarcely perceptible; the wonderful grace of form despite gigantic massiveness. Contrast the best that modern architecture has produced with the best of that of the ancient Greeks, and not one of our great architects but will tell you that whatever is best in ours has been borrowed from them, and whatever is not Grecian is not the best of art.

In Sculpture.

And need we speak at all of the Grecian sculptors in proof that not since their mallet and chisel wrought has the hand of man been able to shape stone into form divine as they did? In sculpture they attained absolute perfection. To this day their work has continued to be the model to all the world for the best in art. Under their genius stone turned into life. Of them it might almost be said that they breathed the breath of life into dead clay, and, lo, it turned into a human being. Their statues do not only look outwardly like men and women, within them there also seems to beat a human heart, seems to stir a human soul with all its passions and emotions and aspirations. You look upon a statue of the thunder-hurling Zeus, and you not only see his scowl, you also feel it deep within you. You look into the eyes of Pallas Athene, and your mind is ennobled by that look. You gaze upon the form divine of Aphrodite, and your whole being glows with the eternal fire of love and youth and beauty.

In craftsmanship.

Their art by no means exhausted itself on their temples and monuments, on their theatres, agoras, and public baths. It environed their every walk and occupation of life. It had its place as much in the kitchen as in the living room, as much in the private garden as in the public street or square. It seems to have been almost as necessary for their existence as air and food and water. Their chariot and their boat, their couch and their chair, the pot and the pan. the lamp and the pitcher, the coin and the button,

the baby's doll, the maiden's buckle, the matron's girdle, the master's cloak, each had to have the artist's touch before it could be got into use. Ugliness was as offensive to their eye as crime. As Ruskin said "they could not have made anything ugly if they had tried."

In literature.

As to their literature, those know little of it who are ignorant of the role it has played in moulding the literature of all the world. To this day, it has continued to be among the leading studies in the curricula of nearly all the high schools, colleges and universities. A thorough knowledge of it is an indispensible requisite for all who would aspire to mastery in authorship. Without some knowledge of its classics, no one is supposed to have a liberal education. Its great Homeric epics, though the earliest of all epics, have remained the best of all that have since appeared.

In drama.

As to the drama of the ancient Greeks, what the pulpit is to us, that the stage was to them. Not even the greatest of the world's preachers have succeeded in expatiating on the great themes of evil and its consequences, on retribution and remorse, on human rights, on the supremacy of justice, as profoundly and eloquently as Sophocles did in his immortal tragedies: *Oedipus* or *Electra,* and Aeschylus in his *Promotheus Bound* or his *Trilogy of Orestes,* and Euripides in his *Medea* or *Iphigenia*. With them the drama was not a means to while away a few idle hours. It was a day-time performance, and of sufficient importance for work in government, business and shops to be suspended, so that all might drink in rich draughts the truths that issued from the stage. The day of the production of a new play became a national holiday, and its author a national hero.

In philosophy.

When we enter the department of philosophy, we stand amazed at the heights which the minds of the ancient Greeks attained, and at the depths of nature and character into which their searching eyes penetrated.

There has probably never lived a profounder thinker than Plato, of whom Emerson said: one might burn every other philosophy, and the world lose nothing, as long as Plato's remains.

And there has probably never lived a more analytical reasoner than his pupil, Aristotle. Founder of the science of

logic, no philosopher since has been able to add anything to it, or to take anything from it, without doing it injury. What he did in logic, that he did in ethics, physics and metaphysics. Many of the sciences that are in greatest favor and fashion to-day—histology, embryology, anatomy, psychology—owe to him their origin. There are those who believe his to have been the greatest intellect ever possessed by man. The more one studies him, the more one is obliged to wonder how and where, in that remote age, he managed to gather and sift such a vast mass of facts as is contained in his writings. One is almost tempted to believe, that, if ever there lived a man who knew all that his age, and the ages before him knew, and felt all that generations after him felt, that man was Aristotle. It was a striking characterization that Eusebius gave, when he said "Aristotle was nature's private secretary who dipped his pen in intellect."

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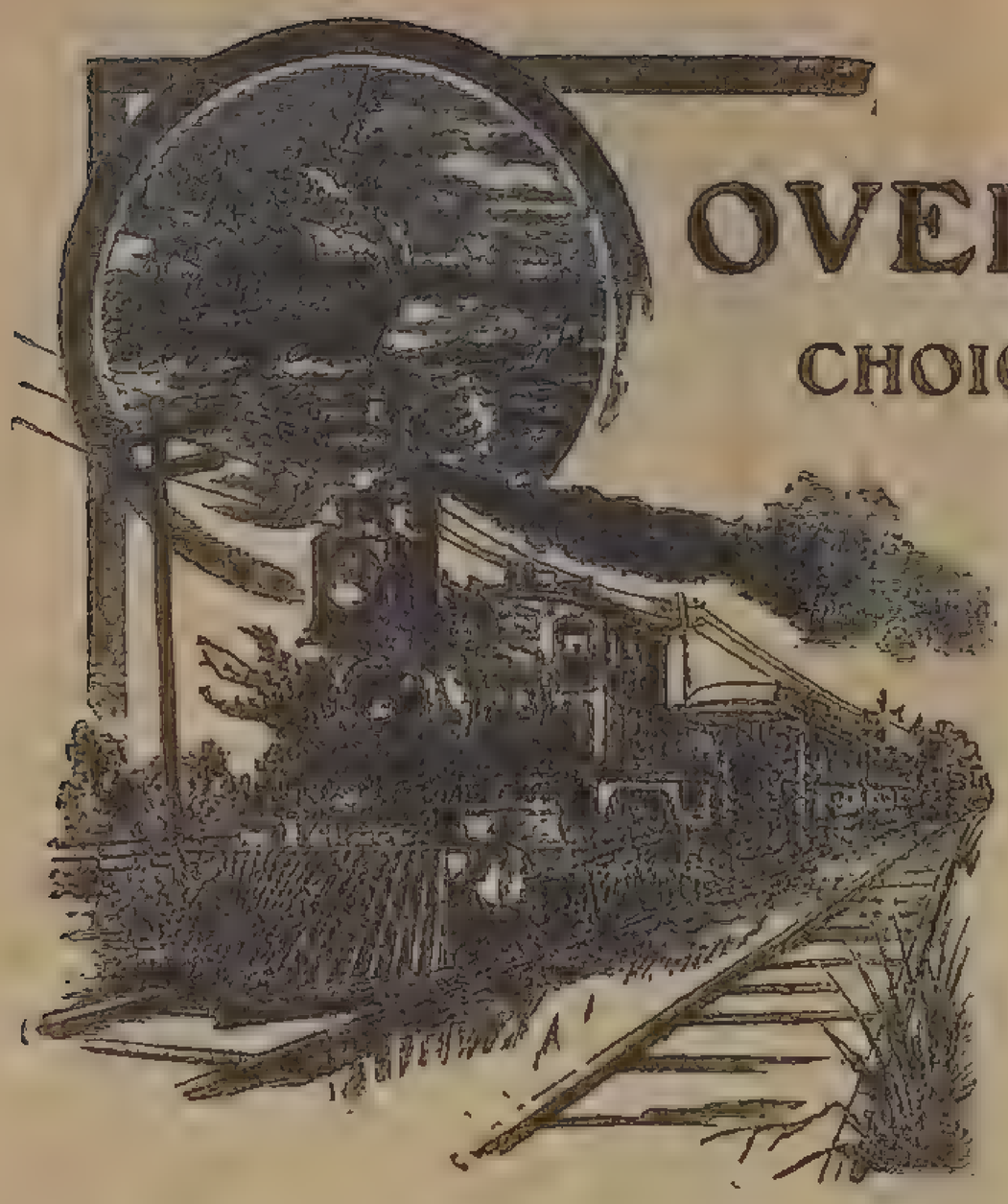
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By Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

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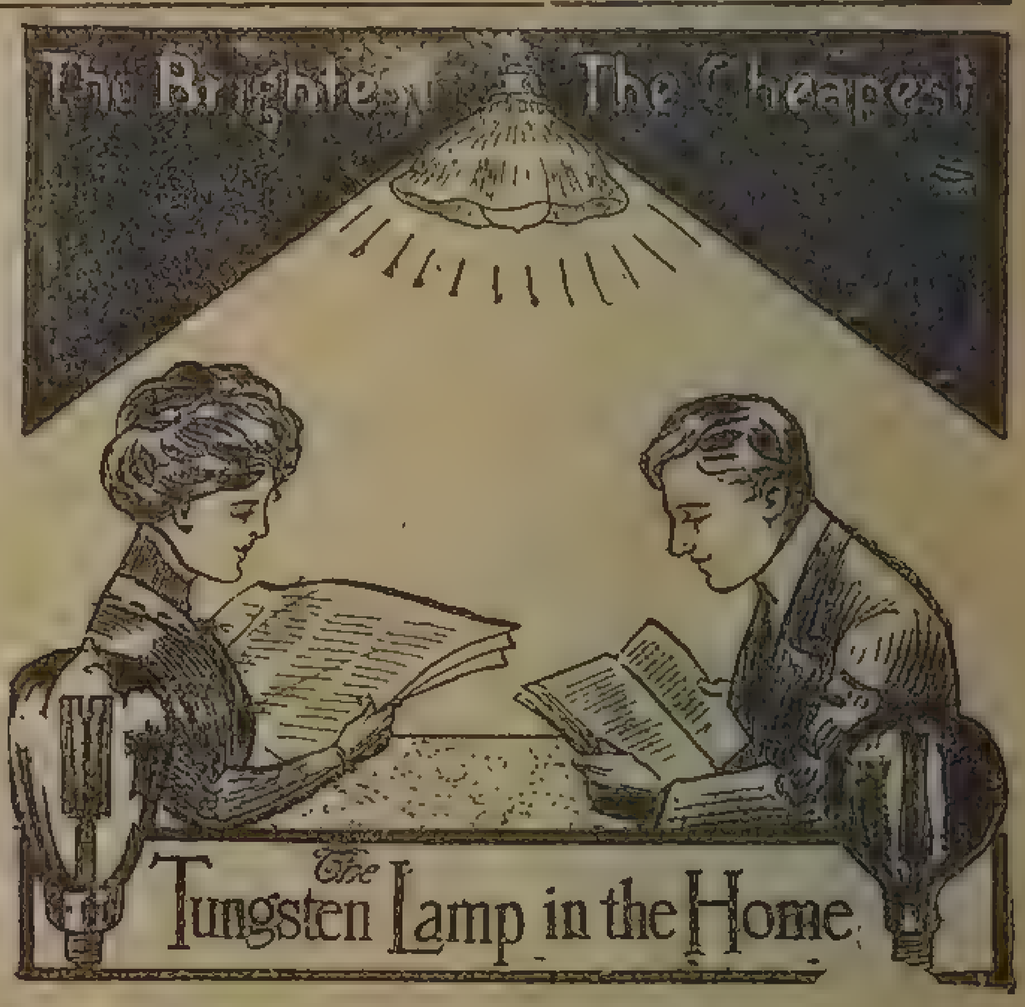
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Who will be the Civilized?

III.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, November 29th, 1914.

In our inquiry into the questions: "Who are the Civilized?" and "Who will be the Civilized?" to which we have devoted the discourses of the last four Sundays, we arrived, in the last of these, at a consideration of the civilization of the ancient Greeks. We discussed their architecture, sculpture and craftsmanship, their poetry, drama and philosophy, and found that they had attained in these important branches of knowledge and handicraft a degree of proficiency that not only equalled the best of ours but also surpassed us in most of them. This conclusion quite corroborated the statements of the distinguished writers, whom we had quoted, that modern society had not advanced beyond the ancients in intellect and morality.

Review of preceding discourses.

To-day, we propose to carry our investigation somewhat farther, so as to prove yet more clearly the contention that, as far as mere culture is concerned, it has made us neither better, nor more clever than were the ancient Grecians 2500 years ago, and that, with all our superior material advantages, we are not nearer real civilization than they were, if we are as near. Our further inquiry into this subject is to bring home to us the truth that, if unto true civilization we would attain, we would have to follow lines different from those we have hitherto pursued, lines looking to the full and lasting establishment of justice and right, to the final overthrow of sin and evil, to the extermination of greeds that make for corruption and monopoly and war, to the conquest of that injustice that keeps down and impoverishes the masses for the benefit of the few, that implants strifes and hatreds in the hearts of men.

Purpose of to-day's discourse.

Let us resume our inquiry by entering the realm of the ethics of the ancient Greeks. At the very threshold, we meet

Ethics of the ancient Greeks.

the great philosopher Socrates, a personage so gigantic in mental and moral stature, that not all the twenty-four centuries that have since distanced his age have been able to dwarf his height.

No man since his time has influenced his age as powerfully as Socrates influenced his, and the ages after him. His very

Conduct of the individual.

name came to stand for highest authority in moral law. It was especially to him that the greatest of modern philosophers, Emanuel Kant, referred, when he said: "*In der Moral-Philosophie sind wir nicht weiter gekommen als die Alten.*" (In moral philosophy we have not got beyond the ancients.) Scarcely a virtue known to man which he did not know and teach, and which did not become the fountain-head of the moral principles inculcated by his disciples, and by their followers for generations after. As Homer moulded the education of the ancient Greeks, so did Socrates mould their conduct. He was as much the guiding spirit of their domestic and social life as of their religious and national life. Loving beauty, they exacted it as much from conduct as from art. That person alone is beautiful, they taught, who with perfect form and perfect face combines perfect moral conduct. Corruption, they said, was yet more to be guarded against than physical defect, for it debases the soul as well as the body.

And as much as corruption debases the individual, so much does injustice debase the state. Only where the state is

Conduct of the state.

perfect can perfection of the individual be expected; only where every citizen obeys the moral law can a state exist in righteousness. For that reason did they emphasize the necessity of just laws, and the duty of faithful obedience to them by the citizen. They showed the wisdom of doing unto others as they wished to be done by, of exercising leniency, forbearance, self-mastery. They made self-knowledge the basis of virtue as well as of wisdom, and deduced from it a complete system of morals.

The government of the ancient Greeks was a democracy; in fact, they instituted it. Even the humblest citizen had the

Rights of the citizen.

right to the franchise; every office was open to him. The state belonged to the citizen, not the

citizen to the state. Liberty of thought and action, under the law, was the birthright of every citizen, and the common people took as much part in the discussion of public affairs as did the elect and select. Some of the most popular of their leaders were lowly artisans and tradespeople.

But they were lowly only in worldly goods, not in intellect. Never before nor since have the middle and lower classes reached as high a standard of intellect as they did among the Greeks of the classical period. It was perhaps the only age in history when culture was as democratic as law, when it was the possession of all alike, and to an equal degree. In his "*Descent of Man*," Darwin dwells with manifest pleasure on the fact that the lowly of the ancient Greeks entered as freely into the philosophical discussions of Plato and Xenophon as did the highest, and "this it is," he declares, "that makes a handful of Athenians of two thousand years ago more interesting than the millions of our contemporaries." A Grecian candidate for office, who would have dared to buncombe his constituents as some of ours do theirs in stump speeches, would have had ignominious defeat for his labor, if he would not have been banished from the state. As another noteworthy feature of their democracy we may mention the fact that the city of Athens at its height had no police force. The guardianship of the community was in the hands of each citizen, and such was his love for the state that he would as soon have injured his own body or that of members of his family as have done wrong or violence to the state.

Intellectual heights of the lowly.

The position of woman in ancient Greece was more restricted than is that of ours, but she was probably not any the less happy. Her rights were sacredly respected. Monogamy was the rule; and the husband was held responsible to the state for the welfare of his wife. It was to a morally and physically healthy motherhood that the state looked for a healthy citizenship. It could not afford to tax her, or to allow her to tax herself with burdens that would interfere with her becoming the bearer of the kind of children which the Greeks regarded as the only ones fit to enter life. We hear much of *eugenics* nowadays, as being one of the newest of teachings. To the Grecians of old it was one of the best known branches of knowledge—the very word is Greek,

Position of woman.

meaning *well-born*—and one that was as much practiced in the homes as it was taught in the schools. Woman was not admitted to public office, neither had she the right to vote, nor did she follow any of the vocations usually pursued by man. The wants of the Grecians as to food and clothes having been very simple and inexpensive, man had no need then, as many of ours have now, to call woman's help into requisition to enable him to meet the heavy burden laid upon him, largely through the costly wants of woman. Freed from livelihood cares, the Grecian woman could devote herself all the better to her domestic duties, which she cheerfully accepted as her mission. In hours of national danger, however, her mission did not keep her from taking her place heroically at the side of her menfolk, in the defense of home and country. The praises that are lavished in the Greek epics upon such women as Penelope and Nausicaa; in their great tragedies upon Andromache and Antigone, in their mythology on Athene and Ceres afford ample proof of the admiration womanly qualities won from man.

Those were not the days when materials and clothes were purchased ready-made, and when the styles of women's apparel changed with every season of every year. The loom and the distaff had an honored place in every home. These, as well as a burning brand of the home-hearth were the first of the dower which a bride brought from her parents' home to her own. It was woman's hand that in Greece as in ancient Judea* prepared the wool and the flax, that spun them into thread, and wove them into cloth, and turned the cloth into clothes. Artists say that the simplicity and grace of the Grecian women's dress contributed as much to make them the most handsome the world has ever known, as did the beauty of their face and form.

Her domesticity.

With this picture of ancient Athenian women in your minds, go into one of our modern factories, where you see all-powerful steam and steel pitilessly arrayed against weak human flesh, and behold the exhaustion stamped upon the pale and haggard faces of the womenfolk, read there the signs of premature decline and

Woman in our day.

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* Proverbs XXXI, 10–31.

disease, and then think of what the offspring of such exhausted motherhood must be and must become. And see the children that are battling on these same battlefields, alongside their fathers or mothers, against the same common enemy, Hunger, some of them so young that they ought not yet to know the meaning of labor, that they ought still to be in school, or, to romp about in the open, and lay up there rich stores of health and happiness. Can we wonder that our lower classes do not compare in intellect with their like in ancient Greece, and that Darwin spoke of a handful of theirs having been to millions of ours?

The mode of life of the ancient Grecians of the classical period having been much simpler than are ours, they were not exposed as much as we are to the domination of greeds, and to the mastery of the lusts and appetites. Their great love of athletics afforded another check to the tyranny of the senses. And it is to be well remembered that they pursued athletics not for the sake of gaining mere physical health but as a means to obtain, through a healthy body, a healthy mind and a healthy soul, a mind and soul capable of acquiring and maintaining perfect mastery over the senses, and of devoting themselves all the better to the higher and more spiritual interests of life. For that reason did they open and close their athletic games with religious exercises. Athletics, as they are frequently pursued by us, for the mere sport of the thing, or for social standing, often at a sacrifice of mind and soul, at a deliberate spurning of the religious and other higher interests of life, would have been a sacrilege to the ancient Greeks.

Athletics an aid to morals.

To the education of the boy they devoted the utmost care. Their first concern was to make a man of him; the turning him into a scholar was of secondary importance. That scholarship did not suffer by its inferior position in the training of a boy is amply shown by the results attained. A people who knew how to appreciate the great works of their great authors, with all their fulness of mythological and philosophical and historical and political allusions, was of no low degree of culture. Parents and teachers regarded physical health as the prerequisite of mental vigor and moral conduct, and to obtain such health they were strong enough

A boy's training.

not to show themselves weak toward the child. They hardened the boy from the moment of his entry into life. Every indulgence of ease and luxury was denied him. His clothes barely covered his body, even in midwinter. A straw mattress on the floor constituted his bed. The Grecians, especially the Spartans, were content that half of their number should be women; the other half they wanted to be men, strong, virile men, progenitors of a strong and virile race.

In the care the ancient Greeks bestowed upon diet they found protection against disease. "Let men work more and eat less, and they will suffer less," was one of the teachings of Plato. Their meals consisted mostly of vegetables, herbs and fruit, of bread, honey, milk, cheese, and some diluted native wine. They had no need of voluminous cook books as we have, nor of menus like ours, that sometimes offer hundreds of varieties of food with which to tempt our oversated appetites. There was not much opportunity then for food adulteration nor for digestion troubles, both of them answerable for large numbers of untimely deaths. Our introduction of the Marathons and Olympic games, and our requiring of those training for them close adherence to the Grecian diet, are no small compliment we pay to the superior health-knowledge of the ancients. They probably never knew of colds nor heard of drafts. Socrates walked bare-headed and bare-footed even when campaigning in mid-winter in Thrace. A man imitating this ancient Grecian habit in our city, a few years ago, was followed as a freak by a hooting and jeering crowd. That the ancients suffered no harm from it may be gleaned from the fact that Plato did some of his best work at 80 years of age; Sophocles wrote his *Oedipus*, one of the greatest of the world's tragedies, at 90; Isocrates wrote his masterpieces at 94; Cleanthes taught up to his 99th year. Some of their open-air theatres seated 30,000 persons; eye-glasses and ear trumpets and megaphones were then unknown, and yet we never read of any of the spectators not having seen nor heard the actors. There were no drug-stores in ancient Greece, neither was there science-healing nor absent-treatment.

Health of the Greeks.

With all our wonderful time-saving inventions, we do not seem to have half the time the ancients had for the things truly

worth while. Never before have people been as busy as we are. What becomes of the time saved? Our new inventions seem to put but new burdens upon us. What better argument for the needlessness of a hundred things which weigh us down than the knowledge that the ancients had none of them, and yet were none the less healthy and happy! They had no ocean greyhounds, neither had they Titanic accidents. They had no railroads nor automobiles—nor the sacrifices of life and limb these entail. They had no steam-driven factories—nor the holocausts of life and health and happiness they exact.

Life-saving inventions that do not save.

Read the daily accounts of accidents and murders and suicides and untimely deaths, and see how cheap life has become. Read of the thousands of infants that are annually nipped in their bud, for the want of nourishing food. Read of the hundreds of thousands that annually fall victims to the demon of tuberculosis, a demon whom the ancients never knew, and who ravenously gathers his prey from the overworked and underfed, from those who are not permitted to have their share of pure air and pure water and sunshine, which God supplies, in inexhaustible quantity, free to all. Read the number of those slain and crippled in the present world-war, and then ask yourselves of what benefit are all life-saving inventions, and life-protecting agencies, when the strongest, the most virile, the most promising of our youth and manhood are mercilessly mowed down, as if they were no more than rank, poisonous weeds. Read of the moral and mental and physical diseases that are annually bred in our great cities, within what we call the slums, a term which the ancients never heard, and of which they could not even have dreamed, seeing that their occupation, for the most part, was agricultural, and their habitation rural, where there was light and air and room enough for all, and enough returns from work to satisfy the modest needs of everyone.

Of course, they had no such charities then as we have now—no almhouses, no asylums, no reformatories, no shelters for the inebriates, homes for the incorrigibles, colonies for epileptics, hospitals for the consumptives, shelters for the fallen, and all the others, almost too numerous to mention. And the reason that they had them

Greeks had no need of charities.

not is : they had no need of them. There were no such poverties, no such moral and mental and physical diseases then, no such criminal lack of foresight and oversight that makes the rise and spread of such evils possible. What are all these but products of 20th century lack of civilization, products of 20th century greed and selfishness and brutality!

We crush people under the iron heel of unpitying competition. We take unjust advantage of their helplessness, and then appease our conscience by charity contributions. We pack them into quarters unfit for habitation. We half-starve them, and half-clothe them, while we glut ourselves with luxuries. We allow them to settle and starve where there is no room for them, and to stay away from where they are wanted, where food and happiness await them. We have money for battleships, but no money for colonization; money for garrisons and arsenals, but not for model dwellings; men and money for destroying flourishing cities but none for tearing down pestiferous slums and ghettoes; millions of dollars for the almost hopeless task of remedying evils after they have arisen, and scarcely hundreds for their prevention; millions and men for converting the so called uncivilized of the orient, and but little money and yet less people for converting the uncivilized of the occident.

We have, and why?

We may call ourselves civilized as much as we choose; future generations, reading of our sins of omission and commission, of those of which I have spoken, and of others I have left unsaid, will speak of us as uncivilized. The civilization that does not mean complete humanization means little or nothing. Of what avail are all our electric lights, if godlessness darken our path? Of what benefit are all our bath tubs if vice pollute our soul? What, if we do race across the ocean or continent in less than a week's time, and not leave behind us oppression and injustice? What if we do stud our country with colleges and libraries, and filth-breeding slums keep pace with them? What if we do rhapsodize over symphonies and operas, and base animal instincts continue untamed in our breast? There never was and there never will be a high civilization without a deep morality. The future historian will gauge our civilization not by the height of our sky-scrapers, nor by the bumper crops

No high civilization without deep morality.

we raise, nor by the size of our bank accounts, but by the amount of virtue we raised, by the kind of men and women we turned out.

We may boast as much as we please of the wonderful achievements of the 20th century; the fate that has befallen the wonderful achievements of other nations, of other ages, will befall ours, if we do not stay, betimes, the hand of the destroyer. Mighty Chaldea and Assyria fell. Phoenicia and Egypt sank into the dust. War and dissension and consequent poverty, greed and corruption and luxury and consequent debasement, overthrew the splendor of ancient Greece, and caused the decline and fall of almighty Rome.

The fate of past civilizations.

The present world-war, with all its attendant cruelties and atrocities and perfidies, and all the miseries and poverties and hatreds which will follow in its wake, almost inclines one to the belief that the fate of past civilizations will also be ours, that, degree by degree, civilization advances to a certain height, and then, when it promises most, lust of power, greed of gain, corruption of morals, set in, and ignominious fall ends all.

May be ours.

The shaping of our future is in our hands. We have but to be what we profess; we have but to do what we know to be the right. We must not look to the nation for reform; reform must begin in ourselves. Nations are but aggregates of individuals. As are the individuals, so is the nation. No nation will go to war, when its individual citizens will refuse to take up arms. Nations will be freed from lust of power, and greed of gain, when its individual citizenship will be free from them. Nations will live in peace with their fellow-nations, when their individual citizenship will have learned the art of living in peace with their fellowmen.

Our future in our own hands.

Before condemning this nation or that nation, this ruler or that ruler, let us look within and hold judgment on ourselves. When each of us will find there no consciousness of wrong committed or of duty left undone, no memory of advantage taken of another's ignorance or innocence or helplessness, no feeling of hatred, no thirst for revenge, then, and not till then, will we have the right to believe ourselves civilized.

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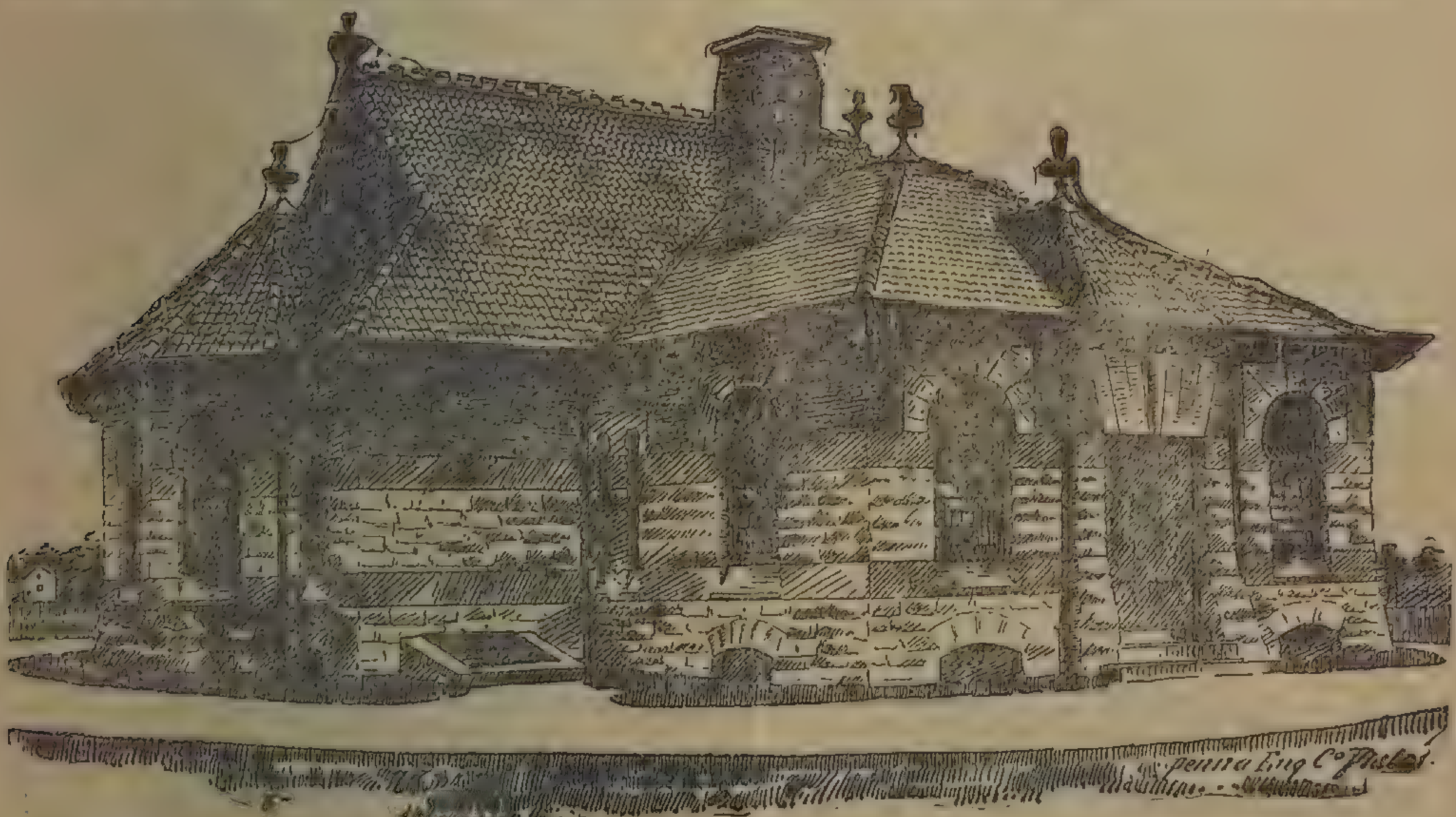
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The Average Man and the Bible.

I.

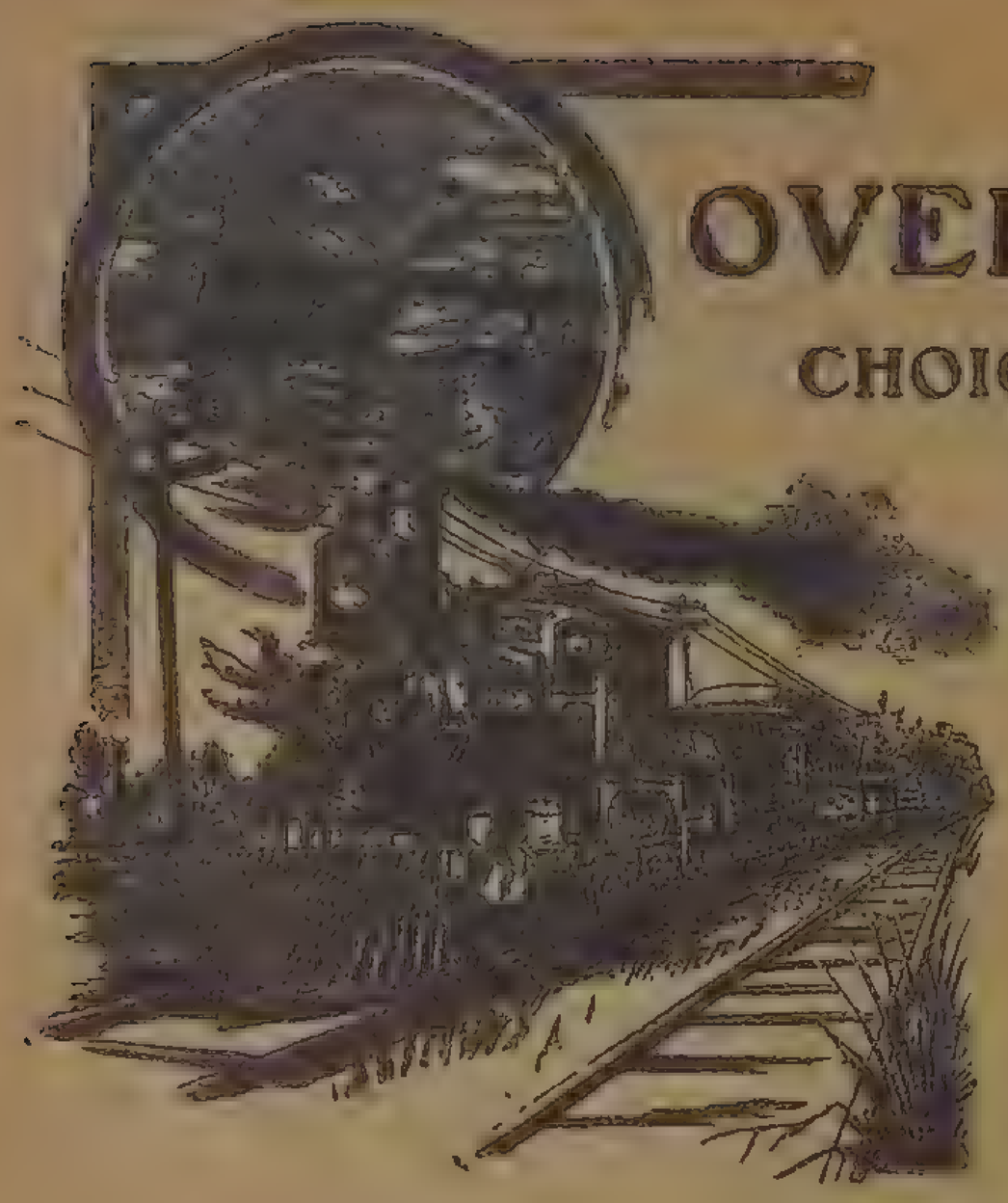
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By Rabbi ISAAC LANDMAN.

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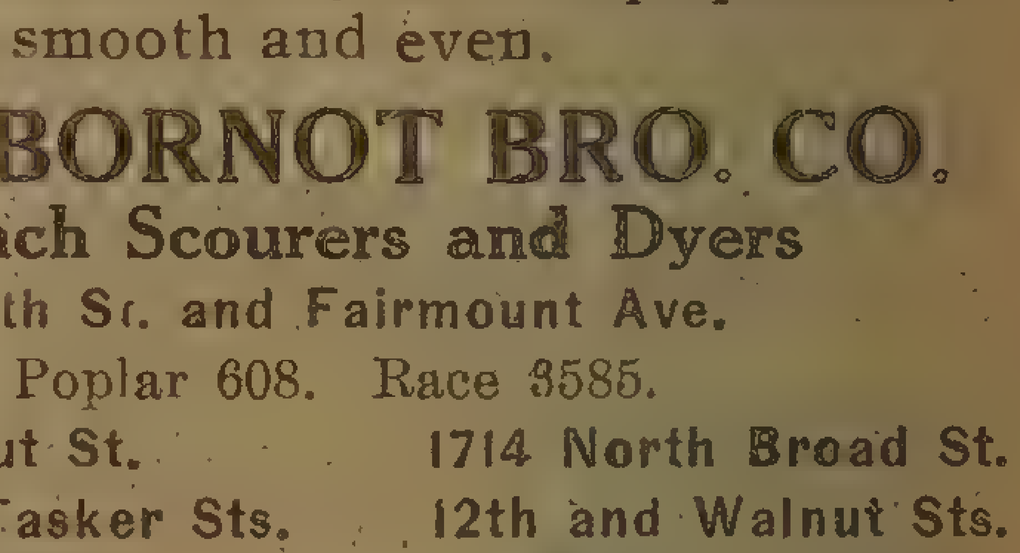
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The Average Man and the Bible.

I.

The Average Man's Perplexities.

A Discourse at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Isaac Landman,

Philadelphia, December 6th, 1914.

The average man's faith and the Bible.

Not so many decades ago the Bible held no perplexities for the average man. He accepted it wholly and simply as the Word of God. Its truth was beyond cavil. Its interpretation, by the average preacher, suited exactly the average denominational devotee. Its contradictions had no terrors for the average man; these were the playthings of the harmonizing theologians. He had no need to grapple with its miracles; these were mysteries beyond his comprehension, not to be questioned, but to be accepted as the indisputable bases of his religious beliefs. Those were the days in which the average man was happy with his Bible, for it stood on the immovable rock of divinely revealed truth.

Science and infidelism brought him perplexities.

The second half of the nineteenth century, however, made terrific ravages upon revealed religion. The Bible, its strong fortress, was terribly scarred and battered. Science and Infidelism trained their allied guns upon it from all directions. The shells of Science shattered the Bible's authority on matters that touched scientific knowledge, such as the creation and miracles. The shrapnel of Skepticism tore to shreds its authority on morals, ethics and the conception of God. The erstwhile Book of Books, the commonly accepted

Word of God, the impregnable stronghold of religionists, was left a ruined mass, a sad and pitiful picture of former glory, for the contemplation of the perplexed average man.

He was loath to be shaken in his faith.

Naturally, the foundations of the average man's religious beliefs were weakened and undermined. He who had accepted the Bible faithfully and literally was shocked by the revelations of Science and the sarcasm of Infidelism. Nevertheless, he was neither prepared nor willing to give up the cherished hold the Bible had on him. But he didn't know where to turn or how to help himself in his perplexities.

Religionists come to his rescue with Bible Criticism.

Then the Religionists came to his rescue. In self-defense and to save the average man's faith in the Bible, they began to study it from the point of view of the enemy. They picked up the gauntlet thrown at their feet. They not only accepted the challenge, but the weapons as well. They put the Bible to the scientific test. They began to consider it not as a book of revealed religion, but as a book of ancient Hebrew history, literature and philosophy. They applied the standard of historical, literary and philosophic criticism to the Bible exactly as it is applied in seats of learning to the history, literature and philosophy of any other people and in any other language. This gave rise to what is known as Bible Criticism. It also gave another, more terrific shock to the average man's already distracted and confused notions concerning the ancient book.

Its earliest revelations confuse the average man still more.

The earliest Bible critics did not themselves know whither they were leading. They were engaged in an earnest but mad scramble to silence the rapid, effective and destructive fire of Science and Skepticism. Their first answering shots, therefore, came from arms badly aimed and prematurely fired. The missiles landed far from the mark, and the average man, still dazed from the merciless attack of the enemy, was left more than ever confused and bewildered.

Let us find some concrete examples to illustrate just what happened to the average man who wanted to continue unshaken in his attitude toward the Bible, but who, at the same time, desired to follow the progressive thought of the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

Some concrete examples.

The Darwinian School could not accept the Bible Creation story, for instance. No scientist, for whom the Theory of Evolution holds the secret of the beginning of things, could, for a moment, admit that the universe and all that is therein were created by the mere will, the simple command of God, with a "Let there be" and "There was." Now, the average man, whose knowledge of science, first or second hand, was only smattering, instinctively followed the lead of the Evolutionists. Evolution was the scientific vogue. If the Bible story of creation is false, the story of the fall of man is likewise untrue, and so on from these first chapters of Genesis to the last verse of Malachi. If he can't believe the beginning, what truth can there be in the middle or at the end? That was the end of faith in the Bible, and in the teachings that theologians claimed emanated from it, for the average man who followed the Darwinian School.

How the *Theory of Evolution* undermined the average man's faith in the Bible.

The Ingersolian School attacked the morals and ethics of the Bible, and its God-conception, as infinitely below the end-of-the-nineteenth-century standard. With great emphasis the infidels pointed the average man to Bible stories of polygamy and adultery, of murder and rapine as the alleged Word of God. Sarcastically, they quoted Samuel's command to Saul, for instance, to "slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass" of the Amalekites (1 Sam. 15:3) as an example of the inspiration of an alleged loving God. Such morals, such ethics, such love of fellow-men, such a God, they argued, had no place in the Court of Common Decency. The Bible was not a book to believe in, but to

How *Infidelism* worked havoc with that faith.

shun. It was not a book fit to be read and taught to children, but to be thrown from every library shelf to the ash heap and excluded from the mails. These apparently incontrovertible indecencies and inhumanities made the Bible a by-word for the average man who followed the Ingersolian School.

Bible Criticism and the average man's expectations.

Bible Criticism that stepped right upon the heels of skeptical scientists and sarcastic infidels didn't help the average man. Its earliest pronouncements were so radical, so contrary in their nature to what might have been expected from Religionists, that they shattered the faith in the Bible even of that average man who had shut his eyes to the destructive attacks of science and the withering scorn of Infidelity. Here are some instances of the earliest results of critical Bible investigation:

Its unlooked-for and surprising pronouncements concerning the Bible.

The Bible is not a single book; it is a library of books, the writing of which covered a number of centuries. Moses didn't write the whole of the Pentateuch; it is questionable whether he wrote any of it. The Prophetic Books were reduced to writing long before the Pentateuch and the Historical Narratives. Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia had prophets as well as the Hebrews. The Book of the Prophet Isaiah is not the work of one author, but of two, possibly three; between the thirty-ninth and fortieth chapters of this book there is an hiatus of about two centuries. The utterances of the Prophets did not necessarily come true; predictions of disaster by such prophets as Amos, Hosea, Micah and Jeremiah and Messianic promises of Isaiah, Haggai and Zechariah, never came to pass at all. Miracles are natural phenomena which the Bible authors didn't understand; miracles neither prove nor disprove anything; the Bible, itself, tells us so: "If there arise in the midst of thee a prophet or a dreamer of dreams, and he give thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass whereof he spake unto thee . . . thou shalt not hearken

unto the words of that prophet or unto that dreamer of dreams" (Deut. 13:1-3).

Now imagine the effect of such pronouncements on the average man. With great reluctance he had to admit grave objections to the Bible that even the skeptic and infidel had not thought of. If the Bible is a collection of the Best Hebrew Literature in Forty Volumes, the work of as many or more men, then it cannot be the inspired Word of God. If Moses didn't write the Five Books of Moses, then there was no revelation at Sinai and no covenant with Israel. If people other than the Hebrews had prophets, if the predictions of the Bible Prophets didn't necessarily come true, if the book of the Prophet Isaiah, upon which depends so much that is basic in the average man's religion, is a hodge-podge of authorship, then what in the Prophets is true or untrue, what are we to believe or disbelieve? If miracles are merely phenomena of Nature that puzzled the Bible authors, and the Bible, itself, teaches us not to trust in signs and wonders, then, in the name of plain common sense, of what value is the Bible to any one for anything?

The astounding effect these had upon the average man.

Even these perplexities were not the end. The average man was destined to be still more confounded. Babylonian and Assyrian monuments and inscriptions were being constantly unearthed. Their rapid transliteration and translation were casting new light on Bible history and Bible teachings. From these Bible critics with an anti-semitic bias produced the shocking theory that the Bible wasn't even an original work. Certain major and important parts of it, they claimed, were a high-handed steal from older non-Hebrew sources.

Enter Anti-Semitic Bible Critics.

Picture the consternation of the average man now! He was told authoritatively that the Bible stories of the Creation, the Fall, the Flood were not the inspired work of Moses, but the product of Hebraic plagiarism from dead and buried Assyrian and Babylonian geni-

These destroy the last holds of the Bible on the average man.

uses. The Ten Commandments and the moral law of the Bible were not dictated by God to Moses and revealed by him at Sinai; they were lifted bodily from the ancient Chaldean code of the wise king, Hammurapi. The Sabbath, claimed to be the greatest of all Bible blessings to humanity, was not originated by Moses; it was a bit of Mosaic larceny from an original Babylonian idea. Skepticism, Infidelity and Criticism thus combined to present the Bible to the average man as a book that is unscientific and indecent, lacking inspiration and revelation; its Prophets are frauds and its miracles the result of ignorance; to boot, it is a second-hand hangover from a very ancient day, foisted upon an unsuspecting humanity by self-seeking Religionists. From its lofty position as the Book of Books, it was brought to so low an estate that the intelligent average man considered it unworthy of his serious consideration.

Reaction sets in.

Such was the mental state and the spiritual attitude of the average man toward the Bible at the beginning of the twentieth century. Every phase of its critical examination had conspired to destroy it. The last decade of Bible Criticism, however, has brought us to a point when the average man need no longer despair. It is following the injunction of Jeremiah who defined the function of criticism, "to pluck up and to break down, to destroy and to overthrow, to build and to plant" (Jer. 1:10). The destructive period is past. The constructive process has begun.

The Reaction and Destructive Science.

We no longer hear of the controversy between Science and Religion. The most rabid of skeptic scientists now agree that the Bible is not a scientific text-book. If any of its pages do touch scientific matters, these must not be judged by twentieth century laboratory standards, but by the standard of scientific knowledge of thirty centuries ago, the age in which the Bible was written.

The Reaction and Sarcastic Infidelism.

Neither do we hear much about the controversy between Infidels and Believers. The most rabid of unbelieving Infidels now admit that conceptions of divinity and moral and ethical standards change. What was considered moral and ethical 3000 years ago may be immoral and unethical to-day. What may be an absurd conception of divinity to-day might have been the height of spiritual idealism thirty centuries ago.

The Reaction and Radical Criticism.

Nor is Bible criticism any longer on a destructive rampage. Enough of the ancient monuments have been unearthed to afford comparative study. Comparison with other sources raises the value of every page of the Bible. It loses nothing by being deprived of the theological definition of inspiration and revelation. It is not a bit harmed by the contention that the Prophets were not fortune tellers, but human beings who could not and did not predict future events any more than the average man can do so now. Its spiritual value is not diminished even if every miracle recorded in it were blotted out. Deprived of all of these ancient bulwarks of the old theology the Bible, nevertheless, holds a higher place in history, in morals and ethics and in spiritual power than it ever held before.

Rediscovery of the Bible for the average man.

Scientific research, unbelievers' ridicule and critical radicalism have finally become allies in the upbuilding process. They now study carefully, laugh reservedly and analyze reverently. The fierce fire from the guns of Science and Infidelism razed only the structure of Theology built upon the Bible. Criticism cleared away the débris. The foundation, the Bible itself, they rediscovered for the average man. The approach to it under the new conditions has opened up newer and more interesting channels of study and contemplation than the Bible has ever offered before. It affords new inspiration. It has and gives new life.

The Bible is still the idealistic, ethical and

The Bible is still sacred, but sacred only in the sense that it records the religious experiences and spiritual evolution of a people peculiarly endowed with the

spiritual storehouse of all men.

spiritual insight that is common to all men. It is still moral, still ethical; not in every story and in every line, but in those standards of individual and national morals and ethics, the attainment of which is still the achieving height set for itself by western civilization. It is still original; not in the sense that every thought expressed in its pages sprang newborn from the brain of Bible authors, but in the method, the purpose, the spirit in which the thoughts were recreated. In the light of this new school of study, the average man will find the Bible more than ever the Book of Books, the literary and idealistic marvel of the ages, the ethical and spiritual storehouse of all men.

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Patriotism *versus* Humanitarianism.

I.

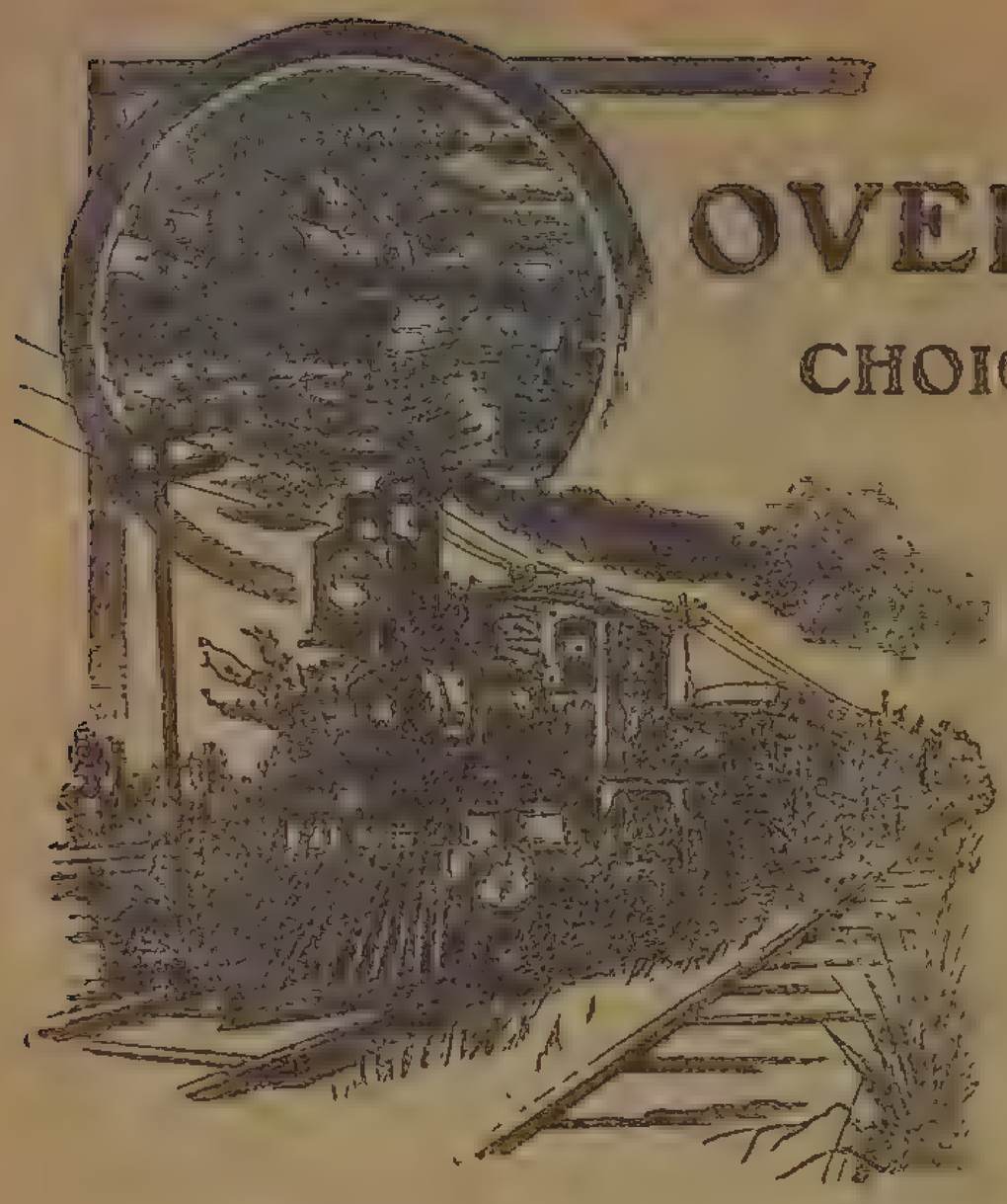
Tolstoy and Patriotism.

By Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

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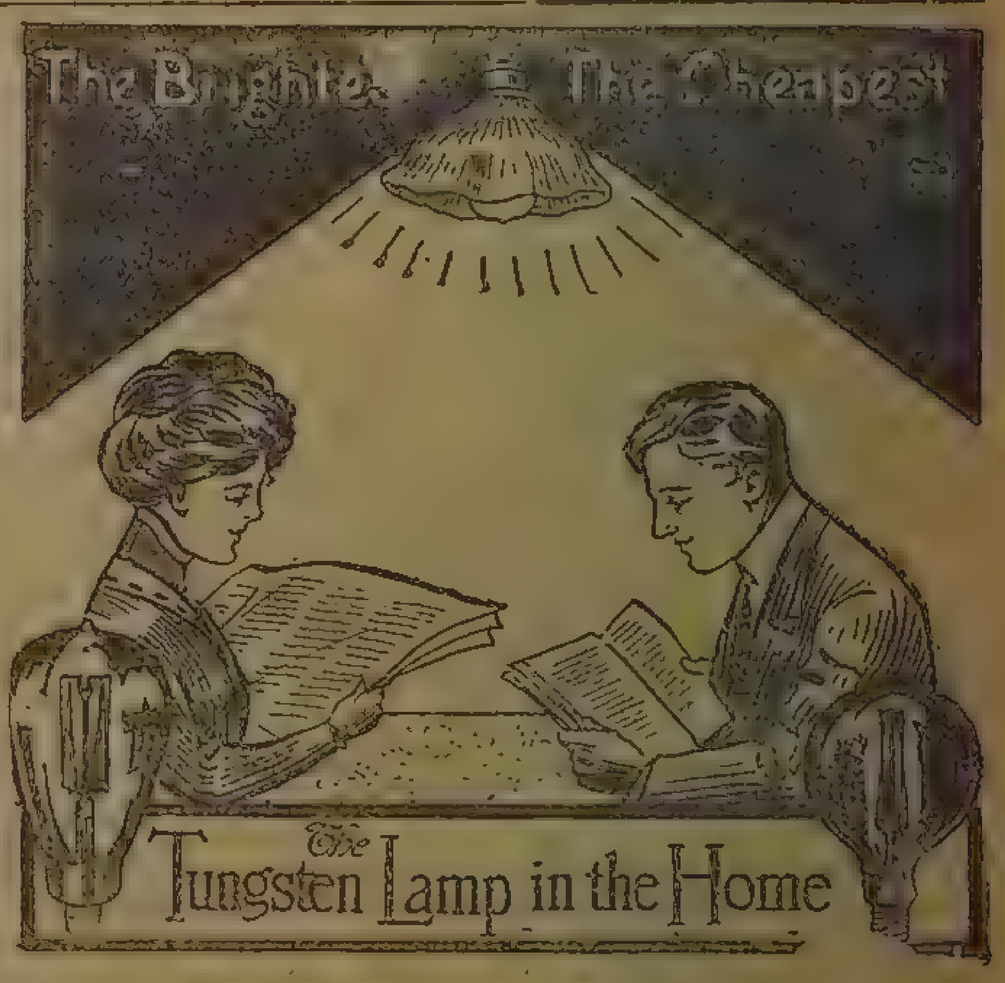
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Patriotism *versus* Humanitarianism.

I.

Tolstoy and Patriotism.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, December 13th, 1914.

The incident, which I am about to relate to you, occurred in Russia, on a July evening, twenty years ago. The elder members of this congregation will recall the mission that took me to the land of the Czar; for the information of the younger, it may suffice to say, that the journey took place at the time when the immigration of Jewish refugees to our shores threatened to assume alarming proportions, when it was believed that a personal appeal to the Czar might bring about a change in that country's cruel attitude toward its Jews, and make possible their remaining unmolested in their native land.

Visit to Russia.

In the prosecution of that mission I arrived at the country residence of Count Tolstoy. In the course of the evening meal, which I was privileged to share with him and his family, a peasant entered with the mail and presented it to the count. With considerable eagerness he freed a newspaper from its wrapper, and, turning its pages, stopped at one of them, and presently gave vent to a number of chuckles. To an inquiry by one of his family as to what amused him, he held up the paper, which certainly presented a strange appearance. Large black ink blotches in several places in each column, disfigured its printed matter, and made it look more like a black and white checker-board than a printed page. Turning to me, he said that the blackening of his articles, or of parts of them, is nothing new to him. What amused him was that the unsmeared parts were far more

Incident at Tolstoy's home.

radical than those which the censor's ink roller had made illegible, proving to him conclusively that publications of his were being blackened without even being read, on the theory that anything he wrote must of necessity be dangerous, and bear the censor's mark of disapproval. "I believe," continued he, "that if I were to publish a copy of the Ten Commandments, under my name, half of them would be blotted out as dangerous reading. The fools do not seem to know that by blotting out parts, they whet the reader's desire for perusing all, and incite him to obtain untampered copies clandestinely."

He then told me that that particular article was one of a series he was publishing, under the title of "*Christianity and Patriotism*," in a London newspaper, in the *Daily Standard*, I believe, not having been permitted to publish them in the Russian tongue in his own country. In them he showed that Christianity and patriotism are incompatible, that the latter was an artificial creation, skilfully fostered by rulers for their own benefit. On account of it wars are waged, and no end of other evils are wrought, and sufferings are inflicted by Christians against Christians, who, *religiously*, are taught to love each other, to do good to one another, to resist no evil, and who *patriotically* are taught to despise or hate or overreach each other. He regarded patriotism both *stupid* and *immoral*, *stupid*, because every country regarded itself superior to all others, and *immoral*, because it lures nations to possess themselves of advantages at the cost of the others, thus violating the fundamental law of morality, that of not doing unto others that which we do not want others to do unto us. When rulers or diplomats have certain ends in view, some land greed to gratify, they excite enthusiastic patriotism at home by inciting hatred against the country to be victimized, and deluded citizens murder and cripple each other by the thousands, paralyze their respective country's commerce and industry, bring untold sufferings upon countless innocents, in the belief that they are serving their own best interests, when they are only gratifying diplomats' ambitions, or rulers' covetousness, or assuring the permanence of parasitical dynasties. Patriotism, therefore, is the strongest ally of rulers in the promotion of war, and in the prevention of the earth-wide establishment of the brotherhood of man.

Gives his conception of patriotism.

I must confess that I was somewhat taken aback by his severe strictures on patriotism, which I had, up till then, regarded as one of the noblest sentiments of the human heart, and I, therefore, ventured, later in the evening, when seated with him in the arbor, to ask for some further light on this new, and to me startling, teaching.

Startled by its novelty.

Complying with my wish, he related how, a few years back, a well-known French agitator visited him, while on his mission to Russia to prepare the ground for a Franco-Russian alliance. This visitor frequently referred, with sentimental pride, to the sacred pledge he had given himself and his country never to cease agitating for war with Germany until France redeemed her lost military glory. He pleaded for the count's espousal of the proposed alliance, claiming that, as a patriotic Russian, he must recognize the wisdom of crushing or weakening so powerful a neighbor as Germany. His pleadings met with no success. Tolstoy showed him the absurdity of his arguments. Germany defeated France at Sedan, he said, because France had defeated Germany at Jena; and if France were to defeat Germany now, it would only mean that Germany would have to defeat France, some time in the future. To his argument that France was duty-bound to liberate the people of Alsace and Lorraine, and to restore them to where they belonged, Tolstoy answered that these two provinces had belonged to Germany seven hundred years, and that that country had only reconquered what was her own. As far as the people are concerned, they are no less free and happy under German government than they were under French. Barring a few hot-heads, they would rather be left at peace than see their lands again made the scenes of horrible war. Tolstoy then asked the Frenchman whether he considered himself a Christian. Upon receiving an emphatic "yes" for answer, he asked him how he could reconcile Christ's teaching of love and forgiveness with his own thirst for revenge? He replied that patriotism is as necessary as Christianity, and both must be cherished alike, even if, at times, they are diametrically opposed to each other. Striking an attitude, he added: "In Church, I am a Christian, in politics I am a French patriot!"

How national hatreds are created.

Together they proceeded into the fields, where they came across a peasant. Tolstoy stopped him, and, calling him by name, told him that his guest wanted him and all the Russians to help France to fight Germany. "Fight for what?" asked the peasant, "To get two provinces back," answered Tolstoy, "which France lost a quarter of a century ago." The peasant stared at the stranger, and finally, turning to Tolstoy, asked, "Is he a fool, or does he think we are fools?" and away he went. "Who was the wiser of the two," Tolstoy asked me, "the simple-minded, simply-clothed, labor-bronzed, unlettered, *Moujik*, or the well-fed, well-groomed, white-skinned politician, with a silk hat, long coat of latest cut, and patent leather shoes? That peasant's answer was the voice of the people; the politician's was the serpent's voice. As the peasant spoke, so think the people in their hearts, until the serpent's tongue beguiles them into doing what they would never think of doing were they following the bidding of their conscience."

A peasant's common sense view.

In that strain Tolstoy continued for some time. He spoke of the envies of rulers and of the ease with which they precipitate war, never doubting the people's readiness to obey their call to arms, assured that a people's patriotism is innate, that, when made to believe that their ruler or nation is in danger, there is no sacrifice too costly for them to bring, no hardship too great to bear. His knowledge of people had convinced him that patriotism, as at present conceived, is far from being a ruling passion, that, in the final analysis, it is immaterial to people who rules, or what flag waves over them, as long as they are decently treated, that, given a chance to make a better living in Germany or Turkey or China, the average Russian will not hesitate long to avail himself of it, if not interfered with by his government.

Denies that patriotism innate.

Remembering the tremendous immigration to our shores from all parts of the world, and the readiness with which newcomers exchange their native citizenship for that of the United States, remembering that one out of every seven of our citizenship is foreign-born, that, in fact, our whole nation, excepting the aborigines, is one of foreigners, remembering also the thousands that have left and are leaving our country for Canada for the purpose of

Denial sustained by experiences in our country.

bettering their condition, even if it be under British sovereignty, remembering these things, I could not but recognize the weight of Tolstoy's argument that love of the country of one's birth, has not as deep a hold on human nature as is generally believed. And the ancient Latins, too, must have recognized it when one of them taught: *Ubi bene, ibi patria* (*where it is well with thee, there is thy fatherland.*)

And In France.

As illustration of the ease with which people pass from under the rulership of one sovereign to subjection under another, he cited the attitude of the French toward the succession of rulers before and after the French Revolution. At first they shouted themselves hoarse at the accession to the throne of Louis XVI, then they shouted for his head; next, they acclaimed vociferously Robespierre and Marat and Danton, then they clamored for their heads; next they hailed Napoleon, and then they clamored for his overthrow; next they welcomed as deliverers the allies who overthrew him, then they hailed the Bourbon rulers, the Orleans rulers; then another Napoleon, finally even a Boulanger. Each in turn, judging by the acclaim he received, depended upon the patriotism of the people, only to learn that of all volatile things, patriotism is one of the most volatile.

Patriotism instil ed by rulers for selfish ends.

If patriotism is as innate as is generally claimed, continued Tolstoy, why do nations go to such trouble in inculcating it? Let them stop compelling people to swear allegiance to every new monarch, let them cease saying prayers for him, celebrating his birthdays, placing his pictures in public halls, and his monument in public squares, printing his name in capital letters in prayer-books, calendars and text-books, imprisoning people for speaking ill of him, dazzling the people's eyes and befogging their minds by means of pomp and show and glitter, crowns and sceptres, gaudy uniforms, military bands, medals and ranks, fireworks and triumphal arches—let them cease doing such things, and they will soon discover how much patriotism is inborn, how much of it is of spontaneous growth, and how much of it is forced upon the people.

Continuing, the venerable Russian philosopher held that we would hear less of patriotism if rulers were more content

Would hear less of patriotism, if rulers were less greedy.

with what they have. Whenever more land or power is wanted, quarrels are sought and found. Papers and politicians are employed to rouse the people into doing the will of their monarch or his counsellors And this blind obedience is proudly labeled *patriotism*. In the name of such patriotism, the Russians and the French sought to exterminate each other. In its name, the Russians have crushed the Pole. In its name friendships of scores of years turn into hatreds over night. In its name, blind followers of kings are called *patriots;* God-fearing, justice-loving citizens, who call kings to account, are called *traitors*, and are treated as such.

Patriotism declared to be a form of slavery.

Patriotism, therefore, as commonly understood, concluded Tolstoy, is for rulers a means for gratifying their lust of land or power, and for the people a renunciation of their God-given intellect, a surrender of fundamental teachings of their religion. Conceived in that sense, patriotism is but a form of slavery, and the patriot often but his monarch's executioner. End this blind patriotism, and you end war at the same time, for people will then be no longer willing to sacrifice themselves for the aggrandizement of their ruler, or of his diplomats or of his military chiefs. Remove this blind patriotism, and the profession of the diplomat will be gone. There will then be no quarrel between nations which arbitration courts will not adjudicate. Remove this blind patriotism, and nations will establish their cause by the law of right instead of by the force of might. Remove blind patriotism, and you will enthrone religion among the nations. Let people cease to be false patriots, and they will become true Christians.

Thus spoke Tolstoy on that memorable evening, in the month of July 1894, and that was the gist of a series of articles which he was then publishing in a London paper, which articles have since appeared in booklet form.

Unprepared for such teaching.

This startlingly new teaching of the venerable Russian philosopher found me unprepared for it, even after his fuller expounding of it. While I recognized much truth in what he said, I felt that he had allowed the abuse of patriotism to cloud his perception of its usefulness,

and I, therefore, experienced a rude shock to see an idol shattered to which I had done homage from my early childhood.

I had almost been raised on patriotism. In my German home, and in my school, I was taught that it stood next to religion in sacredness, that, in fact, it was part of religion itself. Next to God it was the King who received our reverence. The phrase "With God, for King and Fatherland," was one of the articles of our creed.

Was raised on Patriotism.

The king's name, we were taught, was to be associated in our minds only with holiness. His every command was to be regarded as law, to be as implicitly obeyed as any of the commandments of the Bible. Special prayers were offered at every Sabbath service for him and the others of the royal family. The anniversary of his birthday was a national festival, and was ushered in with religious exercises. The best known and most frequently sung hymn was one in which the king was glorified, and his protection was asked for. His picture had a place of honor in almost every home; its presence was obligatory in every public institution. To serve the country as soldier, and to prepare oneself for it from early childhood, were regarded not only duties but also distinctions. As boys here play baseball or football, we played "soldiers." To die for one's country, we were taught, was regarded the most honored of deaths. A king, it was held, could do no wrong. To speak ill of him, therefore, was as blasphemous as speaking ill of God, and subject to similar punishment. His ubiquitous picture as well as the current coin proclaimed to all that he ruled by the grace of God."

With such beliefs and feelings I arrived upon these shores a few years after the close of the Civil War. Our nation then was still stirred by intense patriotism. The assassination of Lincoln was still fresh in the memory of our people, and hearts still bled because of the hundreds of thousands of lives that had been paid as purchase price for the emancipation of the American negro and for the indissolubleness of our Union.

Brought it to the United States.

Without knowing how and when, I became an American patriot, a worshipper of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln, and the others of the brilliant galaxy of stars of the Revolution and Rebellion. The higher

Became an American patriot.

my esteem rose for Republicanism the lower sank my regard for royalty. The story of George III of England dealt the death-blow to my veneration for kings. The day on which I received my Citizenship paper was truly a red letter day in the calendar of my life, and I experienced not the slightest qualm of conscience, when, to obtain that paper, I had to foreswear allegiance to William I, Emperor of Germany. It was only my allegiance that changed; my patriotism was greater than it had ever been before. My appreciation of all that is true and good and beautiful in the land of my birth continued, but all that is great and glorious in the land of my adoption inspired me more.

Twenty years have passed since I listened to Tolstoy expounding his views on patriotism. Many disillusioning events have taken place during that time; many national wrongs have been committed. I have followed the cruel and unjust wars in China and Manchuria, in Boerland, Tripolis, Turkey, and elsewhere, all wars to gratify base greeds, and paid for with the lives of hundreds of thousands of men, with the happiness of well-nigh countless homes. I have followed the outrages in Egypt and Persia. I have seen the internationalism and socialism and Zionism of our century, of which glorious things were expected, fade before nationalism like the morning mist before the sun. Instead of instituting the brotherhood of man, or the brotherhood of co-laborer or co-religionist, which they claimed to be their mission, socialist is this very day murdering socialist, and Zionist is slaughtering Zionist, and Christians are devastating Christian cities, and laying waste Christian churches, and widowing and orphaning Christian homes—and all in the name of national patriotism.

Have become disillusioned.

When my mind to-day reverts to that evening with Tolstoy, and recalls his severe strictures on patriotism, it experiences no such shock it experienced then. In this teaching, as in many others, I seem to have become a disciple of the Russian peasant-philosopher. He was ahead of his time, and but few have caught up with him.

Inclined towards Tolstoy's view.

The great mass of humanity is still in the bonds of Dark-age teaching respecting the divine rights of rulers, and the duty of subjects to obey unquestioningly, to lay down their lives and all, in the interest of their

Patriotism covers a multitude of sins.

sovereigns, which duty is cunningly ornamented with all manners of rhetorical frills and furbelows, and labeled *Patriotism*. But few realize that as long as subjects will continue to be "patriotic" slaves, so long will rulers and diplomats do as they please. But few perceive that rulers rule by the scheme of schemers, by the diplomacy of diplomats, by the submissiveness of the people, and not by the "grace of God." But few perceive that, at kings' commands, the commands of God are ignored, that, instead of being God's vicegerents on earth, rulers frequently are His enemies, compelling their people to violate the basic principles of religion, to hate where they should love, to wound where they should heel, to curse where they should bless, to slaughter and outrage their fellowmen, children of the same God, brethren who are wholly without guilt. But few perceive that it is as wrong for nations to murder and steal as it is for individuals, that the one has no more right to settle real or imaginary grievances by force of arms than has the other, that what the law court is for the individual, the Court of Arbitration must be for the nation.

There are times when citizens such as Tolstoy, though denounced and persecuted and excommunicated as anti-patriots, traitors, heretics, are a nation's truest patriots and most God-fearing men, whose writings, instead of being prohibited or blackened, should be published in millions of copies, and sent broadcast throughout the land. There are times when the most law abiding citizens are those who fearlessly denounce their government's ungodly acts, who refuse to subscribe to the teaching: "My country, right or wrong, still my country!" whose motto is: My country must never be wrong, shall never be wrong! My country must always do right, shall always do right!

When the day will dawn on which all countries, rulers as well as subjects, will recognize and follow these truths we will hear no more of *patriotism versus humanitarianism*. On that day *patriotism and humanitarianism* will be one.

When patriotism and humanitarianism will be one.

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VOL. XXVIII Sunday, December 27th, 1914 No. 8

Patriotism *versus* Humanitarianism.

II.

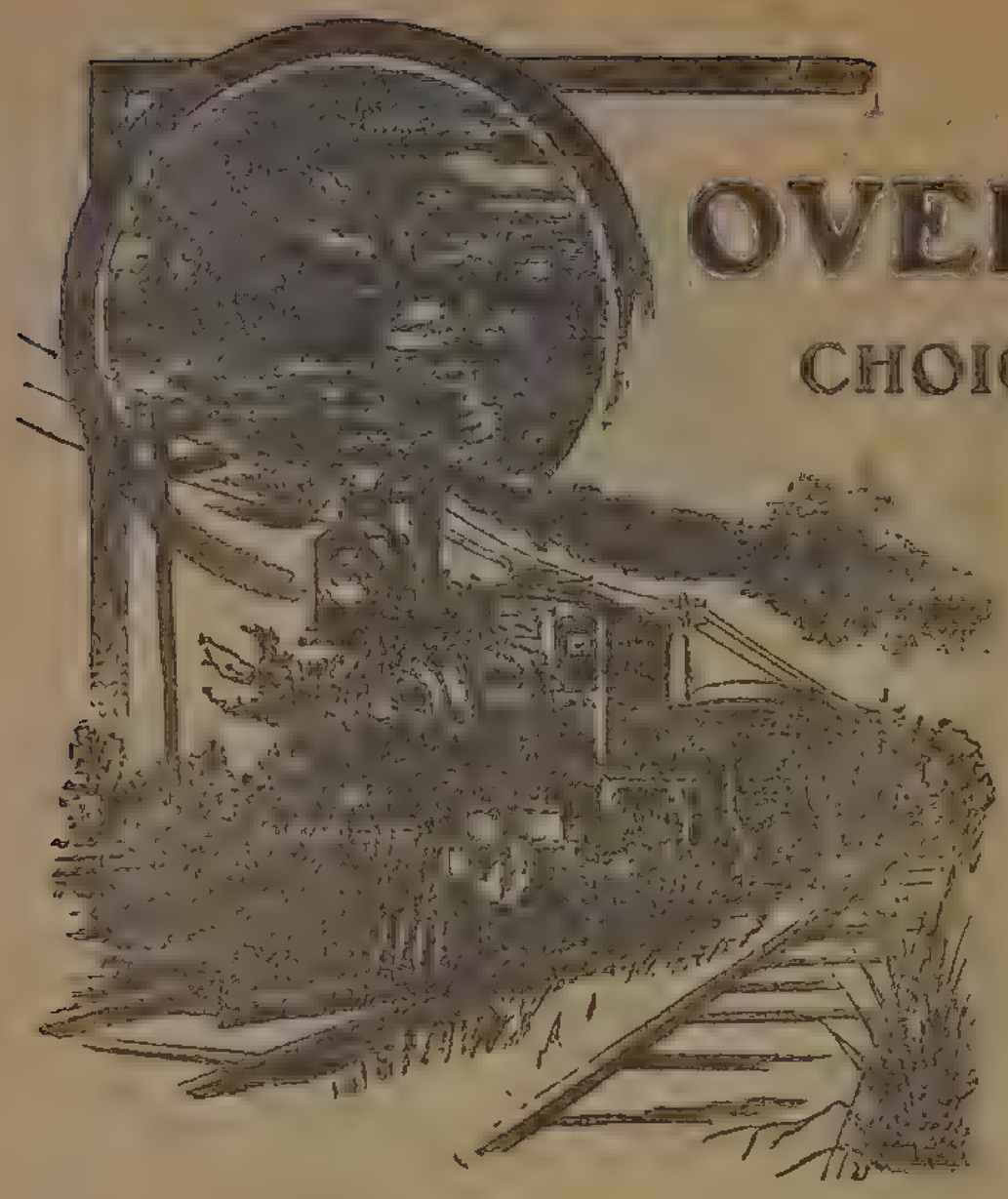
Zola and Patriotism.

By Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

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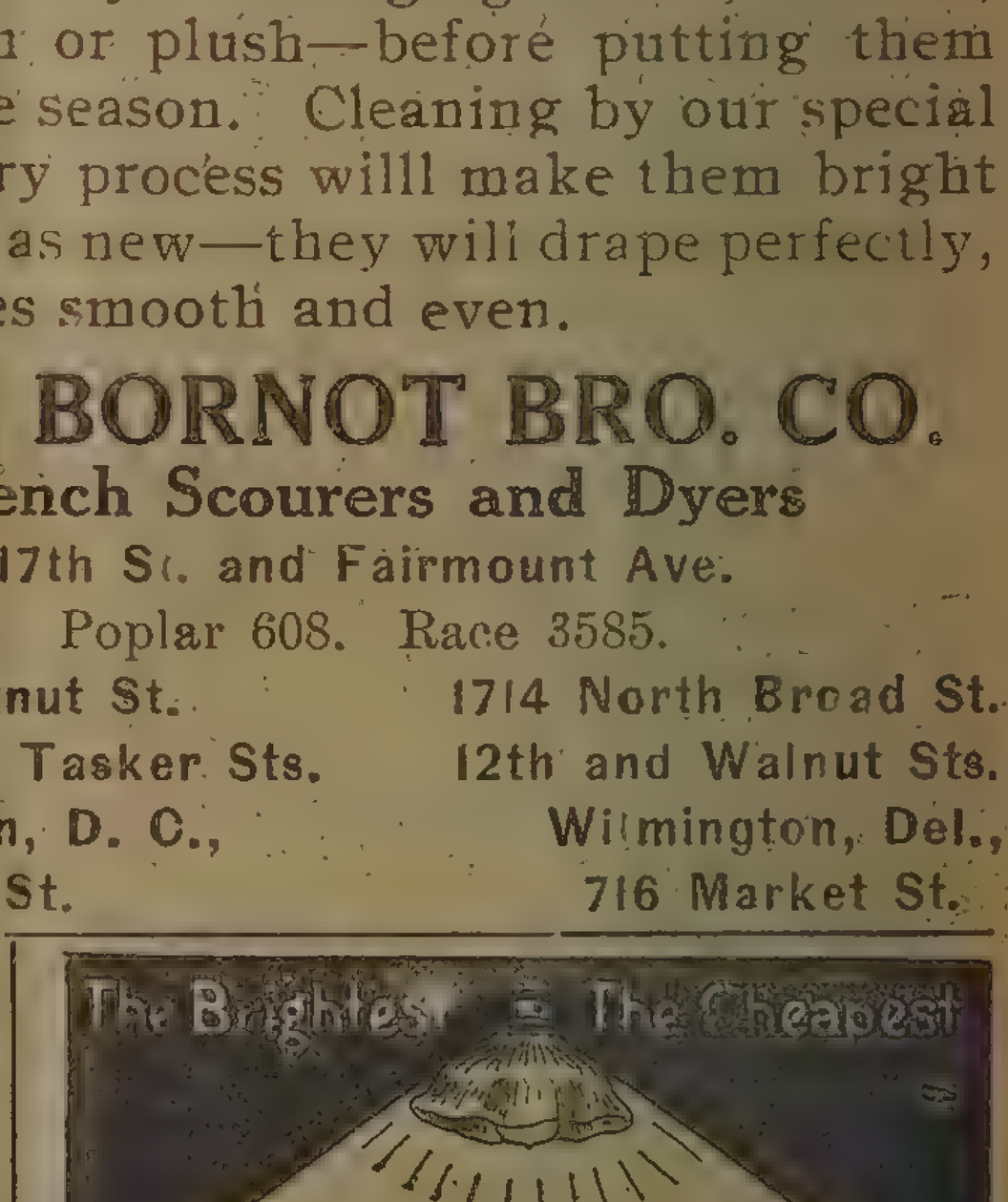
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Patriotism *versus* Humanitarianism.

II.

Zola and Patriotism.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, December 20th, 1914.

It was on a Saturday, June 5th, 1895. Five thousand infantry and cavalry were drawn up in a hollow square, on the Parade Grounds of the "*Ecole Militaire*," in Paris. Back of this military wall stood a mass of frenzied humanity, who soothed their growing impatience with frequent yells: "*Down with the Jews.*" At length a guard led a prisoner into the center of the square. The commander in charge approached him, and in a loud voice said: "You are unworthy to bear the arms, and to wear the uniform, of France, and you shall, therefore, be degraded!" Thereupon, an officer tore off the condemned man's epaulets and plumes, the stripes of his trousers, and the buttons of his uniform. Then he drew the prisoner's sword, broke it in two, and struck the broken parts into the ground, as a sign of degradation. Throughout this public disgrace, the prisoner stood proud and erect, and when the act of degradation was completed, he exclaimed aloud: "Long live France! I swear that I am innocent! You have degraded an innocent man!

A military degradation.

An impressive silence fell over the military, but the mob back of them hissed and screamed, and yelled itself hoarse. The final ordeal awaited him now. He was led past the four sides of the square, that the soldiers might have a closer look of a traitor, and take due warning. The different Parisian newspapers had conspicuous places assigned to them in the square, that they might see and hear and publish all. When the same declaration of his innocence

Insult on injury.

was repeated in front of the *Libre Parole*, the paper that was probably more responsible for this terrible tragedy than all the other causes combined, its editor, the infamous Drumont, snarled back, "*Sale Juif!*" ("Dirty Jew!")

Dreyfus the victim.

You have before now guessed the name of the unfortunate victim of a military clique, the name of Alfred Dreyfus, artillery captain in the French army, whose entire military career had hitherto been unblemished, his whole life unspotted.

From the scene of his degradation, they transported him in chains, far, far away, to the ocean-lashed *Isle le Diable*, (Devil's Island), an island most fittingly named. There, under a burning, tropical sun, they chained him within an iron cage, and placed him under special guards, to make sure against his escape, and thus keep the world from hearing of the horrible plot that had been concocted against an innocent man.

His sufferings.

Weeks passed into months; months turned into years. His face withered; his frame shrank; his hair whitened. They sought to speed his death; they even placed means of self-destruction within his cell, knowing that dead men tell no secrets. He nevertheless kept alive. Day in and day out, he declared his innocence, but to unhearing ears. As often as the cruel regime permitted, he poured forth his lament, in pitiful letters, to his wife and children in that distant home from which he was shut out forever. Daily he looked for deliverance, but no deliverer came. Nothing came, save words of cheer from his devoted, heroic wife, words of assurance that all her life and all her love are consecrated upon restoring to him liberty, and, yet more, his unstained name.

The charge against him.

Of what had he been accused to have deserved so horrible a penalty? He had been arrested, some eight months prior to his degradation, and kept in close confinement for seventeen days. His quarters were, in the meantime, searched, and his wife and family were interrogated, without anything of a treasonable nature having been discovered. When subjected to a grilling secret examination, and no guilt having been found in him, and when told, nevertheless, that he was accused of treason, he was dumbfounded.

And this was put down as the first proof of his guilt, for, why should he have been dumbfounded, if not guilty? For two months, nothing was heard, save the most vituperous charges against him by the Anti-Semitic press. "All France is in imminent danger," said they, "its army secrets have been sold out to Germany, by this Jew, Dreyfus." "Serves France right," shouted they, "for having advanced a Jew to the rank of an officer."

Unfounded.

Suddenly a document turned up, a memorandum, which contained a few items appertaining to French fortifications. Though it bore no signature, it was claimed—despite denial by experts—to be in the hand-writing of Dreyfus, and which, it was furthermore claimed, had been spirited away from one of the *attachés* of the German Legation. Subsequently another note turned up, claimed to have been an intercepted communication between *attachés* of the German and Italian Legations, containing the words: "*And that rascal, "D," is he always so exacting?*" The rascal, "D," could, of course, be no other, they concluded, than Dreyfus. The prisoner denied the charge, as did also Count von Münster, the German Ambassador at Paris, and Baron von Bülow, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, at Berlin, as did the German Emperor himself. Commandant Brisset, the Commissioner of the French Government, declared that he was unable to find a motive for treason, and vouched for the unimpeachable character of the accused.

The mob believes.

But the mob believed in his guilt, and clamored for condign punishment. All manner of criminal and scandalous stories were published against Dreyfus and the Jews. The latter, it was asserted, had formed a syndicate to sell out France to Germany, and to obtain Palestine for their reward, with Rothschild for its king, and Dreyfus for its Commander-in-Chief. Flaring cartoons, representing Dreyfus as *Iscàriot*, with a bag of German *thalers* in his hand, were spread broad-cast. Louder and louder rose the clamor to make Dreyfus suffer the full penalty of a traitor. The majority of the Court-Martial was only too willing to yield; some, to their credit be it said, refrained from voting. The remainder joined the condemning majority, on being told that convincing proof of his guilt was in the possession of the War

Office, which, for diplomatic reasons, could not be divulged. And so, the verdict was: "Guilty of Treason, Degradation, Deportation, Imprisonment for Life!"

Commandant Brisset, the Government's representative, had declared that he had been unable to find a motive for the accusation brought against Dreyfus, and that declaration was shared by a number of others of sane and unbiased mind. Dreyfus was a man of means; money, therefore, could not have induced him to act the traitor; he had lived a manly, honorable life, was addicted neither to drinking nor gambling nor revelling, therefore, guilt of treason could not be charged to moral corruption or mental degeneracy. He was, above all things, a French Jew, and to no country have Jews been more loyally devoted than to France, for that country was the first, in modern times, to restore to them their long-denied citizenship rights, a restoration for which they proved their gratitude by distinguished service in legislative hall, in the army and on battlefields, in the arts and sciences, in the trades and industries.

No motive for treason.

A motive for the horrible charge against him had, therefore, to be found, and it did not take a far search to find it. The bitterness displayed against him and his people by the Anti-Semitic press and the fanatical mob, which they commanded, gave the first clue. The aristocracy of militarism, the most snobbish of all aristocracies, had taken mortal offence at the introduction of a Jewish officer into their exclusive caste. And this at a time, when Anti-Semitic agitations against Jews were at their height in Europe, and were followed by all kinds of riots and outrages and persecutions. The snobocracy was resolved never to allow the French army to submit to an insult which the Governments of Russia and Germany and Austria would never have dared to offer to their military. The military of a nation, they claimed, is the best part of a nation, and only the best of the people must officer it; a Jew, therefore, must hold no officer's rank, if he is to be allowed to serve in the army at all. They were determined, therefore, upon the removal of Dreyfus, and in a manner so heinous that France should never again think of honoring a Jew with the commission of an officer, nor a Jew dare to aspire to it.

Motive for persecution.

And so the charge, which we have heard, was manufactured on the part of a few, which charge others believed to be true, and to be deserving of all the punishment that was visited upon the traitor.

Charge invented.

But there were those who knew the diabolical conspiracy that was back of the charge, and who were resolved, cost what it may, and take as much time as it would, never to rest until the plot had been exposed, and a foully stained reputation had been cleared, and an innocently imprisoned man had been set free. Foremost among these were the wife and brother of Dreyfus.

It was not long before they came across the tracks of an ex-officer, named Esterhazy, and two Lieutenant Colonels, Du Paty de Clam and Henry. With the aid of Col. Picquart, the fearless chief of the Intelligence Department, the writer of the treasonable notes was discovered to be Esterhazy, a besotted degenerate, who made his living by that sort of work. The discovery was brought to the attention of the War Office, but it refused to examine, even to see, the proofs offered. "The Dreyfus case is closed," it said, "and for the good of the country, it must not and shall not be reopened. Better that one man suffer than that a nation should lose its faith in the integrity of its army." Recognizing in Col. Picquart a dangerous Dreyfusard, the three conspirators managed to manufacture charges of treason against that noble officer, and succeeded in having him disgraced, dismissed, imprisoned, and his place filled by one of his accusers.

Real traitor discovered.

Gradually, the conspiracy became the property of the public press, and divided the nation into two hostile camps, the overwhelmingly larger, composed mostly of the army and the rabble, siding against Dreyfus, the smaller, favoring a public rehearing of the case. The passion of the nation rose to fever heat. Daily the anti-Semitic press poisoned the minds of the people, more and more, against Dreyfus and the Jews, by the invention of newer and greater falsehoods. The louder the one side demanded a rehearing of the case, the more bitterly the other side charged that none but enemies of France can desire a tarnishing of the good name of her army, at a time when all manner of invasions were threatening her.

Discovery intensifies hatred.

At length, M. Scheurer Kestner, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Republic of France, became interested in the case.

Traitor exonerated

Examining the documents, he found Esterhazy guilty of the very charge for which Dreyfus suffered at Devil's Island. Unable to deny a Vice-President's demand for an examination of the documents, the War Office summoned Esterhazy to a travesty of a trial, before a military court, which promptly whitewashed him, and blackened yet more his vicarious sufferer. An ovation awaited the traitor and conspirator outside the court. Women trampled upon one another in their eagerness to press their kisses upon his withered and dissipated cheeks. The mob carried him through the streets in triumph, shouting: "Long live the Army! Down with the Jews! Down with the traitors!"

All now seemed lost. The last hope had vanished. This miscarriage of justice soon end the days of Dreyfus, it was

When all hope seemed lost.

predicted, secure for him a freedom other than that to which he and his friends had eagerly looked forward.

But, he was destined not to be robbed of the kind of freedom that was his due, not to be denied the right of clearing a

Zola appears as champion.

name which he had borne with honor all his life. On the very morning following the Esterhazy farce-trial, help came from a source whence it had been least expected. Emile Zola, the distinguished writer, the most popular of all the authors of France, a Non-Jew, had entered the arena as champion of Dreyfus. His daring can little be appreciated now that there is no longer the intense excitement, which the Dreyfus case had called forth, not in France alone but in all the rest of the civilized world. On that morning it meant more than risking his reputation as man, and his popularity as author; it meant endangering his freedom, his very life.

That you may become somewhat acquainted with the fervor and daring of his accusation, against those who had dragged justice in the mire, in the Esterhazy trial, let me cite an extract from it:

His challenge.

"A Council of War, under orders, has just dared to acquit an Esterhazy, a final blow to all truth and justice. My duty is to speak. I will not be an accomplice. My nights would be

haunted by the spectre of the innocent man, who far away, is expiating, in the most frightful of tortures, a crime which he has not committed . . . He cannot come forth innocent without the whole staff being guilty, Accordingly, the officers, by every imaginable means, by press campaigns. by communications and influences, have covered Esterhazy only to destroy once again Dreyfus. How many men I know, who, at the thought of a possible war, tremble with anguish, knowing in what hands our national defence has fallen, and what a nest of low intrigues, of scandal, of jobbery, has become that holy asylum in which must be decided the fate of our country! They are frightened at the terrible light thrown on all this by the Dreyfus affair—this sacrifice of a Jew."

Here follow the eight paragraphs, each beginning with the words "*I accuse*," which have since become as celebrated in literature as in law, in which he charges the highest officials of the Ministry of War and of the Army, with crime, fraud, weakness, machination, the intensity of which may be judged from the following excerpts:

"I accuse Gen. Billot of having had in his hands the certain proofs of the innocence of Dreyfus, and of having stifled them, of having made himself guilty of the crime of treason against humanity and justice for a political end, and to save the compromised staff. . . .

"I accuse the three experts in handwriting . . . of having made lying and fraudulent reports, unless a medical examiner should declare them laboring under maladies of sight and judgment.

"I accuse the War Officers of having carried on in the press . . . an abominable campaign to lead public opinion astray, and to cover their own faults.

"I accuse the First Council of War of having violated the law, by condemning a man on the strength of a document, kept secret, and I accuse the Second Council of War of having covered this illegality—under orders—by committing, in its turn, the judicial crime of acquitting knowingly the guilty man.

"My burning protest is but the cry of my soul. Let them dare, therefore, to bring me into court, and let the trial be held in open day. I wait."

The effect af this protest and charge, publicly addressed to the President of the French Republic, was almost immediate. A riot ensued in the Chamber of Deputies. A motion to separate Church and State received an alarmingly large vote. A fall of the cabinet seemed imminent.

Creates consternation.

The War Office, however, paralyzed at first, soon recovered itself, and ordered criminal proceedings against Zola for treasonable libel. This was the very course which he wanted his challenge to take, so that

Condemned as traitor.

by his public prosecution he might throw light upon the Dreyfus case. But the hands of the military authorities were too much stained with crime to be displayed in public, and so, by a process of intimidation and brow-beating of judge and jury, and by filling the nation with fear of an imminent uprising of the army, they ruled out every question that would have exposed their nefarious acts, insulted the defendant, and gagged his counsel, the distinguished *Maitre* Labori. Zola knew what to expect from a court constituted such as this, and from a trial conducted as was this one. And he said so, in the address which he delivered to judge and jury, an address which has since become one of the world's masterpieces of impassioned oratory, which address he concluded with these words:

"All seems against me—the two Chambers, the civil authority, the most widely circulated journals, the public opinion which they have poisoned. And I have for me only an ideal of truth and justice. But I am quite calm; I shall conquer. I was determined that my country should not remain the victim of lies and injustice. I may be condemned here. The day will come when France will thank me for having helped to save her honor."

And he was condemned—condemned to a term of imprisonment, which they dared not make him serve, to the payment of a heavy fine, which they dared not exact. One-time friends turned their backs upon him. The Legion of Honor thrust him out. He was openly derided and snubbed and insulted. What did it matter to him? He had the approval of his own conscience, and of the noblest minds of all the world, who showered their congratulations upon him, who gloried in his courage, and thanked him for the distinguished service he had rendered not only to his own country but to other countries as well, in having opened their eyes to the hydra of *militarism* which was crushing their liberty and justice. Instead of a conviction, his sentence was a triumphant acquittal.

Though scorned at first.

What were all the sneers and slights he was made to suffer, compared with the joy he experienced soon after, when he saw, publicly exposed, under the full light of the sun, the conspiracies that had been conceived in darkness, and concocted in secrecy. It was not long before Col. Henry confessed to the

guilt of forgery in the Dreyfus case, and committed suicide. It was not long before Esterhazy found it necessary to banish himself from France, to become a "fugitive and a vagabond" on the face of the earth. It was not long before the War Office found itself obliged to retire Du Paty de Clam from the army, and to recall Col. Picquart—to a higher rank than he had held before. It was not long before it became necessary to order the return of Dreyfus for a public trial. And even though unscrupulous trickeries were resorted to to foil the ends of justice, even though assassination was attempted to silence his valiant counsel, Labori, that trial proved the truth of every accusation Zola had made. That trial established the innocence of the martyr of Devil's Island, and set him free,

Subsequent army reforms in France proved the truth of Zola's prediction. The time did come when France thanked him for having saved her honor. When laid to rest a few years later, sixty thousand mourners, among them the foremost men of France, followed his remains. In the funeral address, the celebrated Anatole France pronounced him one of the world's immortals, one of the greatest patriots of France.

Recognized later as one of nation's greatest patriots.

And that man had been condemned as a traitor by a court of France, and his judges had been applauded as patriots. Of such material are, at times, traitors and patriots made. The world would be better to-day if it had more such traitors as Zola, and less such patriots as are found among the militarists and judges of the nations. It is from a want of Zolas that the nations suffer, from a want of courageous men, willing to be called traitors, and to suffer the penalty of their daring—to be proved, in the end, the noblest of patriots. What, if a score of men had dared to rise in Petrograd and in Vienna, in Berlin and in London, and, in righteous indignation, had dared to call aloud, on the first of August last, from public platform and from pulpit, from street corners and from the very housetops: "There must not be war! There shall not be war! The time for human slaughter is past! The day of humanitarianism has dawned! Ye, husbands and fathers, ye, sons and brothers, must not, shall not, follow the call to arms, no matter whether Czar or Emperor, King or President command." They would have

Like daring to-day would rid us of militarism.

suffered punishment, they might have suffered death, but this present world-war, if begun at all, might not have lasted long. The words of the martyrs would have echoed from capital to town, from village to hamlet, and continued echoing, till the whole earth would have thundered the shout: War is a crime, and those who wage it are criminals.

Not prayer-meetings nor peace-meetings, not unctuous sermons nor erudite essays, will deliver us from the curse of militarism, from the Moloch of war, from the brutality that parades itself as patriotism. Bravery such as Zola's, courage to dare all and suffer all, for righteousness sake, this will teach us the patriotism of humanitarianism, will emancipate us from the tyranny of militarism, will train us in the art of beating swords into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks.

Would end war.

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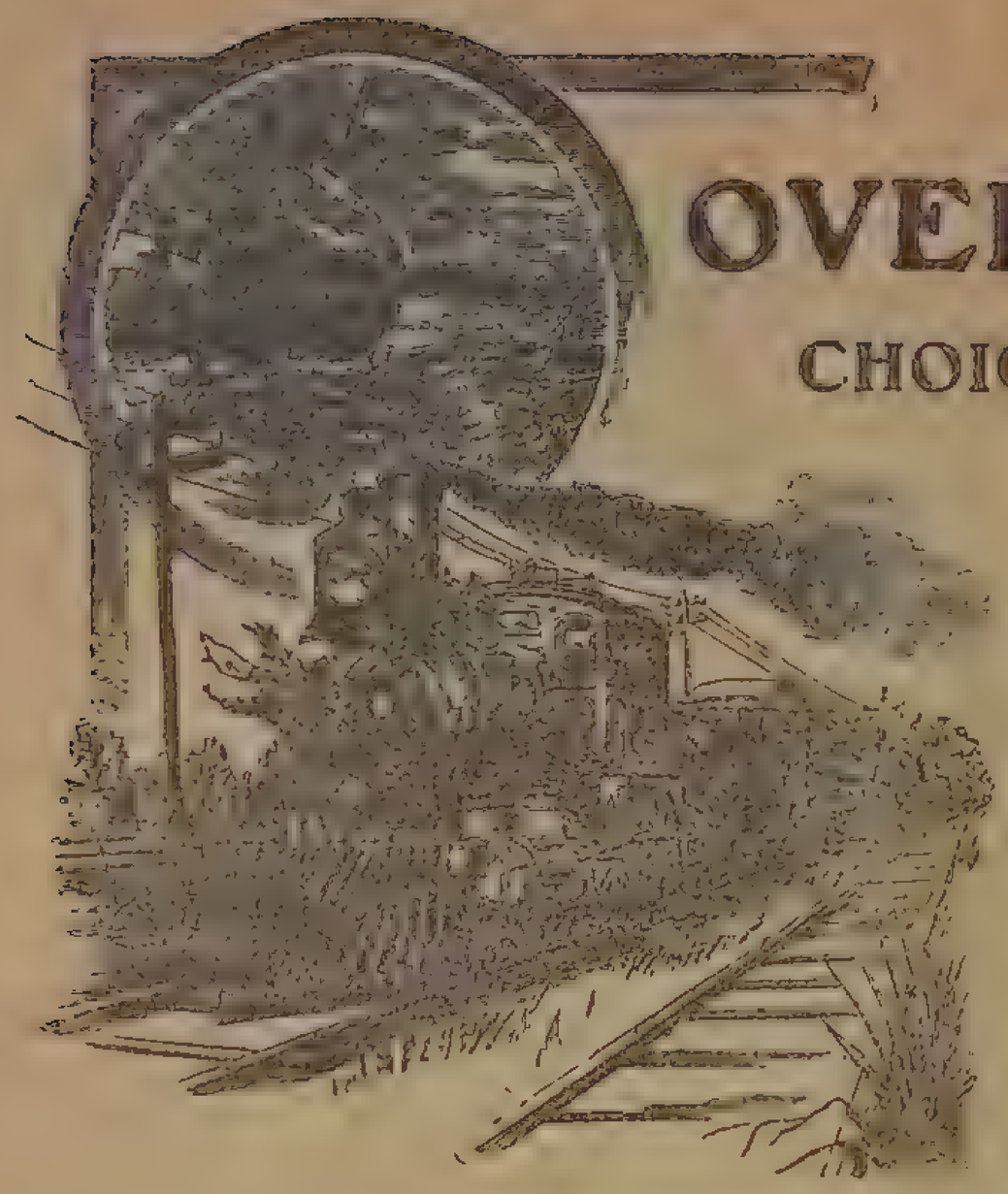
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Shaw and Patriotism.

By Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

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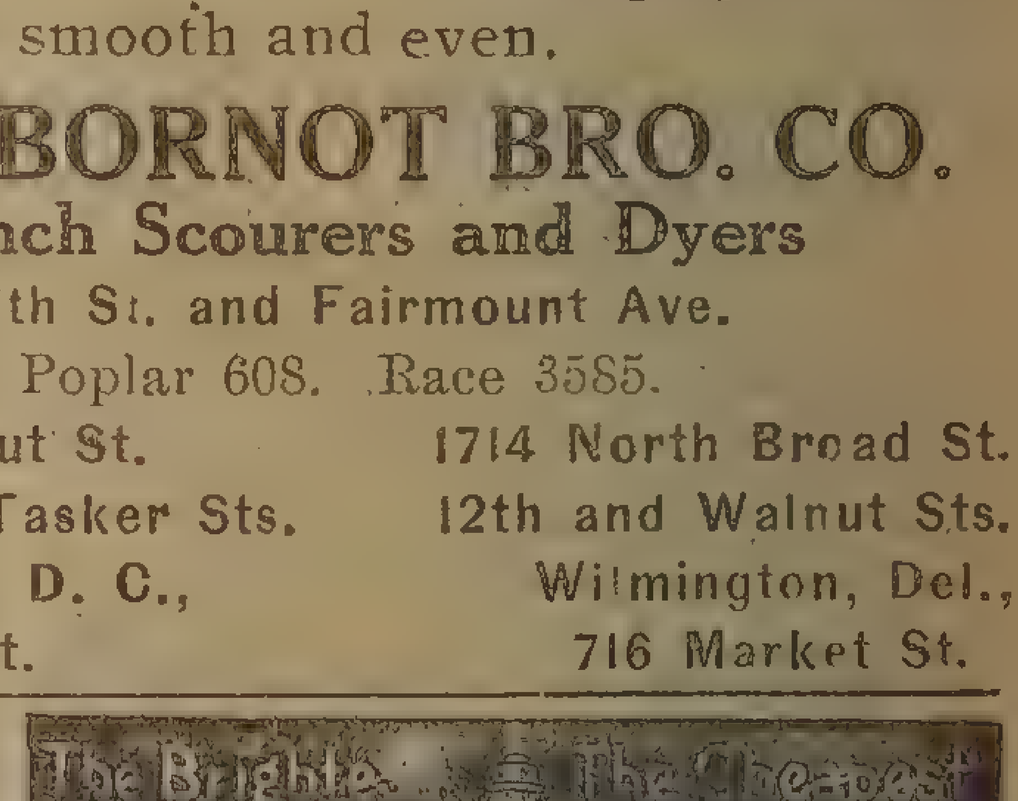
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III.

Shaw and Patriotism.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, December 27th, 1914.

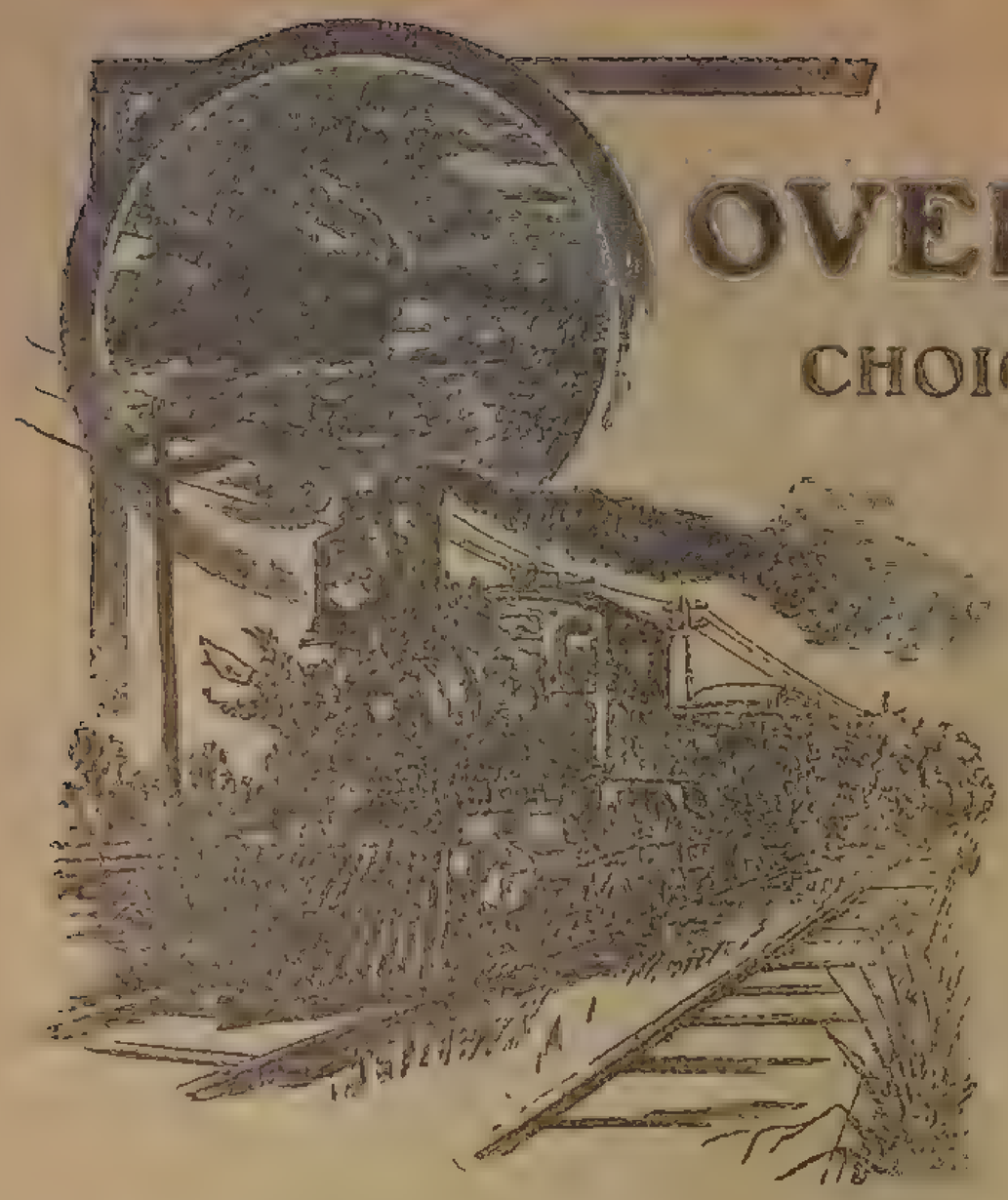
Quite a new star in the galaxy of distinguished modern playwrights is Mr. John Galsworthy. Within a comparatively short time, he has produced a number of plays, which have met with great favor on both sides of the Atlantic. Judging by the rapid development of his dramatic powers and intellectual insight, we may look forward to creations of his of yet greater worth. What seems to grip those who have read his latest plays, or have seen performances of them, is his departure from the beaten tracks of convention, his preferring to do his own thinking, and his sharing freely his conclusions with the public. He is not afraid to tell the truth as he sees it, even if telling it offend those who hold that what fathers and grandfathers believed must of necessity be the belief also of their children and children's children.

Galsworthy as playwright.

Perhaps the best play Galsworthy has thus far produced, along these lines, is the one entitled "*The Mob*," presented in England, last spring. In it he strikes, I believe, an original note. No writer of plays has, to my knowledge, brought out as strongly as Galsworthy has done in "*The Mob*," the contrast between popular patriotism and individual conscience, the struggle between the man who chooses to be himself, and the masses who insist upon every man being as they are, and doing as they do.

"The Mob" his best play.

As the curtain rises, members of a prominent English family, and a few distinguished guests of theirs—one a church-



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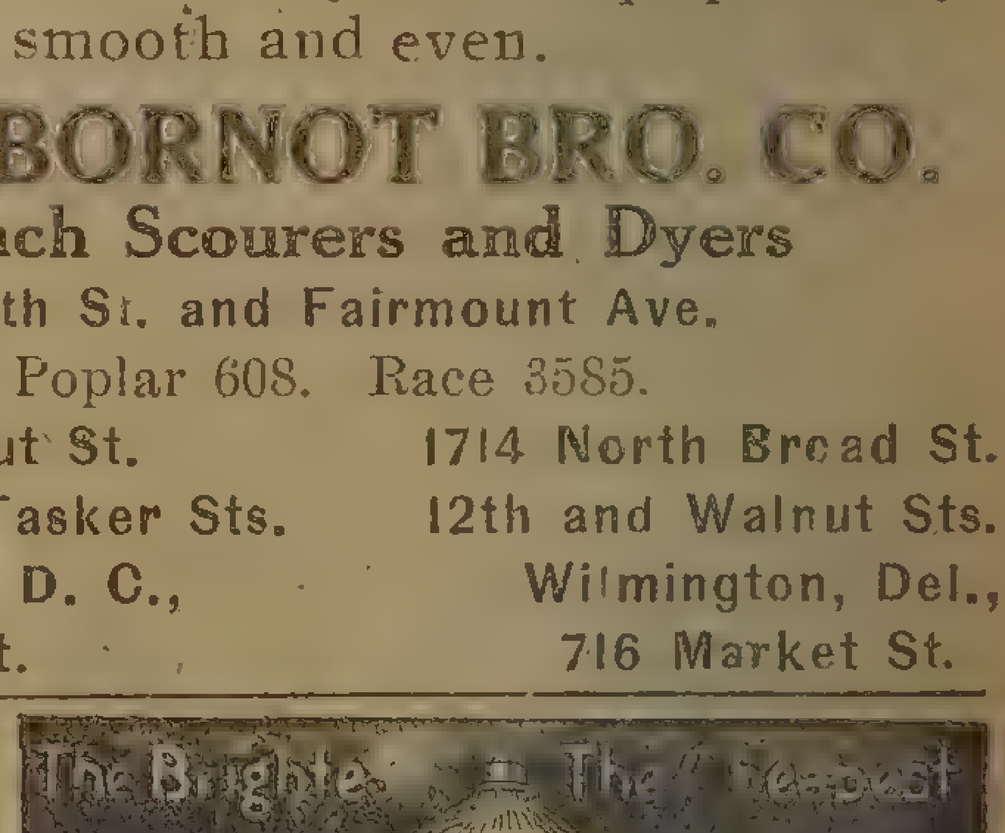
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"The Mob" his best play.

As the curtain rises, members of a prominent English family, and a few distinguished guests of theirs—one a church-

Represents new type of patriot, one opposed to war.

man, the other a newspaper man—are seen engaged in a spirited discussion. From it we learn that war is about to be declared by Great Britain against a small, far distant people, presumably the Boers. The head of the family, Mr. More, a Member of Parliament, in fact, an Under Secretary of State, expresses himself emphatically opposed to a great nation abusing its power by crushing a small people. He is called an idealist, and told that idealism has no place in politics, that, when a petty people refuse to do the will of a giant, and accompanies its refusal by deeds of violence, it must be coerced into subjection. More asks whether even a little people has not the right to hit back when hit, especially when threatened with seizure by the big one, and with loss of its independence. If commercial greed and missionary zeal, he adds, were to let peoples alone, we would hear little of wars of conquest. Commerce and religion are agencies of civilization, he is told, and they who refuse these must be compelled to accept them for their own good. Moreover, a true patriot will never say that his country is wrong. "The truer patriot," he replies, "is he who keeps his country from doing wrong."

He proposes to say all this in the House of Parliament, to all the nation. Consternation seizes upon the family and their guests. "Of what avail," they ask, "will your opposition be? What obstacle can an individual interpose when a whole nation is bent on war?" "The individual will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he has acted in accordance with the bidding of his conscience," he replies. He is answered that there are national crises when the individual conscience must give way to the country's preference. To refuse to yield is to lose popularity, is to run the danger of bringing the fury of the mob upon oneself, and of effecting one's ruin. "Is a man to hold only such beliefs as will assure his popularity?" he asks. "Must a man do violence to his convictions because they run counter to the prejudices and passions of the mob?"

Warned against opposing war.

Word is brought that the threatened war has been declared. They try all the harder to dissuade him from making the speech, since, now that the war has been declared, his opposition can have no other result than to invite the nation's

hatred upon his head. And should the country experience reverses, they point out to him, the people's wrath will let itself out upon him. They will hold him responsible for their defeat, for the slaughter of their men, and they will find satisfaction only in steeping their hands in his blood. What madness, say they, to run such risks, for one like him, honored by the nation, and slated for a cabinet position! What good will come of it? Calmly, he replies: "History, at least, will not be able to say that there was not one in all England to protest against a small people being crushed by a great nation." His wife entreats him to spare her the disgrace of a husband agitating against war, when her three brothers are to be in the war, and her father is in the War Office. "Do you want me to feel myself a cur?" he asks her, to which she replies: "I almost feel you will be a cur, if you do as you propose."

The word "cur," from the lips of the wife he loves, strikes deep, yet not so deep as to swerve him from his purpose.

He makes the speech, full of courage and eloquence and sound reasoning, telling that it is his love of his country that will not permit him to look in silence upon its doing a wrong, which no present advantage can condone, and which future generations will condemn. Its conclusion is drowned in an outburst of anger and riot, on the part of the nation's representatives in parliament. Returning to his home, his wife, who has been told of his speech, informs him that with all her heart and soul she is with her country, therefore, against him. He regrets the alternative she has chosen, but assures her he cannot do otherwise.

Opposes nevertheless.

The curtain of the first act drops in the midst of his dictating his resignation of his office of Under Secretary of State.

The second act tells of terrible reverses encountered by the British army, and of the intense bitterness these had aroused against the enemy, and against him who espouses their cause. Newspaper extracts are read, denouncing Mr. More for travelling through the country agitating against the war, in which the suggestion is made that he be muzzled as mad dogs are muzzled.

Attacked on all sides.

A deputation of his constituents wait upon him, to express their disapproval of his course, and to demand that he maintain silence hereafter, if he does not want to lose his seat in parliament. More tells them that it is a matter of conscience with him, and that saving his principles is worth more to him than saving his parliamentary skin. Told by them that civilization is but a logical, inevitable swallowing up of the lower by the higher types of man, and that he should, therefore, make popular opinion rather than conscience his guide, he replies: "If popular opinion is to control the utterances of the politician, then good bye to the country."

Constituents' demand of change of conduct in vain.

While the argument proceeds at some length, and to no purpose, a great mob, passing the street below, is heard yelling to soldiers departing for the front: "Give the beggars hell, boys! Wipe your feet on their dirty country! Don't leave 'em a gory acre!"

In the third act, we witness one of Mr. More's public meetings. He is obliged to sneak in and out of the hall, for fear of violence. Argument and moral courage fail to impress his hearers. They interrupt him with cries of "Treacherous Dog! Blasted Traitor!" His question, whether, if an enemy were to invade their country, they would not defend it, as the tribesmen defend theirs, is met with the shout: "Out with him! Shoot him!" A man strikes him; a boy spits in his face; others throw stones at him. He staggers under one of these.

Openly assaulted.

While this scene is being enacted, quite a different one, and no less pathetic, is enacted at home, between his wife and little girl. The latter is frightened at all the excitement. Having been taught to be loyal to her country, she tells of her prayers for its victory against the cruel enemy. She has not seen her father for six weeks, and, asking her mother where "Daddy" is, she is told that he is travelling through the country, speaking to people who, instead of listening to him, call him names, and throw things at him. The old nurse, who not only had helped to raise this child, but also its mother and her three brothers, enters to tell her mistress, that she is about to leave her employ. With her son at the front, she can no longer remain in the service

Domestics leave him.

of a man who is against his country. Besides, she feels no longer safe in the house, as strange crowds are constantly prowling about; she feels sure that great harm will soon come to it and its inmates.

In the last act, we see Mr. More at his home, still bleeding from his wounds. His wife tries to win back their old-time happiness. He is about to yield, but perceiving that it is to be at the cost of surrendering the cause to which he had consecrated himself, for which he has suffered much, and is prepared to suffer more, he shrinks back, and withdraws. Friends again try to dissuade him from rushing forward to his inevitable doom. "There is nothing more glorious," says he, "than to fight to a finish, knowing that you must be beaten." He is warned against the mob, and against the blindness and cruelty of its fanataicism. "This used to be the country of free speech," says he, "it used to be the country where a man was expected to hold to his faith."

Family desert him.

His father-in-law, having been told of his son's death at the front, says: "Better a son dead in his country's cause, than a son-in-law alive agitating against it." "But what, if that country is in the wrong?" asks More, to which the old warrior replies: "Whatever my country does or leaves undone, I no more presume to judge her than I presume to judge my God." More tells him that he has suffered as much at home as have any of those at the front. "It is easier," he continues, "to die in a popular cause, than to live in an unpopular one, to see people, even friends, turn away in the street, to dread the mail, to go to bed every night with the sound of hooting in my ears, to know that my name is never referred to without contempt. Our men are dying out there for the faith that is in them; I believe my faith to be the better for mankind. I do not believe in letting die down a fire that is sacred—not only now in this country, but in all countries, for all time."

Because of the gathering of the mob outside, panic seizes upon the household. Servants desert it Wife and child leave it. The martyr is left alone. Louder and louder resound the shouts: "More! Traitor! Blackleg!" The windows are smashed. The doors are burst open. A vast mass surges about him, insults him, abuses him, forces

Is killed by mob.

him to make a speech. He complies, and fearlessly he tells them what he thinks of their acts of violence, concluding his scathing arraignment with the words: "There are two kinds of patriotism—that of our soldiers, and this of mine. You have neither. My country is not yours. Mine is that great country, which shall never take toll from the weakness of others. You can break my head; you can never break my faith. You could never break or shake it, if you were a million to one."

These are his last words. A knife thrust at his heart ends his life. The curtain drops as the base assassins are cowardly slinking from the house. But it is raised again, immediately after, to present a view of a London public square, in the midst of which is seen a life-sized statue of the martyr, bearing this inscription: "*Erected to the memory of Stephen More. Faithful to his Ideal.*"

I must ask you to recall my earlier statement, that this play was produced last March, in England, lest you think that it is a recent production, a covert dramatization of a position taken, a few weeks ago, by G. Bernard Shaw. Judging by the reception which the latter's views on England's place in the present war, have met in his own country, and in ours; judging by the intense hatred against him which they have aroused, by the stigmas of "anti-patriot" and "traitor," which have since been heaped upon Shaw, I am forced to believe that Mr. Galsworthy has utterly failed to sink deep into the minds of its hearers or readers the truths developed in "*The Mob.*"

Written before Shaw episode.

He obviously purposed to teach the right of maintaining one's individual opinion against popular clamor; the right of believing in accordance with the dictates of one's own conscience; the right of remaining faithful to one's ideals; the right to independent thought and free speech; the right of the citizen to criticize actions of his country which he conscientiously believes to be wrong; the right of small or helpless nations to maintain their independence, even if in possession of lands coveted by the big ones. He manifestly intended to point out the wickedness of a handful of diplomats hurling a great nation into cruel war, and the people blindly submitting to it, under the belief that by holocausts of

Is purpose.

human sacrifices they evince their highest patriotism. He clearly intended to show the wickedness of piratical nations regarding seizure and annexations of countries of other races and creeds and peoples as a means of civilization; the wickedness of blind, unreasoning mobs making their false conceptions of right and wrong the standard of judging their betters, and insulting and assaulting as traitors the nation's truest patriots, those who suffer greater agonies at home, because of their disapproval of war, than do those who suffer and bleed and die at the front.

And I believe he would have to write a hundred plays as strong as *The Mob*, and stronger, and a hundred of the best playwrights of the world would have to help him, before we would perceive a change in the attitude of the people toward national land greeds, and international trade rivalries, toward patriotism and war. Not yet do the people grasp, to the fullest, the might of their right. Not yet have they acquired the courage to say what they think, and to suffer for thinking and saying it. For one Shaw or Jaures, for one Zola or Tolstoy, who dares, a million are ready to crush him. For one man who publicly dares to question the justice of his Government's war declarations, a million are ready to accept its decrees as resignedly as they accept the dispensations of Providence.

Many such plays needed to attain end sought.

What is it that Shaw has said or done to have deserved the vituperation that has been heaped upon him?

He has published a pamphlet, of considerable length, under the title: "*Common Sense about the War*," in which he gives his views on England's share of responsibility for the war that has, since August last, been wrecking the continent of Europe. He charges the Government leaders of his nation with duplicity and hypocrisy, with pretending to have had no part in bringing about the present world-war, to create which they have labored hard for a score of years, and more.

Shaw holds England equally responsible with others for present war.

He shows that militarism has oppressed England as much as it has Germany, that in the latter country vast sums were expended on the army, and in the other country vaster sums on the navy. He shows that it is to the *Junker* class of England, as much as to that of Germany, that the cause of England's participation in the present war is to be traced, that

it was the English war party that was consumed with the ambition to make their country unconquerable on land, by establishing her absolute naval supremacy over the seas of all the earth, and her command of the world's trade at the same time, that they not only recognized, at the outbreak of the present European conflict, their long-awaited opportunity to down their formidable German trade-rival, but also materially helped to bring that opportunity about.

England's fear of Germany began, he says, from the time the latter country defeated France. Fear turned into hatred, and hatred into a frenzied desire for the overthrow of Germany. "What Germany did to Paris she may do to London!" became the cry that re-echoed throughout all England. Book after book appeared; article after article was published, alarming the nation and moving it to vote sums upon sums to make England's navy mightier than that of all the other powers. If Germany evinced the same spirit later, in publications of her own, she but followed England's lead. He cites passages from the book of the much-blamed Bernhardi, showing that this author learned most of his *Weltpolitik*, most of the doctrine of the bully, from England. He goes on to show that when Germany, on her part, began to enlarge her fleet, England's hatred of her grew more intense, and her agitation against her more bitter. "Why would Germany build more and more battleships," she asked, "if it be not to destroy England with them?"

England incited Germany's belligerency.

Then began England's outwitting the German-Austrian alliance by forming an *entente* of her own with France, and with Russia, the latter her enemy of a short-time ago. Had England fought the militarists of her own country as hard as now she fights those of Germany, there would have been no world-war, he says. Had England given clearly to understand that, Russia and France must not meddle with the Servia-Austrian entanglement, and that, should Germany step in, she would step in, there would have been no war. On the day when the peace arbitrators will sit in judgment, England will be found to have been the instigator of much of the trouble that now convulses the world.

Could have prevented war.

He smiles a Shavian smile at England's declaration that she made a sacrifice of herself to protect Belgium against Germany's violation of her treaty of 1839 with that little country, a treaty that was made in the interest of England, to keep the opposite coast clear of a dangerous neighbor. England could well have foreseen the terrible danger of Germany's geographical position, between France and England on her west flank, and Russia on her east—all three leagued for her destruction. It is unreasonable, therefore, to have expected Germany to lose a second's time in dashing at her western foe, along the Belgian road, when England refused to pledge to keep out of the fray. In a matter of life and death, necessity knows no law. But for England, Belgium might not have obstructed Germany's passage through her territory, and she might have fared as well as Luxemburg fared. Instead of protecting Belgium, England made a sacrifice of that unfortunate land. With wastebaskets-full of broken treaties in her Foreign Office, it comes with ill grace, he says, for England to speak of "violation of the sacredness of treaties." Let there be an end, therefore, to the nonsense of the German wolf and the British lamb, of the Prussian Machiavelli and the English Evangelist. We cannot shout for years that we are of the bull dog breed, and then suddenly pose as gazelles.

Made a sacrifice of Belgium.

This, and much more like this, is the gist of Shaw's pamphlet, "Common Sense about the War," that has brought upon him disgrace and insult, the charge of madman, of anti-patriot, of traitor. We have the right to disbelieve much of what he says; all that he says. We have the right to think that what he calls common sense is nonsense. But we have not the right to abuse and persecute a man for expressing his honest conviction, even if that be diametrically opposed to ours. Mobs may do so; fanatics will do so; men of trained minds and cultured hearts respect those that disagree as much as they honor those that agree. If the true democratic spirit we possess, if we really love liberty, and hold freedom of thought and speech sacred, we cannot help commending Shaw for saying what he believes to be the truth, instead of condemning what has not as yet been proved false, and deserving of condemnation.

Even if wrong, Shaw entitled to hearing.

Who dare at the present time pass final judgment on the cause of the war? What living historian will venture, at this stage, to fix the responsibility for it? Generations will probably have to pass, archives will have to give up their carefully guarded secrets, memoirs will have to disclose their gossips, before the final word on the cause of the present war will have been spoken, if it ever will be spoken.

Final judgment on cause of war not yet given.

When a man like Shaw, whose plays are read and performed in every civilized land, who is being written about and lectured upon, appreciatively, by some of our foremost writers and lecturers, when such a man speaks, he is as much entitled to a respectful hearing as is he who writes the war editorials of your favorite paper or the war articles in your favorite magazine. The one probably knows as much or as little as the other. The one is probably as much influenced by his biases or prejudices as is the other.

If it be treason to speak against war, after war has been declared, what is to prevent scheming diplomats from hurling nations into war, and keeping them in it, assured from the first, that, once the war has begun, it will be regarded unpatriotic, treasonable, to call the instigators to account? It is in such gagging of the tongues of men, and in the command and control they exercise over the press, wherein lies the secret of the power of militarists in times of war.

Silence an abettor of instigators of war.

Brave men, however, men of the type of More, in Galsworthy's "*Mob*," who are ready to surrender position, friends, family, life, rather than do violence to their conscience, men with minds like those of Tolstoy, Zola, Shaw, to whom loss of personal advantage, of popularity, is as nothing compared with the consciousness of serving their country's noblest interests, humanity's highest good, wait not for the privilege to speak, ask not for it. Like the prophets and martyrs of old, they speak as the spirit moves them. They prove their patriotism of the higher order, by refusing to be patriots of the lower kind, by refusing to approve what they know to be wrong, by refusing to keep silent where speech may expose the wicked deeds of wicked men.

Brave men speak because they must

No doubt, Shaw's plays, if now given at all, are presented to empty houses, and his books lie in England unsold upon the shelves. He knew that such would be his fate before he spoke. If necessary, he will speak again, though yet worse consequences be his penalty. For that reason is he Shaw, and not one of the common herd. The world is full of men ready to fight for their country at the front; it is depressingly empty of men ready to fight for their country at home. It is easier to follow the mob than to stand alone. It is easier to have the thinking done for you than to do it yourself. It is easier to shout with the masses than to suffer abuse alone.

Easier to follow the mob than to fight alone.

But from those lonely few come our martyrs, our prophets, our redeemers. Lovingly later generations inscribe upon the tomb of each the words: *Faithful to his Ideals.* May their tribe increase.

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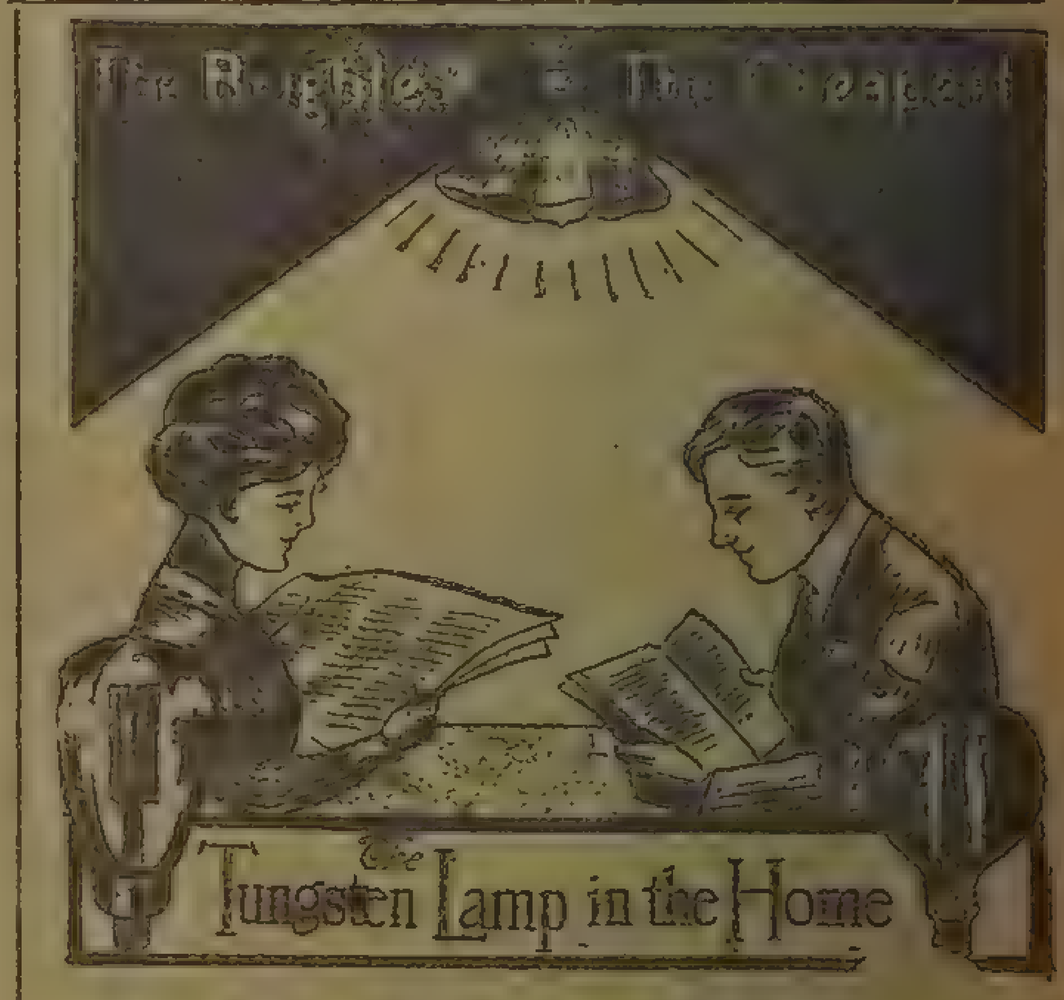
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The Average Man and the Bible.

II.

Where Did the Bible Come From?

A Discourse at Temple Kenesetih Israel,

by

Rabbi Isaac Landman,

Philadelphia, January 3rd, 1915.

Most of the average man's difficulties with the Bible arise from his lack of knowledge concerning its origin and its authorship, how it came into being and where it came from.

To know the Bible we must understand Oriental Authorship;

The Bible, like the people who wrote it, was cradled in the ancient East. It belongs to an age more than twenty-five centuries removed from our own. It has remained as we possess it, practically unchanged, for twenty centuries. To understand it thoroughly, therefore, we ought to know something of oriental authorship, of oriental literary craftsmanship and book lore.

We ought to know the political, religious and cultural conditions under which it was written;

As the most casual reader now knows, the Bible is not a single book. It was not written in a day or a year. It is not the work of one author. It was not composed during a single historical period or under the influence of a single spiritual era. It contains practically every type of literary form. Its thought ranges from folklore to philosophy, from dry chronological tables to the most exalted poetry, from religious fanatacism to religious skepticism, from historic fact to fanciful fiction. We ought, therefore, to know something of the political, religious and cultural conditions under which its varying volumes came into existence.

The dates of its major divisions and individual books:

Tradition divides the Bible into three major parts: The Torah or the Law; the Prophets, Earlier and Latter; the Hagiographa, the rest of "the writings." These are again subdivided into four parts and twenty-four books: The Torah, 5[1]; the Earlier Prophets, which are principally historical, 6[2]; the Latter Prophets, 4[3]; the Hagiographa, 9[4]. Are these major divisions placed in the order of their literary production? Are the individual volumes in each of these divisions in their chronological order? Does the date of authorship of each book have anything to do with its content? Can definite knowledge on these points assist the average man better to understand Bible history and purpose?

The criterion by which they were selected for inclusion in the Bible.

The volumes that now compose the Bible are not *all* of the Hebrew literature that was produced during the period the Bible was in the making. In the Bible, books of which we have no knowledge, not even a fragment, are referred to and quoted. In addition, there is a collection of extra-Bible books, called the Apocrypha. These books were purposely excluded from the compilation of Hebrew writings we possess. What system did the editors, or redactors, as they are scientifically called, follow in their rejection of certain books? What was the criterion of favorable selection? What elements in the selected books made them fit for inclusion in the sacred library?

This knowledge will make the Bible an open book.

When we understand some of these fundamental problems and have found the answers to some of these perplexing questions, we shall be on the way to understanding the origin of the Bible and its authorship. Knowing where the Bible came from and how it came

[1] The Pentateuch or Five Books of Moses—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy.

[2] Joshua, Judges, I Samuel, II Samuel, I Kings, II Kings.

[3] Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, The Book of the Twelve Minor Prophets.

[4] Psalms, Proverbs, Job; The Five Scrolls, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, I Chronicles, II Chronicles.

to be what it is, it will indeed be an open book even for the most casual of average readers.

There were few books in the ancient Orient.

In the ancient Orient, authorship was not understood in the sense that we occidentals understand the term to-day. Notwithstanding the sarcastic fling attributed to Solomon, "Of making many books there is no end" (Eccl. 12:12), there was not a pléthora of books in those days. Every man with an idea in his head did not feel himself impelled to write a six best sellers. Literature had not yet been commercialized. Neither the markets nor the libraries were glutted with literary effusions. In fact, writing, drawing figures upon papyrus or parchment, was a highly specialized art. Very few people could write at all. To the question why Jeremiah, of all the literary prophets, dictated his discourses, the most recent of authorities on the Prophets answers, because "Jeremiah could not write."[5] Men who could and did write had no conception of ownership of their labors as we have to-day, with our international copyright laws.

Authorship was impersonal.

The only authorship that we know by name in the Bible is the Books of the Prophets; and these are compilations of fragments. So are the rest of the books collections of fragments with the exception of certain fiction-with-a-purpose, such as Jonah and Daniel, Ruth and Esther. The editors who gathered these fragments did not stamp them with their own names. Literary men did not seek immortal fame for themselves. They sought the spread of knowledge. Therefore, they attributed their collections to names that stood out in the traditions of the people as authoritative figures, masters in their particular fields.

Examples such as the Five Books of Moses,

Thus, for example, the first five books in the Bible are called the Five Books of Moses. Away back in the twelfth century, Abraham ibn Ezra (1092-1167), a commentator on the Pentateuch, pointed out that

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[5] Prof. Moses Buttenwieser, of the Hebrew Union College, *The Prophets of Israel* (Macmillan), 1914, page 133 ff.

Moses could not have written the account of his death and burial (Deut. 34). Ibn Ezra, more than seven hundred years ago, already challenged the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and, necessarily, its divine origin as well.

The Book of Isaiah,

No more than Moses wrote the thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy did one man write the volume we know as the Book of Isaiah. At least three authors, living centuries apart, contributed to its composition. The later writers either bore the same name or some late editor added the anonymous chapters to the book of Isaiah of Jerusalem.

The Book of Jonah,

On the face of its pages, the Book of Jonah, taken literally or allegorically, is a production of the days when Nineveh was a great city. Under no condition, therefore, can it be the work of Jonah ben Amittai, who flourished in the time of Jeroboam II of Israel, during the eighth century before the common era. At that time Nineveh was hardly a dot on the Asiatic map. The author attributed his work to the seer, Jonah, of a more ancient day, as was the custom and practice of oriental authorship, to gain the deferential and respectful hearing he believed his effort deserved.

Histories, Proverbs, Psalms.

Writers of historical narratives or collectors of historical data did not blossom out as full-fledged authors under their own signatures. They added their contributions to the already existing books on history. Certain men gathered the wise sayings, the practical wisdom current in the form of proverbs in their day. These had grown out of centuries of personal experience in the battle of life. To give these proverbs force and authority, the editor of the collection attributed it to Israel's traditional sage—Solomon. David could not possibly have composed "By the Waters of Babylon." He could not have written the Pilgrimage Psalms or the Temple Service choruses, before there was a Temple and before the three annual pilgrimages had been instituted. The editor of the devotional

poems and spirituality-laden hymns of Israel attributed his anthology to the traditionally sweetest singer in Israel—David.

How Bible Authors approached their tasks.

To add to the difficulties that the average man of the present day encounters, as a result of this oriental conception of authorship, the Bible authors were neither vandals nor ruthless literateurs. They approached their tasks devoutly, reverently. They considered their labor works of holiness. They held tradition sacred. They did not take it upon themselves to destroy but to add, to amplify, to clarify from their own, perhaps newer, point of view and more mature experience.

They permitted old and new versions to stand side by side.

The author of the earliest chapters of the Book of Genesis did not permit the highly philosophic conception of the beginning of things in chapters 1 to 2:3 to destroy the naive folklore tale of creation, recorded in chapter 2:4-24. He left the two versions stand side by side. The codifiers of the latest ritual, civil and moral laws did not supplant the older codes with their own digests. They only supplemented them. The partisan historian who decried the outrages of militarism or who felt called upon to explain the passing of the throne from the House of Saul to the House of David, permitted his partisan story to parallel the older accounts of the establishment of the monarchical form of government in Israel and the usurpation of the throne by David.

This sacred attitude toward tradition is the cause of so-called Bible contradictions and inconsistencies.

Thus numerous versions of folklore, of ritual, civil and moral standards in the form of codes, of historical events, are found pell-mell in various portions of the Bible. That is why it is full of apparent contradictions and inconsistencies. Folk tales differ. Religious, civic and ethical standards belong to periods far apart. Historical narratives belie each other. That is why a bitter critic like Robert Ingersoll, who attacked the Bible before the days of scientific research into its origin and authorship, could write a

book on *The Mistakes of Moses;* and that is why today when, in truth, to the making of many books there is no limit, even the average man who studies the Bible with the aid of the results of scientific research into its origin and authorship might, with even greater facility, write a book on *The Ignorance of Ingersoll.*

Bible Criticism reconstructs the Bible by means of modern historical and literary methods.

It is the business of Bible Criticism to reconstruct the work of the Bible Editors for the modern average man. Bible critics bring the ancient book into the laboratory of historical perspective. They flood its pages with light from the contemporary literature of ancient Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia. They apply to it the scalpel of present day methods for the study of the history, literature and religion of all peoples in all languages. They lay bare the various strata of its original authorship. They analyze and label the distinct fragments that make up a single volume or a series of volumes. They approximate the dates of these compositions. They rebuild the historical background and the religious conditions that brought them into being. And they pursue their work as reverently and devoutly as did the Bible authors themselves.

Not difficult for the average man to follow Bible critics.

Now, the attitude of the average man toward Bible Criticism, once he has gotten the hang of the critics' intention and method, is the same as his attitude toward great scientific discoveries that have been reduced to practical operation. Most of the great discoveries are such obviously simple mechanical contrivances, based on never-changing scientific laws, that the average man wonders how they had escaped even him. So is it when he follows the critics in his study of the Bible. The most casual student will wonder how these discoveries remained hidden mysteries so long a time. We take several examples that have already been mentioned.

Take the case of the Book of Isaiah—chapters 1-39,

Bible readers were shocked when they were first told that the Book of Isaiah is not of single authorship. Many of the orthodox in the various faiths still

cling to the old belief. Open the book. Read the first thirty-nine chapters. They are, for the most part, prose compositions. They are definitely marked and dated. They are the work of a man, Isaiah ben Amoz. He lived in Jerusalem during the reign of certain Judean kings who flourished between the years 740 and 700 before the common era. He mentions them by name as he does their contemporaries in Israel, Damascus and Assyria, whose dates history has fixed beyond every doubt.

Second part—chapters 40-55,

Now, continue. Read chapters 40 to 55. Here we have, instead of mediocre prose, most exalted poetry. The author comforts his people who are in Babylonian exile. He urges them to prepare for a return to Judea. He points to Cyrus, the Medo-Persian conqueror of Babylon, and calls him the friend of God, the anointed one, the Messiah, who is to deliver Israel from the exile. Evidently this is not the Isaiah ben Amoz of Jerusalem, who lived in the eighth century, who was concerned with Israel and Damascus, long destroyed, with Tiglath-Pileser and Shalmaneser, Assyrians, long dead. We are reading the work of an Isaiah who lived in Babylon two centuries later.

Third part—chapters 56-66.

We read on. We conclude the last ten chapters. Another metamorphosis! We are again reading prose. We are interested in a man who is again a resident of Jerusalem. It is not the Jerusalem of Isaiah ben Amoz, however. It is the Jerusalem of the struggling exiles who have returned from Babylon. We are in the times of Ezra and Nehemiah. Our author lived a century later than the Isaiah of Babylon.[6]

Take the authorship of Leviticus,

As a second example let us take the work that Bible Criticism has accomplished for the origin and authorship of the Torah, the Five Books of Moses. Could

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[6] Counting the Book of Isaiah as three distinct books, The Book of the Minor Prophets as twelve and The Book of the Scrolls as five, it will be found that the modern mode of reckoning gives the Bible at least forty-one separate volumes.

a Code on Democratic Principles in America have been written in the days of the Cæsars? No more could Moses have written the elaborate and detailed Priestly Code of Leviticus, before there was a Temple, before there was an established priesthood, before Israel had been commanded to bring sacrifices, as we are told by Amos (5:25) and Jeremiah (7:21).

It could not have been written by Moses,

The beginning of a Priestly Code must find its date in the times of Solomon, who built the Temple. This code was elaborated, no doubt, during the Reformation of Josiah (seventh century B. C. E.). It was conserved by Ezekiel, the priest and prophet, who fostered the faith and preserved the ritual and customs of his people in the Babylonian Exile (fifth century B. C. E.). It was redacted by Ezra, who brought the *Book of the Law* with him from Babylon to Jerusalem and read it to the returned exiles at the rededication of the sacrificial altar (fourth century B. C. E.).

Nor could Moses have written Deuteronomy.

Could a book on the Spirit of Reform Judaism have been written during the Dark Ages? No more could Moses have written Deuteronomy, the major part of which is shot through with the prophetic spirit and insight, the prophetic interpretation of Israel's history and ideals, the prophetic conception of Israel's relationship to God, five or six centuries before the prophetic genius made its appearance in Israel's history, literature and religion.

Take the three versions of the establishment of the Monarchy.

Let us take another example, this time from the historical books. There are three apparently conflicting accounts of the founding of the Monarchy in Israel in the first Book of Samuel. The tale of the lost asses, Saul's search for them, his meeting up with Samuel, his coronation (I Sam. 9 and 10) is the simple, traditional story of the eleventh century B. C. E. This account reaches its climax in chapter 14:47-48, where we are told how Saul "did valiantly, and smote the Amalekites, and delivered Israel out the hands of them that despoiled them."

The second version.

Samuel's drastic denunciation of a monarch and his solemn protest against the monarchical form of government (I Sam. 8:4-18) could not possibly have been written at the same time by the same author. It must date from a much later period when Israel groaned under the weight of militarism that some monarch had imposed upon the nation.

The third version.

The story of the rejection of Saul (I Sam. 15:10-22) must positively date to a later period still. It shows on the face of it an attempt to justify the passing of the crown from Saul to David and the unmistaken influence of prophetism. Before the Temple was built by Solomon, and before the prophets denounced both the Temple and its sacrificial ritual, Samuel, who himself went about the country offering sacrifices, could never have said, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams." The three versions indicate three distinct periods in Israelitish history, three distinct attitudes toward the monarchical form of government, three distinct phases in the development of the religion of Israel.

The Book of the Law, the first Bible book.

It is evident that the task of the average man to learn where the Bible came from is not so difficult, now that Bible Criticism has taught us how to approach its study. In a general way, we may state here that *The Book of the Law*,[7] undoubtedly brought to Jerusalem from Babylon by Ezra, the Scribe, when the exiles returned about the middle of the fifth century before the common era, is the first authoritative collection in the Bible. Other Hebrew literature was extant at that time, of course. There are the snatches of epic poems such as the *Song of Deborah* (Judges, 5) and the *Song of the Red Sea* (Exodus, 15). The dis-

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[7] Leviticus 17-26—called by critics *The Holiness Code*, from its central theme, "Be ye holy, for I, the Lord, your God, am holy," chap. 19:2.

courses of Amos had been written down by himself three hundred years before, and the discourses of Jeremiah had been twice dictated. But this *Holiness Code* is the first of all the Bible books that was made a *Book of the Law,* accepted as *Scripture,* and that furnished a written standard for the religious and civil life of Israel (Nehemiah, 8).

How *The Torah* was compiled.

The second half of the fifth century B. C. E. was one of feverish Jewish activity. Now that the exiles had returned to Judea, the Temple and Jerusalem had to be rebuilt speedily. The Jewish State had to be rejuvenated and re-established on a firmer foundation than it had been before the exile. This foundation was the covenant between God and Israel, "I will be your God and ye shall be my people" (Lev. 26:12). It was, therefore, necessary to create the right spirit, the needed religious fervor within the people. The collection of the traditions and written fragments, which we now have as *The Torah,* the five books attributed to Moses, the deliverer, the law-giver, the spokesman of God to his people, was the result.

Compilation of *The Prophets.*

If it had not been for the influence of the Prophets, the return from Babylon, the rebuilding of the Temple and the re-establishment of the new Jewish State would never have been accomplished. Along with the Prophets Haggai, Zecharaiah and Malachi there labored many Scribes to conserve the prophetic spirit. They collected and edited all the fragments of the Prophets' orations. They completed the second group of Bible books, *The Earlier and Latter Prophets,* about 300 B. C. E.

The spirit behind the compilation of *The Hagiographa.*

The final redaction of the third group, *The Hagiographa,* which had been many centuries in the making, was not completed until the first century of the Common Era. Judea as a distinct national entity was destroyed by the Romans in 70. Jerusalem and the Temple, the seat of the nation's religious life, lay in smoking ruins. The Jews were now fighting for their

spiritual existence, which, all their history and literature taught them, was the real purpose of their selection from among all the peoples of the earth. "I will be your God and ye shall be my people." The National fatherland was dead; the spiritual fatherland must live. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to strengthen every spiritual prop that the Jews possessed. That was the reason why the far-seeing and spiritually gigantic Johanan ben Zakkai founded the Rabbinical College at Jamnia.

The spirit behind the whole Bible redaction.

The continuance of the Jews as a people, and the propagation and promulgation of Judaism, depended upon the continued quickening of the Jewish spirit. This spirit lay in the Jewish writings. Christianity, too, was advancing with powerful strides. Its onslaughts had to be met. It was, therefore, necessary to establish beyond question what was the expression of Judaism and what was not; which Jewish books were to be held sacred and authoritative and which were not.

Bible finally compieted during first century of common era.

The Rabbis who taxed themselves with saving Judaism at Jamnia undertook this vital task. They studied the purpose and intent of every Jewish book. They debated not alone "the writings" but also the prophets from the point of view of their Jewishness. They weighed every commendation of and objection to every book. They revised all previous collections of Scripture. They excluded every book that was incompatible with Judaism. They approved and sanctioned, finally, the Prophets and the Hagiographa as we have them in the Bible to-day. Thus was the Jewish Bible definitely completed about the year 90, and was confirmed by the Rabbis who sanctioned the collection of post-biblical Jewish books, called the Mishna, about 100 years later.

It consumed a thousand years in the making

This analysis of where the Jewish Bible came from is highly important to the average man who would understand it. He must know that the process of its

making, from Amos's first writing to the acceptance of all the present collection, as expressive of the spiritual aspiration of the Jews, lasted from the middle of the eighth century before the Common Era to the close of the second century of the Common Era—a period of about one thousand years.

A spiritual chord binds all the Books of the Bible into a unity

This study also shows that there was a guiding principle determining the spiritual value of each book included in the Bible—*is the book Jewish in its content?* Further, there is a single theme, a spiritual chord, that binds them all—the idea of the relationship between God and Israel. Thus, the earliest chapters of Genesis, called *The Book of Origins,* aim to show that Israel's God existed before the beginnings of things and that He is the Author and Creator of everything. The rest of the Pentateuch establishes the relationship between Israel and God, His selection of Israel to be His people and Israel's consecration to His service. The Historical Narratives were written to point out the hand of God in Israel's history. The Books of the Prophets interpret the will of God as He purposed it with Israel. The Literature of the Wise Men applies this will of God to the individual man of Israel. The Poetry is the soul-expression of Israel's longing to come near unto God.

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Patriotism *versus* Humanitarianism.

IV.

The Jew and Patriotism.

By Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

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IV.

The Jew and Patriotism.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, January 10th, 1915.

Much has been published of late, in the European and American press, of the patriotism of the Jews in the present world-war. We are told of deeds of valor performed by them which, for daring and achievement, are unexcelled even by the most heroic of their comrades of other faiths. We read of fearlessness displayed by them in the very face of death, quite equalling that of the immortal three hundred Spartans, who fought and died under the brave Leonidas. We read of intense enthusiasm displayed at home by Jews unfit to serve their country at the front, of their large, even self-sacrificing, contributions, of their devoted service in Red Cross societies or in hospitals, of helpful care taken by them of needy families, irrespective of creed, whose breadwinners are on the battlefields, or in patriots' graves.

Favorable accounts of Jewish patriotism.

One German paper tells us that it was a Jewish member of the *Reichstag*, who made the motion for the war credit, and that another Jewish member presented the declaration of the Socialists, that, notwithstanding their opposition to militarism and war, they would stand by their country in its present war of defence. Another German paper tells us that Jews were among the most liberal subscribers to the war bonds,—the congregations of Berlin to the amount of 2,000,000 *marks*; those of Breslau, 600,000; and the congregations of other cities, in proportion. A third German paper tells us that more than 700 Jewish soldiers have

In German press.

been decorated with the iron cross for heroic service, that another had a yet higher distinction conferred upon him, for his successful restoration of a destroyed telephone line in the midst of a deadly artillery fire, that a still higher distinction was conferred upon yet another, a private, for having led to victory the fragment of his regiment, after all its officers had been shot down. A fourth German paper tells us that the capturer of the first French flag, that fell into German hands, after a hand to hand fight, was a Jew. Several German papers, hitherto rabidly anti-Semitic, have published declarations that the heroic patriotism of their Jewish fellow-citizens has wholly cured them of their agitation against Jews.

In Austrian press.

According to the Austrian press, the patriotism of their Jews is in nowise inferior to that of their brethren of Germany. One of these newspapers enumerates 150 Jewish officers, who laid down their lives in the defense of their country, some of them expressing, in their last words, their regret that they had but one life to offer.

In English press.

One English paper tells of eight sons of one Jewish family, of seventeen sons and grandsons of another Jewish family, of seven sons of a Jewish widow, having volunteered their services to their country. Another enumerates over 200 commissioned Jewish officers in the army—4 colonels, 17 majors, 59 captains, 131 lieutenants—and a commodore and two sub-lieutenants in the navy. A third English paper speaks with enthusiasm of the heroic deed which the Jewish aeronaut, Marix, performed, when he attacked the Zeppelin shed at Duesseldorf.

In French press.

According to the news that comes to us from France, its Jews are second to none of their correligionists of the countries we have named, in heroic patriotism at the front, and in noble service at home. Probably the most noteworthy service was that of a French-Jewish Chaplain, a brother-in-law of a friend of mine, who received a mortal wound, while in the act of holding a crucifix in front of a dying, Catholic comrade, on the battlefield.

In Russian press.

Turning to the Russian press, chary as it usually is in reporting news favorable to Jews, so remarkable is their patriotism that even their bitterest opponent cannot wholly ignore it. No less than 300,000 Jews

serve in the Russian army, or, rather, served at the outbreak of the war. How many of them are still alive, God alone knows. There, too, we read of Jewish privates taking charge, after the commanders fell, the soldiers implicitly following them, trusting in their superior valor and intelligence. We read of a Jewish private extricating, from an almost hopeless position, a large number of infantry, himself paying for their escape, with his life, in a bayonet charge. We read of 26 Russian Jews having won the St. George cross for gallantry on the field of battle. We read of a large number of commissions as officers in the army having been awarded to Jews, in recognition of distinguished service, an honor that had been denied them before the war. In fact, the dismissal from the army of all Jews had been proposed in the Douma, before the war, by one of their enemies. We read of a Jew of Kherson, who has all of his sons and sons-in-law at the front, taking care of several hundreds of soldiers' families, because he himself is too old to serve his country. We read of Jews organizing, in almost every city in which they are permitted to live, hospitals, Red Cross societies, sewing circles. So enthusiastic is the patriotism of the Russian Jews, that no less a person than Purishkevitch, leader of the anti-Semitics in the Douma, is said to have declared publicly, that he has seen enough of Jewish heroism and loyalty to have done with anti-Semitism forever.

In quite a number of papers, these publications concerning Jewish patriotism were accompanied by editorials, which, while flattering, seem nevertheless to convey surprise. They seem to imply that, had the contrary been reported, no one might have been astonished, seeing that Jews are a people who, though living in the country, are yet not of the country. The less basis there is for such an unjust belief the more readily seem large numbers of people to believe it. The very fact that the patriotism of the Jew is singled out for comment, and not that of the Catholic or Protestant, of the Presbyterian or Episcopalian, shows clearly enough that, in the minds of very many people, a distinction is made between Jews and other citizens of the same country, and that while the latter's patriotism is regarded

Jewish patriotism creates surprise.

as a matter of fact, that of the other is a matter of special note.

Surprise is surprising.

To us it is not the patriotism of the Jew, but the surprise which it creates, that is surprising. We feel that we have given convincing proof of it so long, and in every country in which we have lived, that a knowledge of it ought to have obtained by now, the whole world over. Unfortunately for us, and unfortunately for the rest of mankind, the world had so long held its eyes and ears tightly closed to what the Jew really is and does, that, when it opened them again, it no longer had the power of seeing and hearing aright.

Jews charged with being aliens.

Not a modern country in which the Jew has lived—and in some of them he has lived 2000 years and more—but that he has manifested his patriotism in diverse ways, but that he has contributed his full share toward its development, but that he has identified himself with its weal and woe, fought in its wars, suffered in its defeats, gloried in its triumphs. Yet, little cognizance seems to have been taken of it. Let, however, an anti-Semite come, and hold forth on the alienship of the Jew; on his being but a stranger in the land of his sojourn; a parasite fattening on the substance of others, and giving nothing in return; enjoying the country's protection, and yet doing nothing toward safeguarding it; an Oriental in Occidental lands; floating, like oil upon water, on the surface of the nation, without mingling with it; caring only for his own people; loving only his lost Palestine, thinking only of its restoration, and his return unto it—let an anti-Semite say all this, and yet worse things than this, and he will find thousands ready to believe him, though a thousand historic tongues loudly proclaim the falsehood thereof.

Charge proved false by present war.

What better answer to the charge that Jews do not consider themselves part of the country which they inhabit, than the fact that more than 300,000 of them are this day placing their lives at the disposal of Russia, fighting for the glory of a country that but sought their shame, that denied them citizenship rights, even human rights, outlawed them, knouted them, restricted them to proscribed areas for habitation, starved them, massacred

them? What better proof of the falsehood of the charge that Jews care only for their fellow Jews, and that Palestine is the only country that has interest for them, than the fact that Russian and German and Austrian and English Jews have been slaughtering one another, since August last, in defense of their respective countries, and for the protection of their fellow-countrymen of Non-Jewish faith?

It is a cruel accusation that of non-identification of the Jew with the interests of the country in which he lives, the more cruel because, though wholly untrue, it might well have been true in many a country. For, what could have been done in the way of stifling the Jew's patriotism, in a country such as Russia, that has not been done? What could have been done in the way of poisoning the minds of Non-Jews against their Jewish fellow-citizens, in countries such as Germany and Austria and France, that has not been attempted?

Charge might well have been true.

What treatment must a citizen receive from a country to give a patriot's love in return? It must govern him with equity and justice; it must assure him his equality with his fellow-citizens; it must guarantee and protect his inalienable human rights; it must impose no vexatious burdens upon him; it must grant him liberty of conscience; it must promote his peaceful relationship with his fellow-citizen, irrespective of creed or race.

Treatment that makes for patriotism.

In what European country did the Jew receive such treatment, up to the middle of the past century? Does he receive it even now in Russia or Roumania? Does he receive his full rights even now in so advanced a country as Germany, where he may have no place among the Judiciary or among University Professorships, or hold an officer's rank in the army—excepting in war time—unless he change his religion for that in which they, who ask him to change, have often little faith themselves? Name the countries of the old world, which, up to comparatively recent times, granted to the Jew his equal rights, treated him as it treated others, made his well-being as much its concern as it made that of the others. Name the country that has made patriots of people by lowering them to the dregs of the earth, by enforcing upon them barbarous and degrading laws, by closing

Not accorded to Jew.

its schools and respectable callings against them, by obliging them to wear special garbs, and to inhabit special districts, and pay a special, additional tax for the right of adhering to their religion, even for the right of living. Name the country that has made patriots of people whom it subjected to excruciating agonies in torture chambers, whom it burned alive at the stake, upon whom it turned loose, every now and then, its mobs for plunder and rapine.

And yet, despite such treatment, history bears eloquent testimony of matchless patriotism on the part of the Jews.

Proved himself a patriot nevertheless.

Whether the homing instinct, that is innate in human creatures, even in the lower animal, is especially intensified in the Jew, or whether his patriotism be a special instinct, developed by his frequent exiles from the countries which he inhabited, which exiles made him appreciate his home, wherever he found it, more than do those who never know what it is to be homeless, whatever the cause, a better example of a patriot than the Jew, the world has probably never known.

Where the Jew's home is, there is his heart; and where his heart is, there is his patriotism. Be the treatment he receives what it may, he regards the admonition, which the prophet Jeremiah of old sent to the exiles in Babylon, as addressed also to himself:

Where the Jew's home, there his heart.

"Build ye houses and dwell in them; plant gardens and eat the fruit thereof. Seek the peace of every city whither ye are carried captives, for in their peace may lie also yours." "Make the law of the country in which you abide also your law," advised one of their earliest Rabbis. The offering of prayer, at their every Sabbath service, for the welfare of the government under which they lived, was one of their earliest institutions. "Fight for the country in which you live, as your fathers fought for Jerusalem," was the advice one of the mediaeval Rabbis gave to his people. And they obeyed that instruction at Arles in France, at Naples in Italy, at Burgos and Toledo in Spain, at Worms in Germany, at Prague in Bohemia, and at scores of other places, in these and other countries, from mediaeval times down to the Franco-Prussian war, to the Russo-Japanese and the Transvaal and other recent wars.

A few years ago, Lord Roberts, the recently deceased Commander-in-chief of the English army, visited a London synagogue, accompanied by thirty-eight Jewish officers, one of them a Major General, and another a General, to witness a special service, held for Jewish members of the English army, who fell in the South African war. The fallen soldiers had formed a part of a regiment that had volunteered its service, counting more than 1200 officers and men, a number that, in proportion, exceeded that of every other religious sect. Lord Roberts paid a touching tribute to the creditable part the fallen Jewish soldiers and their surviving brethren had taken in the war, and expressed himself as especially pleased with the trophy which that synagogue awarded as an annual prize to the Jewish soldier, who attained greatest proficiency in the use of the rifle, while training for the protection of his country.

Instance of patriotism.

And it was not on the battlefield alone where the Jew displayed his patriotism. He has rendered no less distinguished service in his nation's council chambers and legislative halls. England speaks with pride of Disraeli, Italy of Luzzatti, France of Cremieux, Germany of Lasker, other countries of other distinguished Jewish statesmen, each of these as proud of his country as are the proudest of Non-Jews.

Patriotism in Statesmanship.

And since peace has its patriots as well as war, the services which the Jews have rendered in literature, science, and art, in commerce, industry, and finance, have been so distinguished, so needful and helpful, that the progress and prosperity of their respective countries would have suffered materially, had these contributions of Jewish brain and brawn been wanting.

In times of peace.

One would think that, in the light of such record for patriotism, in every country in which the Jew has lived, the last trace of ill-treatment of him, of prejudice against him, of looking upon him as an alien, would long since have been expunged. Such might have been the case had the world been as humanitarian as the Jew was and is patriotic With the best of reasons, the Jew looked for full equal rights, for full citizenship regard,

Jew-hatred should by now have been expunged.

having proved his loyalty with his heart's blood—only to find himself cruelly disappointed.

I believe that his disappointment in the past will be his disappointment in the future. The war will end, but not the injustice against the Jew. This or that nation may profit by the war; the Jew will be the loser, no matter who may win. Notwithstanding all his sacrifices on battlefields and at home, notwithstanding all the rich promises that are being made to him, while the war is on, there will be as little remembrance of them as there was at the end of the Napoleonic wars, or at the close of the wars between France and Prussia, and between Russia and Japan. We have seen the anti-Semitic epidemic raging in Germany and Austria since that time, and the Dreyfus mania in France, and the *pogroms* and Beilis case in Russia.

Liable to more disappointment.

And recently we have seen, with keenest sorrow, symptoms of like disease and madness manifesting themselves in England, where they are being zealously propagated by the greatest of its newspapers, *The London Times*, and by a few of its literary men. Whether or not Russian gold is back of them, as is commonly claimed, I cannot tell. But, it would certainly augur little good for the future position of the Jews in England, should its ally, Russia come forth victorious from this present world war. Such anti-Jewish articles as have recently appeared in *The London Times;* Sir Edward Grey's refusal to remonstrate against Russia's refusal to recognize the citizenship rights of English Jews, when desiring to visit Russia, in accordance with treaty rights; England's recent enactment of drastic anti-alien laws, aimed especially against Jews; England's and Russia's recent unjust treatment of helpless and defenseless Persia,—all these prove but too clearly that the English lion is not profiting by associating with the Russian bear, and demonstrates anew the truth of Ben Sirach's teaching: "He that toucheth pitch, defileth himself."

Evidenced by England and Russia.

Napoleon's victories had broken down the ghettoes, and had granted equal rights to the Jews of the conquered lands. Scarcely had he been overthrown, which overthrow the Jews of the allied nations of that day had helped to bring about, when a general clamor arose for

By Germany.

a restoration of the ghetto, and for a denial of equality to the Jew. The road to certain trades and industries and academic distinctions was again barred to Jews. Those of them who had attained to the rank of officers during the War of Liberation were forced to resign their commissions.

In that reactionary movement Prussia took a leading part, The downfall of Napoleon was regarded as an act of Providence, as a triumph of the Christian piety of the allies, and it was held to be impious to allow the unbelieving Jews to share in its benefits, albeit they had been permitted, even compelled, to fight and suffer and die for it. When as late as 1847 a motion was made in the Prussian Chamber to restore to the Jew the equality of which he had been robbed, and which his patriotism deserved, Bismark, then still unknown to fame, opposed it, saying: "The right to vote means the right to hold office. That right must be open to Christians only. Only a Christian can represent a Christian king. If I should see a Jew a representative of the king's most sacred Majesty, I should feel deeply humiliated."

The German Jew had to wait till 1871, till after the formation of the German Empire for a theoretical recognition of all his citizenship rights. In practice, however, certain professional positions and academic distinctions are as much barred to him to-day as they have been before. When the Jews demanded their constitutional rights, anti-Semitic agitation, outrages, riots, were the answer all over Germany, whence they spread to Austria and Russia and France. Every sense of right and justice was buried under an almost incredible mass of anti-Jewish literature. The word *Judenhetze* (*Jew chase*) was added to the German dictionary as the word *pogrom* (*wild beast chase*) was added later to that of all modern tongues. When Bismark, who was leagued with the reactionaries, and, therefore, liked not the liberalism which Eduard Lasker had fanned into flame among Jews and Non-Jews, was asked to put a stop to these outrages, he is said to have replied: "As a Minister of State, I condemn it; as a Prussian, as a German, as a Christian, as a man, I cannot help but approve of it." And this only seven years after the German Jew had given signal evidence of his patriotism on the battlefields of France.

Bismark was brushed aside; anti-Semitism remained. Bismark died; Jew-hatred continued. Professorships, judgeships, officers' ranks were closed to him at the time when the present war broke out. The Jew has answered his nation's call to arms, readily, even enthusiastically. As we heard at the commencement of this discourse, he has given a good account of himself. What account will the warring nations give of themselves respecting their Jewish patriots? We expect little, seeing that the cause of Jew-hatred remains uneradicated. We expect little, seeing that humanitarianism, that will end all hatred between man and man, and all war between nation and nation, is not yet rooted in the heart of man. However, we shall not despair. We shall watch and wait and hope.

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Militarism *versus* Arbitration

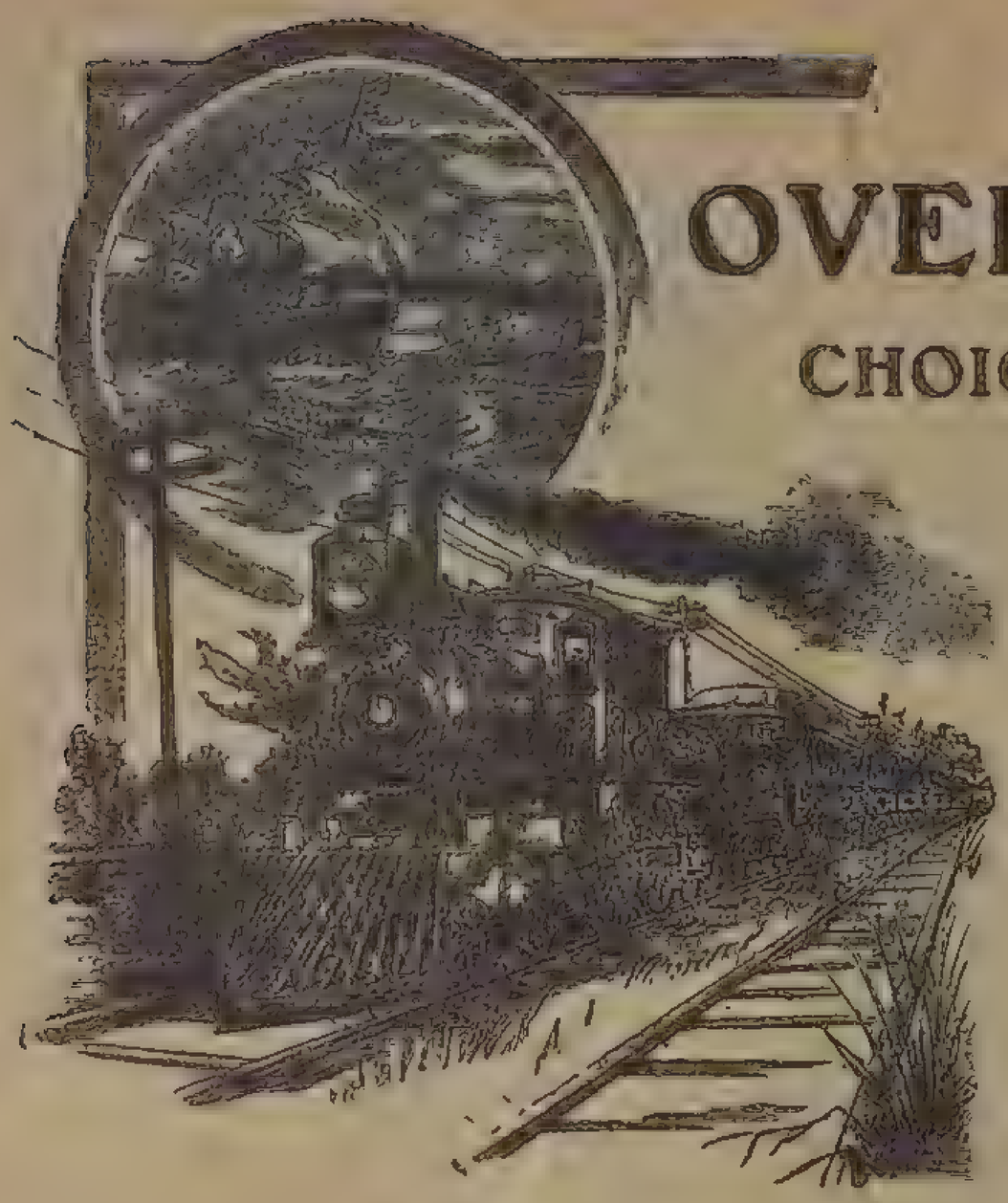
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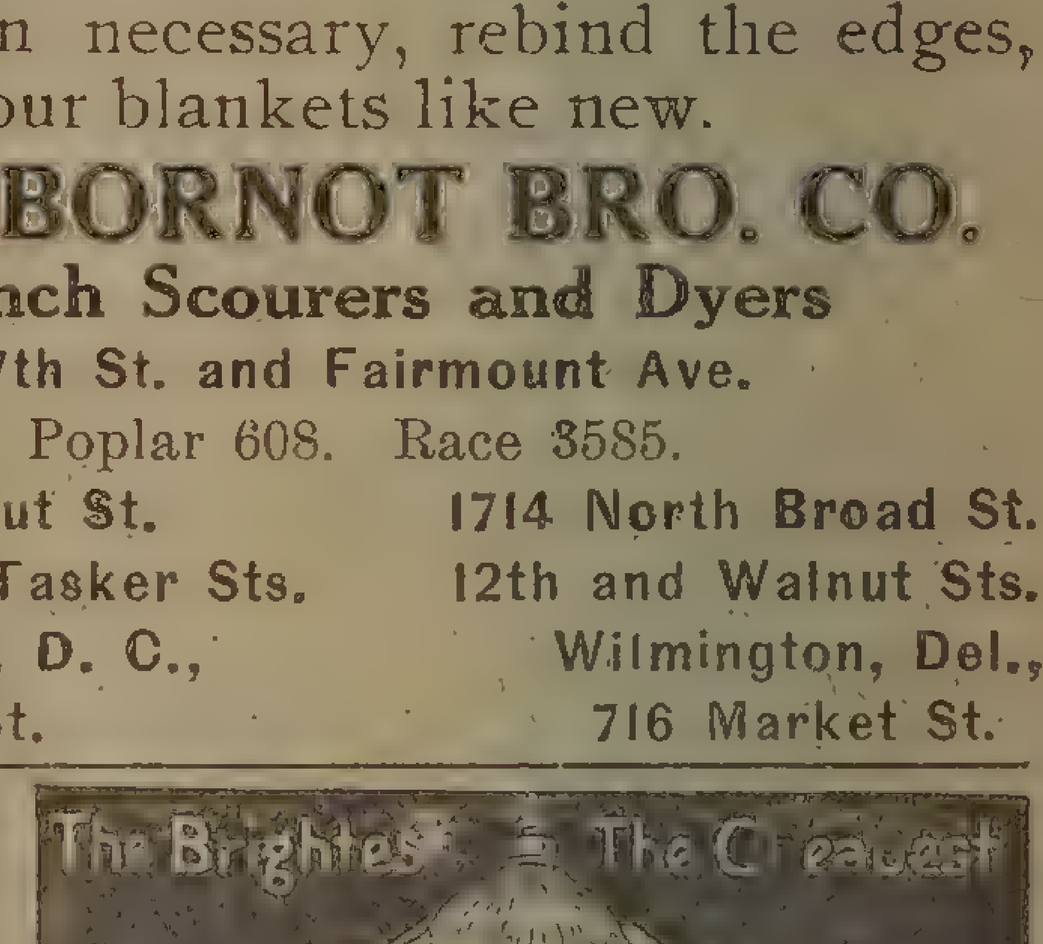
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Militarism *versus* Arbitration.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, January 17th, 1915.

We are indebted to Mr. Andrew Carnegie for many beneficences, not the least of them being a little publication, entitled "*A League of Peace*," an Inaugural Address, delivered by him, some ten years ago, before the faculty and students of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, at the occasion of his entrance upon his duties as its Rector. In that address he dwelled upon many former-day evils that had been overcome in civilized lands, such as slavery, polygamy, duelling, and others. One evil, however, he said, the oldest and deadliest, the curse of war, "the foulest fiend ever vomited from the mouth of hell," as Rousseau declared, still holds on to afflict mankind, despite the most unsparing condemnation of it by all classes and conditions of men, from the most ancient to the most recent days.

A publication of Carnegie.

The special value of this little publication lies in its collection of such condemnations of war. They go back almost to the beginning of literature, to Homer, who lived eight hundred and fifty years before the commencement of the common era, whom he cites as saying that no man, whose hands are stained with blood of his fellowman, is fit to pray to the gods; and as making Zeus, father of the gods, declare to Mars, the god of war: "Most hateful art thou to me of all the gods that dwell on Olympus, for thou art ever stirring up strife and war." He cites Thucydides and Aristides and Isocrates as favoring arbitration instead of the use of arms for settling contentions between nations and states and peoples. "War," says one of these, "is the commencement of a nation's downfall; peace is the beginning of its prosperity."

Gives condemnation of war by Greeks.

Proceeding from the Greeks to the Romans, he cites Cicero as saying: "There are two ways of ending a dispute: *discussion* and *force;* the latter manner is that of the beast; the former, that of beings gifted with reason." Seneca, he tells us, taught: "We punish private murderers and glorify public slaughterers. Conquerors are as great scourges to humanity as are floods and earthquakes;" and Tacitus and Plutarch taught: "War is the product of wickedness; peace the fruit of virtue." "They who pursue war seek their own glory and the affliction of others."

Romans.

From the Romans he proceeds to the early Church Fathers to show their unceasing contentions that Christianity and war are contradictory terms, that he who takes up Christ must lay down the sword, that to follow both is to worship God and the devil at the same time.—To-day, professing Christians take up arms, and slaughter with them fellow-Christians; their spiritual leaders even aid them by blessing weapons of war, by praying for victory on one side, and defeat on the other.

Church Fathers.

Coming down to the commencement of modern times, Carnegie quotes Luther as saying: "Cannons and firearms are cruel and damnable machines. I believe them to have been the direct suggestion of the devil. If Adam had foreseen the horrible instruments of destruction which his children would invent, he would have died of grief." "What honor," asks Wyclif, "falls to a knight that kills many men! The hangman kills many more, and with better title."

Leaders of Reformation.

Reaching Gibbon, the great historian, Mr. Carnegie quotes him as saying: "A single robber or a few of his associates are branded with their genuine name; the exploits of a numerous band assume the character of lawful and honorable war." He quotes Sirs Clarendon and David Brewster, the one as saying that war is the only picture of hell we can form for ourselves; the other, that nothing is more inexplicable than that war should exist in civilized society, and still more inexplicable is it that it should still be waged where Christianity has existed for nearly 2000 years. Coming down to our own day, he quotes Mr. John Hay, probably the greatest of our Secretaries of State, as having declared that "war is the most futile and ferocious of all men's follies."

Moderns.

Mr. Carnegie then speaks of the fearful cost of maintaining armies and navies, a veritable blood tax, France and Great Britain leading the nations in annual expenditures. And he shows that these expenditures are to no purpose. War begets war. Hatreds are kindled by them that can be quenched out only by blood. The ends sought by war are seldom realized. The victor is often as much the loser as the vanquished; a fact that was amply proved by the late Russo-Japanese war, in which neither of the contestants gained what he sought.

Tells of cost and destructiveness of war.

He next gives a striking quotation from Carlyle to show how working-people of different countries are forced to kill one another:

"Thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word, "fire" is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their Governors had fallen out, and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

Mr. Carnegie then takes up the various reforms that have been instituted to humanize the cruelties of war, and the successes—some five hundred of them—that have attended efforts in settling disputes by arbitration. He speaks of the many treaties made between nations, looking to the promotion of peace among them. He enlarges especially, and rightly, upon *The International Permanent Peace Court* at the Hague, for which he later erected a majestic palace, which court was called into existence, in 1898, for the purpose of doing away with armaments and armies and navies, of settling all disputes by arbitration, and to which the nations of the earth agreed in two memorable congresses.

Of establishment of International Peace Court.

The very creator of that tribunal, the Czar of Russia, however, was one of the first to violate the agreement, in refusing to arbitrate the difficulty that had arisen between his government and that of Japan. And the United States was another to violate it, by refusing to adjust by

And the disregard of it.

arbitration its quarrel with the Filipinos. And Great Britain was a third to violate it, by refusing to arbitrate its dispute with the Transvaal Republic, by refusing even to accept the proposition of the Boers that five judges, two of their appointment, and three of England's choice, should pass upon the merits of the quarrel. A dozen other nations have since that time repudiated their agreement to bring their contentions before that Tribunal for adjudication, so as to make unnecessary the burden of militarism, and to prevent the possibility of horrible war.

The newspapers have told us recently of the great success attained by the Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, our Secretary of State, in having 29 nations pledge themselves in treaties to submit hereafter for arbitration whatever contention may arise between them and the United States. As these nations include the foremost of the world, there was every reason for regarding our Secretary's achievement one of the greatest in our history, and an occasion for rejoicing. Even the proposition to make every anniversary of that event a national festival might not have seemed preposterous, seeing that these treaties contain the promise that 29 nations will never wage war against us nor we against them.

New Arbitration treaties.

But, no one made the proposition. No one rejoiced. Few took notice of it. The world has lost faith in treaties. To most people they have come to stand but for "scraps of paper," to be respected by the contracting parties when it suits their purpose; to be ignored, when an opposite course promises better returns. Can we wonder, when we consider recent happenings? Can we wonder at the people's disbelief in the efficacy of treaties to bring about a discontinuation of war, seeing that, notwithstanding the condemnation of it since the beginning of civilization, and by foremost writers of all nations, and by the strongest of religions, the most powerful and the most advanced of nations of the earth have been engaged for the past six months in the most horrible war in the history of mankind?

Little faith in them.

Of all whom the recent achievement at Washington left cold, I was probably the coldest. I had my ardor dampened four years ago, at the time when former President Taft labored hard to carry through his *General*

Because of failure Taft's treaties.

Arbitration Treaties. He had succeeded in having them signed in Washington, London and Paris, and they were about to be signed in Berlin, Rome, Tokyo, and other capitals. But they failed of final ratification by the Senate of the United States. The latter imagined that its prestige would be hurt by the cause of the contention being submitted to a Joint High Commission, composed of representative men of each of the contracting parties, and by them, when the matter was found to be arbitrable, passed for final action to the Hague Tribunal. When I saw even Senators of the United States preferring to see a nation involved in war rather than see their authority diminished by the slightest degree, when I saw Senators of the United States think more of their dignity than of the horrors of a possible war, I felt that the time for the cessation of wars had not yet come.

There was yet another and a stronger reason for my having remained unmoved by the recent treaty successes at Washington, because, at the very time when they were being signed, with great solemnity, there arose in Washington, and in many papers in the land, a great clamor for larger war preparation than the United States has ever known, for a mighty increase of our army and navy and armaments, for more powerful guns, and newer dreadnaughts, and larger submarines, and faster airships, and more impregnable fortifications, so as to be ready to fight the nations of the earth.

Clamor of militarists louder than plea of peace advocates.

While giving us numerous citations to show that war has been condemned from the beginning of time, Mr. Carnegie fails to tell us why war has, nevertheless, continued to be waged, despite civilization, treaties, and the International Arbitration Tribunal, which he has so generously and so magnificently housed. Least of all men have I the knowledge to tell the reason.

War continues though peace wanted by

Monarchs never allow an occasion to pass to assure their own people and other peoples that nothing is so dear to their hearts as peace, that nothing is so ardently cultivated by them as the most amiable relationship between their country and all other countries. A former President of the United States received the Noble prize for the promotion of peace. The Czar of Russia, as we have seen,

Monarchs

called the Permanent Peace Tribunal into existence. The German Emperor was declared to be a *Prince of Peace*, at the occasion of the 25th anniversary of his emperorship. The same title was bestowed upon the late King of England in probably every obituary that was delivered or written at the occasion of his death. And, for all we know, that may have been the flattering unction which all the other monarchs have laid unto their souls. And yet all of them have at the very time when they were posing as evangels of peace been preparing for war. And many of them are deep in it, this very hour.

What is true of the rulers is true of their statesmen and diplomats. Peace is the glibbest word on their tongues. Hearing them talk of their love of other nations, one almost looks for the halo of saintship over their heads, and for the dove of peace on their shoulder. And yet peace there is not, and has not been, probably because the armies and navies and armaments, which they provide, only tend to keep it off.

Statesmen

And what is true of rulers and their respective statesmen is true of their respective peoples. They meet in international congresses. They link themselves in international bonds of commerce, labor, religion, art, science, education, and pledge one another friendship, loyalty, common furtherance of their common good. And yet these very same people give up almost their last cent to equip their respective nations with the means for destroying the others, and give up valuable years of their lives in acquiring the art of slaughtering the very men to whom they have plighted friendship and loyalty. And many of them are practicing that art this very day, though not the slightest offense has been committed against them by those whom they slaughter.

People

The reason that we cannot tell why the scourge of war has continued world-wide, through all the centuries, despite uninterrupted condemnation of it, may probably be found in our never having looked for its cause where it might have been found.

How peace is to be established.

Perhaps, if we had gone to the simplest kindergartner she might have told us of a cure where even the subtlest statesman despaired of a remedy. When the kindergartner finds in her class a boy, who flourishes a

A kindergartner might show

knife or a pair of scissors, she knows that he is liable to do harm to self or others, and she confiscates the implement of danger.

On top of one of the hills, back of Jaipur, in India, is the home of a vast settlement of monkeys, which being regarded sacred by the natives, and being, therefore, unmolested by them, have become quite tame. While there, I observed a young monkey, with a sharp stone in its hand, handling another little monkey so roughly that it cried aloud. The cry brought its mother, who promptly removed the stone, and not only did the crying cease, but the little ones played happily together soon after. That mother-monkey displayed in that act more wisdom than have all the rulers that have ever ruled, and the counsellors that have ever counselled. Had they removed the means of carrying on warfare, they might have seen living happily side by side those very nations which sought each other's destruction.

Even a monkey.

Had there been no warriors, there would have been no war. Had there been no weapons of destruction, there would not have been battlefields strewn with human beings, dead and mangled. Had the nations made a felony of the manufacture and sale and use of weapons, war would have been as unknown to-day as is the Inquisition. Contrast the number of manslaughters among the Neapolitans with those of the Dutch, and you will find the former far outnumbering the latter, for the reason, that the latter rarely, if ever, carry a stiletto in their bosoms with which to avenge real or imaginary wrong. When the Dutchman is wronged, he resorts to the court for his right, and he obtains it; the Italian is likely to take the law into his own hands, because he has the weapon so to do, and using it, he inflicts a threefold wrong: injury upon his fellowman, penalty upon himself, suffering upon his family. Let nations disband their armies and turn their armaments into implements of agriculture and tools of industry, and their navies into merchant marines, and we will hear of war no more. The Carnegie Peace Palace at the Hague, idle now, will become one of the busiest and one of the most blessed Courts of Justice in all the world.

Warriors and means of war create war.

All too long has the reign of the militarist endured. All too long have the nations believed that their best citizenship

Militarism has prevented arbitration.

is their military, their highest aristocracy the military aristocracy, their best defenders, their armies and navies. There is no telling to what heights of civilization the world might have attained by now, had the countless billions of dollars, wasted on the maintenance of militarism, been expended on the spread of education, on the betterment of labor conditions, on the promotion of good-will among the nations of the earth. All too long have the nations allowed themselves to be misled by the cruel and costly fallacy, that the best way to maintain peace is to be prepared for war. The history of mankind proves but too clearly that we have had no peace because we have been prepared for war. The nations that are now slaughtering one another would never have been at war, had they not had their mighty armies or navies. And there might never have been a contention among them. It was because each thought itself mighty, alone or in alliance, that it thought it could afford to challenge the other, or to accept its challenge. If this present world-war does not teach that there is but one way to maintain peace, and that is, not to be prepared for war; but one way to guard against a recurrence of such human slaughters as are now going on, and that is, to suppress the military class, beyond every possibility of restoration; if this war does not teach this, then will all its horrors and all the agonies endured on battlefields and in homes, all the billions of dollars expended, and all the trades and industries paralyzed, have been in vain.

Secretary Bryan may add scores of other treaties to those he has already made, they will not be worth the paper on which they are printed, if we go on adding ship upon ship to our navy, and trebling and quadrupling our army, and multiplying our fortifications manifold. The more our militarism will grow, the more will it arouse the envy or fear of other nations, and force them either to equal ours, or to form alliances against us. Their greater power will urge our militarists to increase ours. The rivalry will continue till, when least expected, something will happen, and bring about a death-struggle between us and our enemy, equalling that in which the foremost Europeon nations find themselves to-day.

The larger the military the nearer to war.

And, even if not menaced by an enemy, once our militarists shall possess the power they seek, they will want to make use of it; they will want to show their strength; they will want to give their soldiers and marines something to do; they will want to show the nation that the billions of dollars have not been expended for nothing. They will have no difficulty in picking a quarrel somewhere, or in being drawn into some entanglement, and, declaring war or forcing a declaration of it, they will bring calamity upon us and other nations.

Excepting state militias for internal police protection, we have no need of military. Favored by an unequalled, geographical position, with an ocean on either side of us to keep Asiatic and European powers at a distance of thousands of miles from us, with no victualling and coaling stations on the waysides, it would almost seem as if Providence had intended us to inaugurate the peace of the world by having done with preparations for war. Our freedom from the curse of militarism, our exemption from the burdensome cost which its maintenance entails, our submission to The Hague Court whatever contentions between us and other nations may arise, would set other nations to think, and move them, one by one, to follow our example.

A mere militia will suffice.

I believe that the heads of the governments of the earth are sincere in their wish for peace. And I am sure that their peoples are. Situated, however, as they are geographically, they are afraid to make the beginning. If we would but lead, they would, in time, follow.

We have nothing to fear. Continuing the even tenor of our way, maintaining at all times a strict neutrality, and honorable relationship with all, obeying to the letter President Washington's farewell injunction to us to keep clear of all entangling alliances, the nations of the earth will as little want to hurt us as we shall want to hurt them. Our trust in them will disarm their distrust of us; our freedom from militarism will be the strongest witness of our faith in arbitration.

Need have no fear of nations.

Should one of them, in its greed, want to attack us, it will find us ready for the attack, even without a standing army and armaments. We have shown it before, when we were but a handful of struggling colonies; we shall certainly be able to

prove it now that we are a mighty nation. We shall give ample proof that cowardice and love of peace are not interchangeable terms. If it took Great Britain three years, and 400,000 men, and two billions of dollars, to subdue a little Republic of 100,000 peasants, who could not support themselves the year round from their own products, and who could not manufacture their needed ammunitions, how long will it take to overcome a nation of a 100,000,000 of people, richly provided with the necessities of life, with all the requisites for the manufacture of implements and ammunition, and able to muster millions of men for self-defense?

No, we have nothing to lose by exchanging arbitration for militarism. We have had the courage to do away with slavery, and we have been proud of it ever since; let us have the courage to do away with army and navy and armament, and we shall be equally proud. We have made a success of our Republic; we can make an equal success of our disarmament. The Republic was the gift of our fathers to us; let Disarmament be our gift to our descendants and to all the world.

Having inherited Republic, we should bequeathe Disarmament.

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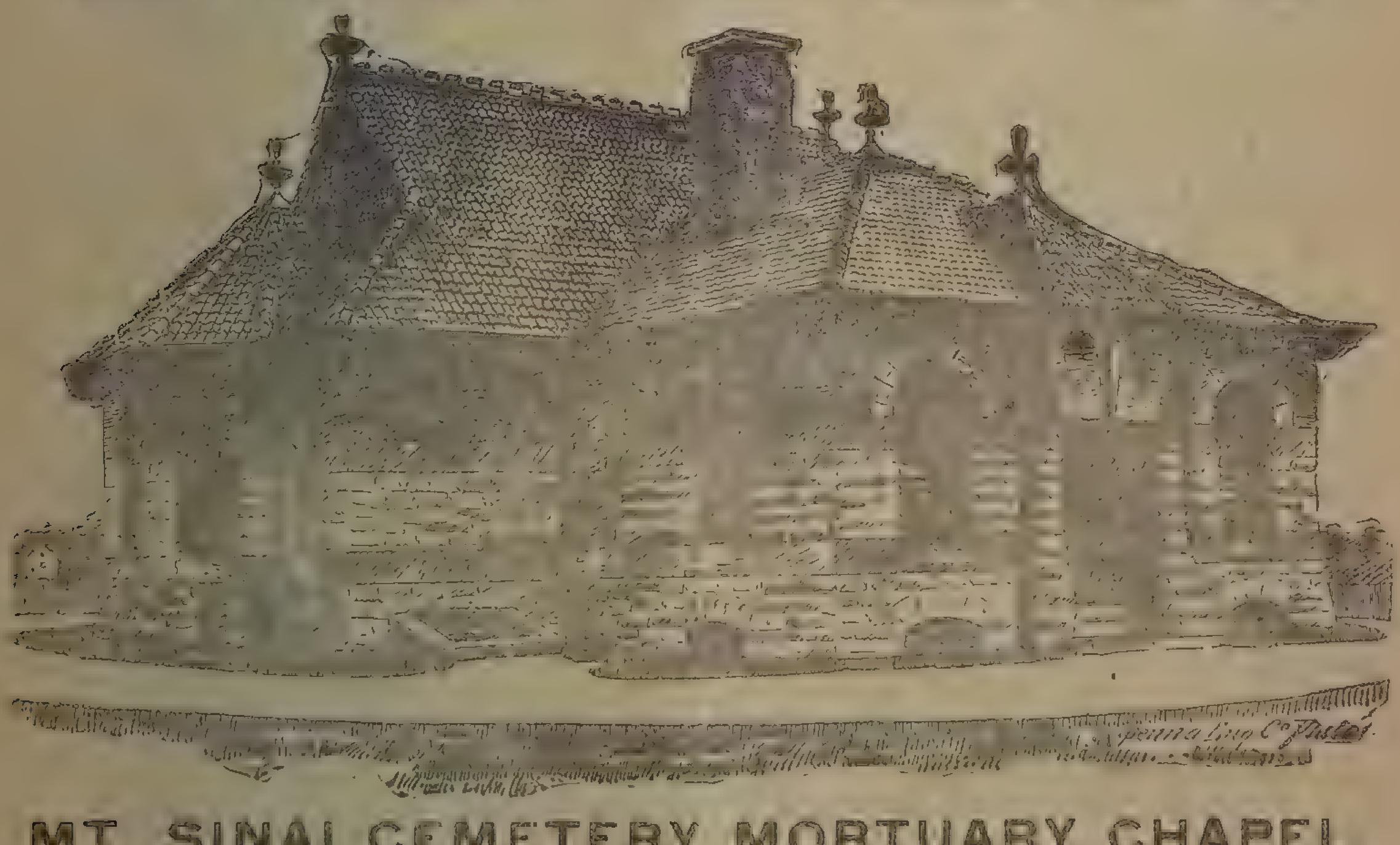
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Rights and Wrongs of Neutrals.

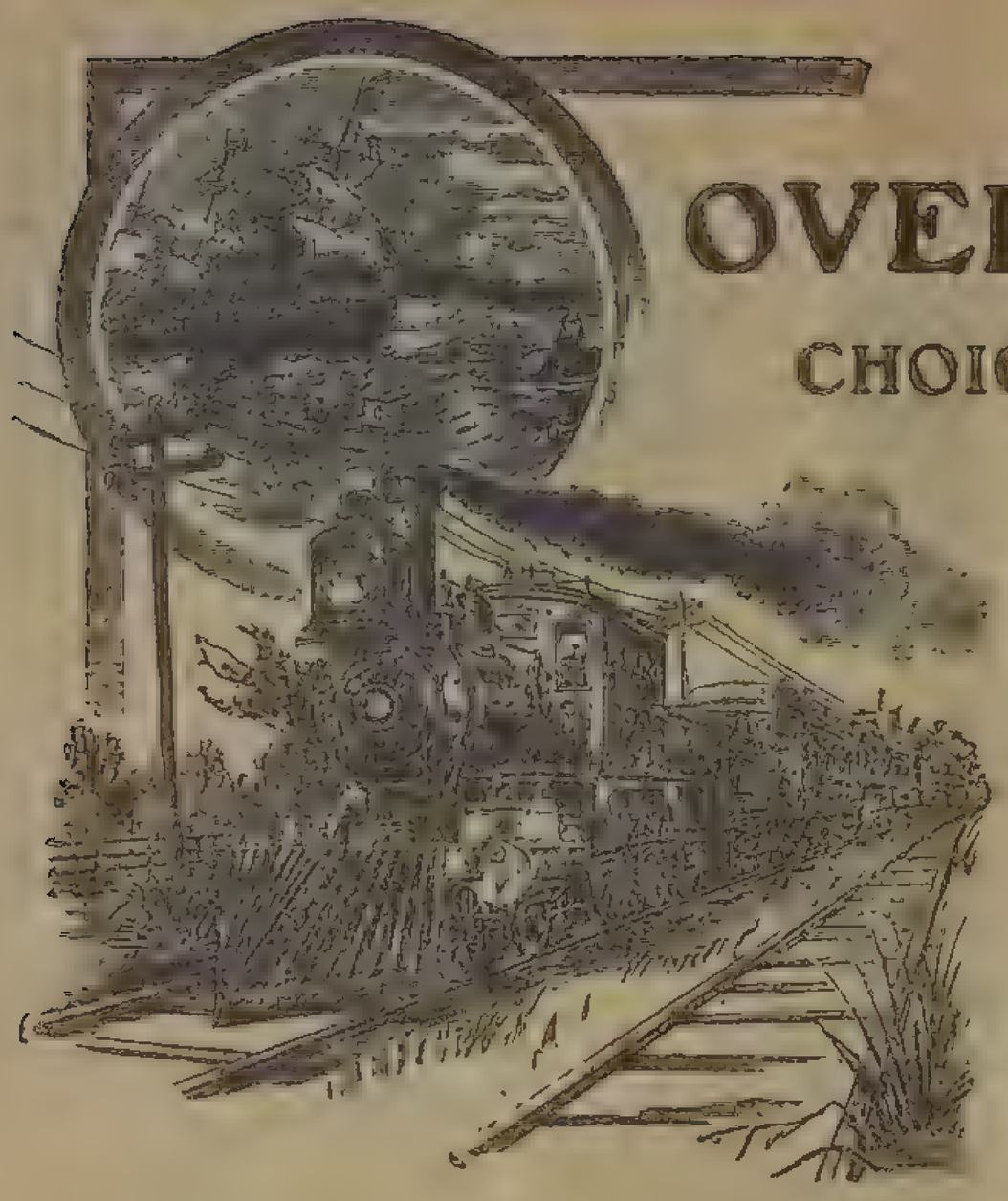
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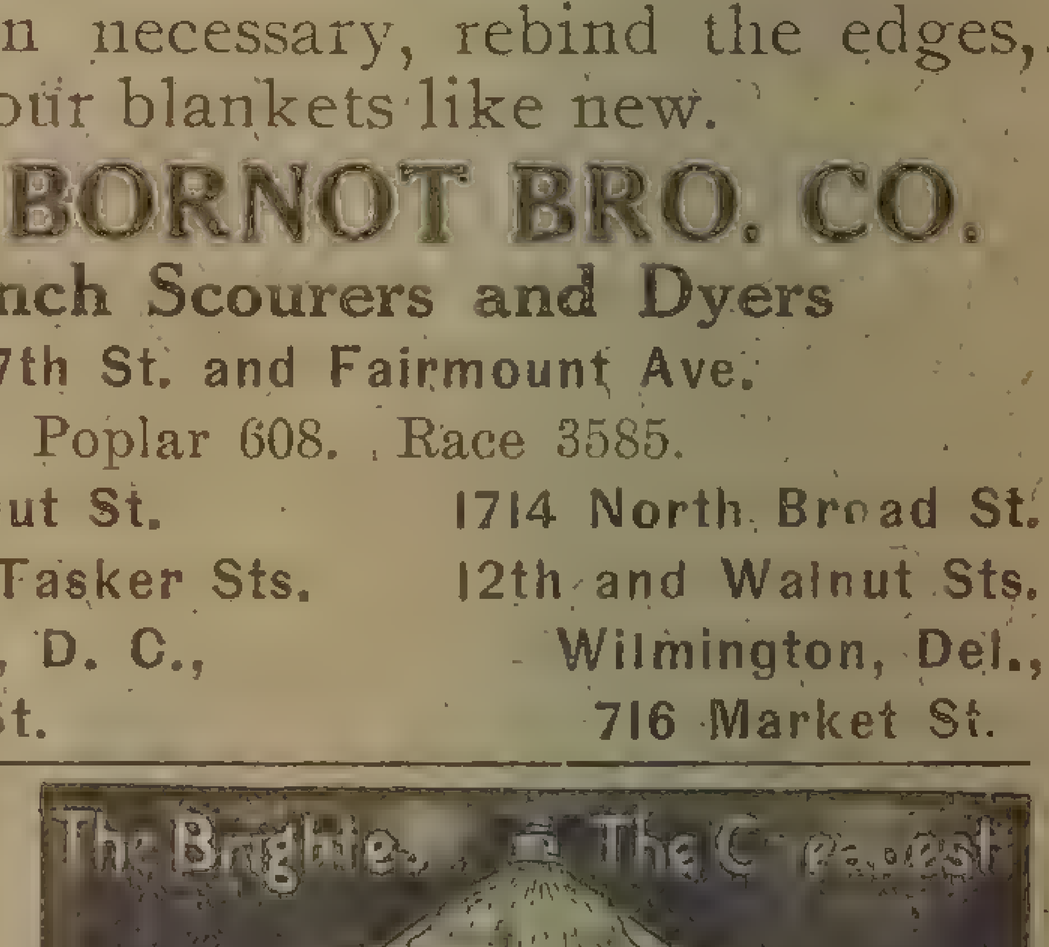
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Rights and Wrongs of Neutrals.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, January 24th, 1915.

In a discourse, some years ago, I remarked that it was well that the age of deification had ceased at the time of George Washington, otherwise the world's overcrowded pantheon might have been burdened with another god. That thought recurred to me a number of times during my pilgrimage to the Far and Near East, when I saw the ease with which popular heroes of history or myth had been turned, or were being turned, into gods. And with yet greater force did that thought come back to me recently, when I remembered Washington's farewell injunction to the American people to keep clear of all entangling alliances, when I saw the calamity that had come upon other nations by reason of such alliances, which calamity, but for that injunction, might also have come upon us.

Ancients would have made a god of Washington.

As hard as the ancients might have found it to resist the temptation of making a god of such a man as Washington, so hard is it for us to deny him the title of, at least, a prophet. It certainly seems that only one of prophetic gifts could have foreseen a time such as this, and could have felt moved to warn the American people against its dangers.

Moderns inclined to make a prophet of him, because of his warning against entangling alliances.

And if not prophecy, then surely it was profoundest statesmanship to have felt prompted to say, more than a century ago, to the American people of his time, and of all times: Observe good faith and justice toward all nations alike; cultivate peace and harmony with them all. The fruits of such a course, guided by exalted benevolence, will richly repay any temporary advantage which might be lost. Avoid inveterate antipathy against one nation, and passionate attach-

ment to another. The nation that does the one or the other is a slave to its hatred or affection. Antipathy disposes to insult, to seize upon the slightest cause of umbrage, and makes collision, envenomed dispute, bloody war, quite unavoidable. Passionate attachment inclines towards mingling with affairs of other nations, that may prove troublesome at home; inclines towards being partial in judgment, which may lead to injustice, and to participating in quarrels that are not our own. It leads to concession to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which are bound to excite jealousy, ill will, and a disposition to retaliate. While fostering commercial relationships with the nations, let there be no admixture in them of political interest. Be on your guard against the insidious wiles of foreign influence. Above all things, keep your hands off entangling alliances, if you would have peace within your borders, and maintain yourselves as a free and independent nation.

This farewell injunction of the first of our presidents has, consciously or unconsciously, influenced the American people, from his time to ours, and has contributed mightily toward our having become a great and independent nation. God grant that we may continue to be great and independent by reason of our continuing unencumbered by foreign alliances, by a show of favoritism or antipathy towards one or the other of the nations across the seas. And God be thanked that in this present cyclonic storm, that has lashed nations of the earth into a raging fury, our ship of state is under the guidance of a president who, in the hours of stress, has proved himself quite as trustworthy as was he who first steered our nation out of tempestuous seas into a peaceful harbor.

Has had beneficial influence on nation.

President Wilson's Neutrality Proclamation deserves a place alongside Washington's farewell injunction

President Wilson's neutrality proclamation, which he issued shortly after the outbreak of the present world-war, is well deserving of a place of honor alongside Washington's Farewell Address. Its every word breathes the same love for the American people, the same watchful concern about their peace and welfare, the same profundity of statesmanship, that emanate from the words of Washington. Should this present world-war not yet be the end of all wars, should this

old earth of ours be doomed to be saturated with the heart's blood of millions of yet other unfortunates, I believe that our descendants will, in their hour of need, turn to the words of Wilson for guidance and inspiration, as we now turn to those of Washington.

In his appeal for our strictest neutrality, President Wilson tells us that the effect of the European war upon the United States will depend upon what the American citizen will say and do. There will be nothing to fear, if every American will preserve the true spirit of neutrality, which is the spirit of impartiality and fairness and friendship to all concerned. The spirit of the nation, at this critical time, will be determined largely by what individuals and society and those gathered in public meetings do and say, upon what newspapers and magazines contain, upon what our ministers utter in their pulpits, and men proclaim as their opinions on the street. As the countries now engaged in war are the birthplaces or ancestral homes of large numbers of the American people, favoritism toward some of the belligerents and antipathy toward others are apt to excite contentions and bitterness among our own citizenship, and menace our peace. "The United States must be neutral in fact as well as in name, during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another." In this time of trouble, it is incumbent upon our nation to exhibit "the dignity of self control, the efficiency of dispassionate action, a nation that neither sits in judgment upon others nor is disturbed in her own counsels, and which keeps herself fit and free to do what is honest and disinterested and truly serviceable for the peace of the world."

Its purpose and context.

Yet another document will exercise a far-reaching influence on the preservation of the independence of our nation, the friendly, yet dignified and determined, protest, that was recently entered by the Department of State, at Washington, against the government of Great Britain because of its unwarranted interference with the commerce of the United States. That protest is to make clear to England, and to every other belligerent nation, that neutrality is not to

Not to be mistaken for servility.

be construed into a form of servility, that our determination to keep from participation in the warfares of the nations is not to be regarded as extending to supine inertia and cowardly submissiveness, even when our commercial rights upon the high seas are wantonly violated.

As a neutral nation, we recognize our obligation of non-interference with the affairs of the countries now at war, our duty not to supply ships, nor to allow enlistment of troops on American soil for the benefit of the one or the other of the belligerents, nor to permit shipments of ammunitions of war, nor of materials for the manufacture of them, nor of any other thing that might prove of benefit to those engaged in waging war on land or on sea.

But our recognition of these duties does not imply a conferring upon any of the belligerents the right of treating our commerce as suits its purpose best, the right to seize our ships on the high seas, to drag them to ports of its own, there to search them at its own convenience, to treat as contraband of war what is not so regarded by international law, or by international agreement, or by the exercise of ordinary, common sense, thereby inflicting not only an injury to our international trade but also an insult to our rights and liberties as an independent nation.

Neutrals have rights as well as duties.

It is, no doubt, a greater convenience to the ship-seizing nation to institute its thorough search in its own port, where it may run no risk of being attacked by the enemy's torpedoes or submarines. But, why should the belligerent's convenience and gain be considered, and not that of the neutral nation, that is at peace with all the world, that has the right to carry its legitimate goods, speedily and unmolested, to whatever market is in need of them? If inconvenience or loss or danger must be suffered by any, it were far better that the sufferer be the belligerent, so that the difficulties of warfare may thereby be greatly increased, and the desire to engage in it be greatly diminished, or overcome altogether. It might well suit a belligerent nation to see even the non-combatants of the nation with which it is at war deprived of food and raiment and fuel and other necessities of civilized life, and to use such deprivation as a means of compelling the enemy to sue for peace, and

Rights of neutral must have priority over advantage of belligerent.

to submit to humiliating terms. It might even suit a belligerent nation to prevent necessities of life, and materials for carrying on peaceful industries, from being shipped to countries contiguous to the nations with which it is at war, for fear lest some of those shipments or resultant manufactures might ultimately find their way across the borders, to the hostile nations, even to the enemy at the front. Such eventualities, however, are the chances of war, and must be the concern of the warring nation, and not that of the neutral. To yield to high-handed proceedings such as England recently resorted to, in defiance of our neutrality rights, would mean helping one belligerent nation to effect the economic ruin of its adversary, and this would mean violating Washington's farewell injunction, and Wilson's neutrality proclamation.

The last official act of Franklin in Europe, in 1785, was to sign, in behalf of the then new United States, a treaty with Prussia, guaranteeing the inviolability of the ocean commerce of the two nations, in case of war between them, an achievement that was highly praised by Lord Shelburne in England, and by Washington in America. To-day England violates the freedom of ocean commerce even of nations with which she is on friendliest terms. She is as little a respecter of neutrals as she is of her bitterest foes. She seems not to have profited by the serious troubles to which similar procedures of hers against us, on former occasions, gave rise. She has given little heed to the protests of other neutrals; it is greatly to be hoped, for her best interest as well as for that of our own, that she will accord better treatment to ours. The answer that Sir Edward Grey has thus far vouchsafed is not satisfactory. It is an attempt to dodge the real issue. It is an endeavor to conceal the real purpose of it all, namely, the effecting, by our exclusion from the trade marts, the economic as well as the military crushing of the nations opposed to the allies. By starving them out, their overthrow will be accomplished so much the sooner and easier.

Compulsion to favor some at injury to other.

The government of the United States fully admits the right of England to visit and search, on the high seas, vessels sailing under the American flag, and the right to detain them when there is sufficient evidence

Will not be tolerated by our people

to justify a belief that contraband goods are contained in their cargoes. But when she arrogates to herself the right to convey our ships to her port, on the presumption that they may contain contrabands of war, and detain them for weeks, and bring great losses to our shippers—that of the meat packers, for instance, amounting to more than $5,000,000, which important branch of our foreign commerce she has practically swept off the European seas—when she resorts to such high-handed methods, she pursues a course which our government can never permit, to which the people of the United States will never submit.

From all quarters of Europe arises a loud cry for our food, goods, and raw materials. They have depended on them in the past; they have more urgent need of them now than ever before, because of the general European disturbances in the trades and industries, and of the greater shortage of food supplies. We have no quarrel with any nation. We are at peace with all. Why must we deny them their legitimate, human wants? Why should their children, their women, their other non-combatants, suffer for the want of the necessities of life, when we have ample stores to share with them? The allies do not scruple to take abundantly of our riches. Must we be forced to deny equal treatment to the peoples of the dual alliance?

No nation to be denied the right to our non-contraband goods.

This interference with our legitimate exports hurts not only the peoples abroad but also our own people at home. Hundreds of our factories are closed. Thousands of our working-people are without employment. Thousands are begging for bread, who, but for this interference, might have been earning it. It is easy, if not impudent, for *The Globe* and *The Chronicle*, of London to chide us for being so mercenary as to prefer our own interests to those of the allies, for not seeing that by helping to cripple those against the allies we help our friends. By what manner of reasoning do they come to the conclusion that only the allies are our friends, and not the others as well; and that it is fit and proper for us to strengthen the hands of the former, even if by so doing we cripple our own trades and industries?

Our people must not be made to suffer for benefit of belligerent.

Perhaps we have ourselves much to blame for the strictures on our Note of Protest, in the papers we have named. Perhaps the passionate attachment which, despite Washington's warning, very many of our people have evinced toward the allies, and the bitter antipathies toward those against whom the allies are at war, have ripened in them the belief that we, too, are their allies, not neutrals, that we are quite ready to link our fate with theirs. In fact, not a few are, notwithstanding our President's admonition, agitating, in public speech and in public print, our taking side with the allies against those opposed to them, as if there were not enough of nations engaged in cruel war now, as if not enough of human blood has been shed since August last, and is yet to be shed, as if there were not enough of widows and orphans and bereaved and darkened homes, not to speak of the many more there yet shall be, without our country's aid, before this cruel war shall be over.

Our partiality to blame for advantage taken of us.

Re-read our President's appeal to us to prove ourselves impartial in thought and act, to curb our sentiments in press, pulpit or on platform, in public meeting or in private gathering, so that nothing we may say or do might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another. And then read some of our papers and magazines, and note in them the partiality towards one side, and the bitterness towards the other; note the hatred in editorials, that are yet more noteworthy for the ignorance they display than for the venom they sputter, that are more hostile in word and spirit than are editorials published in the press of London, Paris and Petrograd; note the base lies that are invented by irresponsible correspondents and scribblers to cast aspersion upon whole nations or the honored heads of them, note all these, and you will not wonder that some of the allies have come to look upon the people of the United States as fellow-allies, and not as neutrals.

Press bristling with unneutral sentiments.

And you will wonder still less, when you read in the papers of the vast shipments of arms and ammunition and other war equipments that are constantly being made by the United States, and exclusively for the benefit of the allies. The orders thus far received for such "*neutral*" goods are said to

Large shipments of war materials made by us to belligerents.

exceed $500,000,000 in amount; and new orders for like products of our "*neutrality*" are said to reach our country daily. It is reported that they include everything in the fighting and killing line: rifles and carbines and revolvers and cartridges and aerial arrows by the millions; powder by the tons; machine guns and other guns and steel bars for shrapnel by the thousands, aeroplanes and submarines and armored motor trucks by the hundreds. And there are orders for whole shiploads of horses, for khaki cloth enough for whole armies, for blankets by half-million lots.

Splendid business all this, and very profitable, no doubt, to some. But, oh, how wicked for neutrals to equip, for the sake of the almighty dollar, one side at the cost of the other! How wicked to equip any side at all! How dangerously near such one-sided shipments bring us to incurring the hatred of the side that is made to suffer thereby! How dangerously near this unneutral course brings us neutrals to that "entangling alliance," against which the first and most venerated of our Presidents warned us, in his last address to the nation, in the disregard of which he saw our greatest danger, our possible ruin!

Good business but bad morals.

Complaints are already being raised by millions of American citizens, who are natives or descendants of the side that is discriminated against by our "unneutrality." They are organizing to protest against a continuation of it, to stop it, if possible, by legislation. And a loud appeal is being raised on the other side to organize against such organization, to defeat such proposed legislation, to continue in the course we have chosen, and, if need be, to assist the allies not only with ammunition and other war equipments but also with our fighting men and fighting ships.

Creates discord among our own people.

These signs of strife amidst our own citizenship, in consequence of our "unneutrality," bear out what I said at the commencement of this discourse, that Washington seemed to have been possessed of the prophetic spirit when he wrote his Farewell Address.

Of what avail are our peace-prayers on Sundays, when on every other day in the week our shops and ships are busy

making and loading the means for continuing the war? Of what benefit are our charity contributions for the benefit of the war sufferers, when factories are kept busy day and night turning out instruments of destruction, destined mightily to increase the numbers of homeless and shelterless and foodless in the war zones? There was published, a short time ago, in one of our papers a cartoon, that pictured a manufacturer asking his secretary: "Jones, have you notified our European representative that we have shipped the hundred million cartridges to the War Office?" "Yes. by last night's mail." "All right then, make out a check for $50,000 as my contribution to the war sufferers' fund." It was more than a clever cartoon. It was a whole commentary on the ideas and ideals of a large number of our citizenship.

We pray for peace, yet help to prolong war.

Every cartridge shipped may mean a new orphan; every machine-gun, a dozen new widows, a score more of bereaved homes; every howitzer, the destruction of another dozen towns; every submarine or aeroplane or armored gun-car, the loss of another hundred youths or men in their prime—killed and destroyed indirectly by us, who profess ourselves neutrals. If these are the acts of neutrals, God save us from the acts of enemies!

We send money to war-sufferers yet help to increase their number.

The statement is frequently made that it is in the power of the United States to end this horrible world-war within ninety days, by ceasing our shipments of war materials to nations at war. If that statement be true—and there seems to be good ground for believing it to be true—then will our sin be all the greater for having allowed, in the baseness of our greed, the carnage to continue uninterrupted, and misery and suffering to drag on their weary length, when the exercise of true neutrality, true brotherliness and unselfishness, might have restored peace among the nations, might have brought back good will among men.

Strict neutrality might end war.

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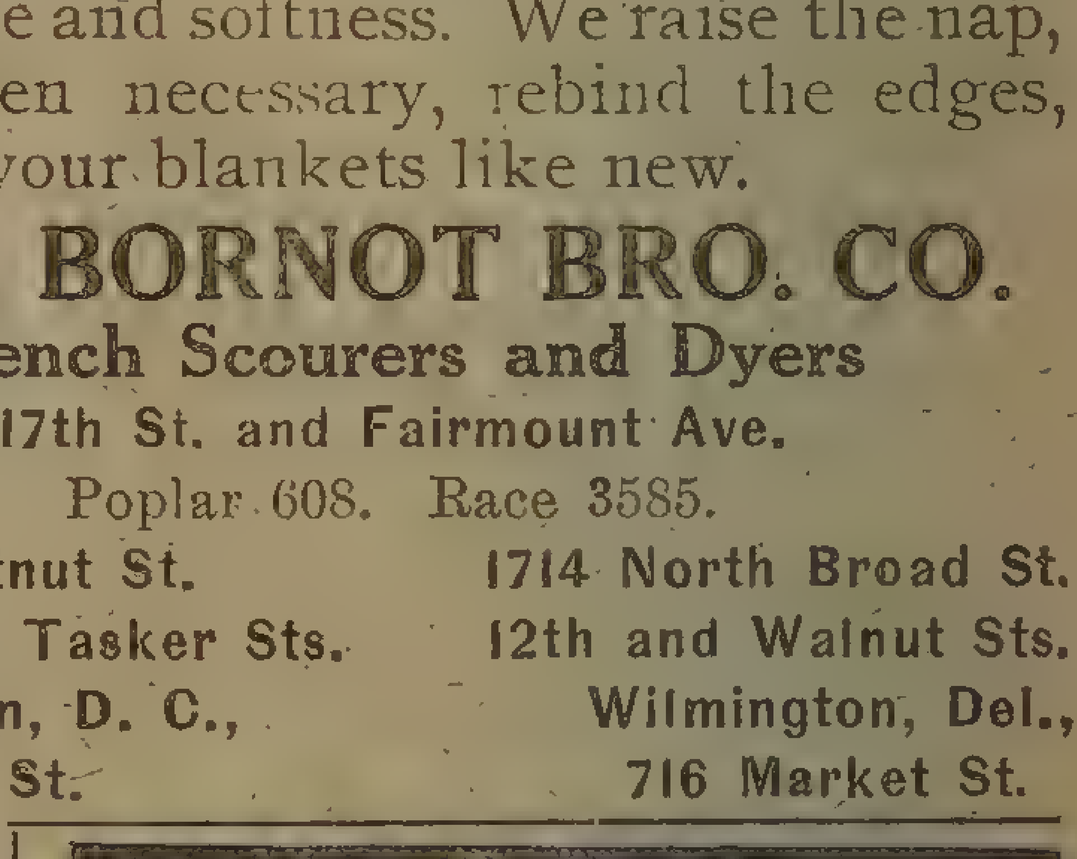
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Broken Treaties.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, January 31st, 1915.

There is a quaint, old Jewish legend, which is as deeply instructive as it is quaint and old, and which Frances Browne has put into splendid English verse, under the heading of *The Rabbi's Vision*. It starts out telling how Rabbi Ben Levi, wisest of his time and clime, sat poring over his books one night, tróubled sore to find answer to the question: "What path of crime is darkliest traced on the map of time?" which a maiden had put to him that day. In vain he turned from book to book; in vain he pondered long and deep; no light did come from brain or book. Bowing his head low, he muttered to himself in deep humility: "When even a simple maiden's question is too deep for answer, how little doth proud mortal know!" Raising his head again, lo, before him lay a volume the like of which he had never seen before—of ponderous size, age-stained, its crowded pages thumb-worn.

Question as to source of darkest crimes.

Page upon page he turned; hour after hour he read. Midnight passed; the dawn appeared; still he read, saddening stories of wrong and guilt, of rights abused, of vows forgotten, of solemn pledges broken, of sacred trusts violated, of love betrayed, of benefits ill-requited. On, on, he read of hearts broken, of spirits crushed, of careers blasted, of brains maddened, of anguish suffered, of cities destroyed, of nations ruined, and the root of each of them the same, sad story: unkept promises, violated trusts.

Miraculously answered.

Tears filling his eyes, he could read no more. With a deep sigh he closed the mighty tome. No sooner had he closed it than it vanished, as suddenly as it had come. But it had richly taught its lesson; it left behind

Found in broken promises.

a wiser man than it had found. Three score years and ten had he preached against sin and crime, but not until he had read that mysterious volume, had he known that by far the greatest part of them had their root in promises forgotten, in pledges broken, in trusts violated. From that time forth, his constant theme in school and synagogue, on public streets and in private home, was: "Hold thy promise sacred, if thou wouldst keep from wrong and guilt; keep thy pledge inviolate, if thou wouldst lessen misery and suffering on earth."

The moral of this legend is too obvious for commentary. Its quaintness and mysteriousness were but intended to emphasize all the more strongly one of the oldest observations of mankind, that the commonest and wickedest of our sins is violation of our sacred promises. Would we verify that teaching, we would but need to ask ourselves whether the guilts, which we have reason to be most ashamed of, would have been committed by us had we faithfully kept the promises we gave to parents and teachers, to husband or wife, to friends or associates, to those with whom we entered into business relationship, who trusted our honor, who relied on our word.

Verifiable by our own experience.

Would we verify that teaching yet more, we would but need to go to those who are deeply versed in historic lore or in the records of crime, and ask them: "What path of crime is darkliest traced on the map of time?" Their answer, in our day, would be the same which Rabbi Ben Levi received in the hoary past: "The path of broken promises, of violated trusts, is the darkest path of all."

And by history.

Those who read and think must have been not a little surprised at the furor created by Germany's violation of its treaty with Belgium. Judging by the outcries raised, and by the indignation expressed and published, one, who knew not better, might easily have been led to believe that this treaty violation was one of the newest of political crimes. To those, however, who are conversant with history, who are familiar with diplomacies and state-crafts of nations, who know by what means some of the great empires have been built up, what deceptions and treacheries were practiced to bring this or that power under their control,

Recent violation of treaty no surprise.

to seize this or that territory and add it to their own—to them the surprise is not that a treaty has been violated, the surprise is that anybody should be surprised at it at all. Scarcely a nation whose escutcheon is not stained by such a crime. Scarcely a people that has not, at one time or another in its history, cast treaty obligations to the wind, if regard for them stood in the way of attaining a coveted goal. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw told us recently that the Foreign Office of England contains whole basketsful of such violated treaties. These basketsful of broken treaties, of English make, have their counterparts in the Foreign Offices of probably every other nation. Frederick the Great broke treaties with Austria when he began the Silesian war in 1740. Napoleon broke a treaty with Austria when he declared war against it in 1803. The United States disregarded the treaty with Spain of 1795, when war was practically declared in 1898. The Germans practically broke a treaty with China, when they took possession of Kiao Chow in 1898—though they secured from China (practically by force) a later treaty acknowledging the transaction. A treaty was made, declaring that slavery was never to extend beyond the Mason and Dixon line. When that line, in the Southern development, was reached, the treaty was cast aside. Were it possible to collect all treaty violations, and publish them, we would probably find their bulk equalling that of any of the great encyclopedias of the world.

Treaty violation justified even by Gladstone.

There has probably never been a student of history who has had faith in any nation keeping its treaties and pledges sacred, when violation of them suited its purpose better. Why should anyone have faith, when even so distinguished a statesman as Gladstone declared, in 1870, with regard to this very Belgian treaty, and on the authority of Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston, "I am unable to subscribe to the doctrine that the simple fact of the existence of a guarantee is binding on every party thereto, irrespective altogether of the particular position in which it may find itself at a time when the occasion for action on the guarantee arrives?" In other words, even Mr. Gladstone held that when compliance with treaty obligations toward another nation threatens injury to a nation's own best interests, compliance is not to be thought of.

Not a student of cotemporary history but believes that, under like conditions, the other signatories to the Belgian treaty would have respected it as little as did Germany. He has not forgotten England's violation of her treaty with the Boers for far less reason than Germany had for hers; and her violation of yet other treaties for no cause at all.

This loud outcry against Germany's violation of her treaty with Belgium, as if it were the first crime of the kind that had ever been committed, would be quite amusing if it were not so tragic. And more amusing still would it be, if it were not yet more tragic, to see Russia among those whose cries of indignation are the loudest and bitterest. Of all the dark spots in the history in Russia, and their number is large, few are darker than those that betoken her violation of solemn pledges, her disregard of sacred treaties.

Russia one of worst violators of pledges.

What is the story of latter-day Finland but a pitiful illustration of such unfaithfulness? When that country fell, by the chances of war, under the power of Russia, Alexander I, the then Czar, solemnly pledged to the Finns, in a document duly signed and sealed, that he and his successors would regard them as a semi-independent Grand Duchy, with the right to rule themselves by their own constitution, to elect their own senate and diet, to enact their own laws, to follow their own religion, to speak their own language, to establish their own schools. This state of affairs continued undisturbed for many years, and Finland grew and prospered under it. But under the reign of the present Czar, and under that of his father, a new class of men rose to power, the slavophils, those whose motto was: "There must be but one law, one language, and one religion, for all who live under the rule of the Czar." Promises and pledges and treaties faded into insignificance under the spell of this new gospel. It was then that there ensued that outrageous treatment of Finland that has become a part of the martyrology of modern peoples. Every instrument of cruelty was brought into play to force that nation to submit to autocracy and orthodoxy. Its constitution was abolished; its senate and diet were discontinued; the right to its own speech in schools, courts and public halls, was denied. All manner of difficulties

Proved by her treatment of Finland.

were laid in the way of its people following their Protestant faith. The country was flooded with Russian military and spies, paid for from the Finnish people's money. Domiciliary visits were instituted, and peoples in large numbers were cast into prisons or banished to Siberia, without trial or authority. A Russian governor was put over them with almost dictatorial powers. This went on, with undiminished rigor, for years, till the menace of a revolution of large dimension frightened their persecutors into more considerate treatment of the Finnish people, but not, to this day, into a restoration to them of the sacredly guaranteed rights and privileges, of which, despite sacred treaty, they had been unlawfully and unjustly deprived.

The story of Finland is not unlike that which might be told of Poland. If anything, that of the latter is sadder still. It is one pitiful wail of sacred pledges violated, of solemn promises unkept. A great people has been cowed by the Russian knout; a land that might have been one of the most prosperous of the empire is kept at the verge of starvation, because it has not been permitted to govern itself by laws that suited its bent of mind, because the rights and liberties, so needful for self-development and national progress, that were promised them, have continued ungranted to this day. And, the promise of autonomy, that is now being made to them, that, too, will likely remain ungranted after this present war shall be over. They will probably find that they have but shed their heart's blood for the preservation and perpetuation of an autocracy that has only cruelty and contempt for them.

And of Poland.

What is the story of modern China but a long wail of violations of most sacred rights, of unscrupulous disregard of most solemn pledges, guarantees, treaties, or whatever else their names may be? What more flagrant illustration of it than Japan's recent invasion of Chinese territory and its seizure there of railroad lines, the neutrality of which had been guaranteed by the leading nations of the earth? China's protest was all in vain. Not a signatory power commanded a halt to the violation. Worse still, the invasion took place at the bidding of one of these signatories, that had given as reason for its own participation in the present

Violation of China's neutrality.

world war, just such a deliberate treaty violation as this, by another power.

But why stray to the other end of the earth for illustration of violated treaties and broken pledges, when some very choice specimens of them can be obtained nearer home, some of the choicest within our own land? What stories more horrowing than those that tell of the treatment the early Mexicans and Peruvians received at the hands of their Spanish discoverers and conquerors, of the latter's disregard of every law of humanity, of their trampling under foot every noble precept of Christianity, the planting of which faith in the new world they regarded as their special duty and prerogative? Promises and pledges were given them, formal treaties were made with them, that were never intended to be kept, and consequently were not kept. The most horrible cruelties and outrages and massacres were perpetrated against the helpless natives, and excused by the then popular and convenient belief that faith with unbelievers need not be kept. Not one of those early Mexicans or Peruvians but had more of the real spirit of religion in his heart than had all those adventurers who, in greed of gold or in lust of glory or power, fell upon the innocents, and laid into ruin one of the oldest and one of the most original of civilizations.

Violation of pledges to early Mexicans and Peruvians.

And some day, one of our own Indians, before this people shall have finally passed away, will tell the story of the treatment they have received at the white man's hand. The chapter, or better, the chapters, telling of our unkept promises and violated pledges and broken treaties, will constitute not the least interesting part of the book, a part which our descendants will read with little relish. From the very first, the Indian was considered the white man's legitimate prey. Whatever notion of justice the invader possessed was not regarded as extending to the aborigines. Men like our own William Penn, of whom it has been said, that he was the only white man who ever made a treaty with Indians, and kept it sacred, though not a word of it had been written and signed, such men were, indeed, a rarity in those days.

To North American Indians.

An Indian was held to possess no rights which a white man was bound to respect. A dead one was regarded as the

only decent one, and it was held to be the paramount duty of the invader to make as many of such decent Indians as possible. The success of that course may best be told by the handful that is left of a one time very numerous and splendid race, and of the comparatively little territory that is left to them out of a vast empire, that extended from ocean to ocean, and from the Arctic to the Gulf. And even of that little land that is still their own, there are those, in our day, who would rob them, as was recently shown by a congressional commission, which unearthed a scheme, by which the Crow Indian Reservation of Southern Montana was to have been cheated out of its property of 500,000 acres of valuable lands, by a combination of unscrupulous land sharks. Were we to trace the history of the fortunes of some of our oldest and wealthiest families, we would find not a few of them having their roots in just such treacheries and outrages against the American Indians as we have touched upon.

Not a right of theirs respected.

They were a gentle and kindly people when first encountered by the white man, and they were well disposed towards the stranger, and they freely gave him almost all he asked for. But when the visit of the stranger turned into an invasion, and the invader into a brutal conqueror, when pledges were violated and treaties were broken, when greed made cunning and perfidy and treachery its pitiless allies, when brutality turned to outrage, and outrage to slaughter and massacre, it was then that the native's righteous wrath turned into fury, and his fury into an unquenchable thirst for revenge. He profited by the lesson the white man taught him. As he was done by, so he did. Without knowing it, he had been a Christian in character and deed, before he had yet heard of Christianity. It was the Christian's treachery and perfidy that made a savage of him.

Brutality turned natives into savages.

Our treatment of the negro differed from that of the Indian only in mode, not in cruelty. On our great day of reckoning we shall have as much to answer for with respect to him as with respect to the other. Our greed snatched him from his native African home, separated husband from wife, parent from child, cast them into

Treatment of negro similar to that of Indian.

chains, packed them into the holds of horrible slave ships, carried them far across the seas, brought them to our shores, sold them under the hammer, as beasts of burden are sold. We denied them every civil right, almost every human right. We held them to be uncivilized, and saw to it that they remained so. At length, the abolitionists arose, and pleaded their cause. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her great book. Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, and paid for it with his life. We gave them their full citizenship right; we made them our equals under the law. And we secured their rights by an Amendment to our Constitution. We opened schools for them, and they made good use of them; we gave their brain a chance for development, and, for the short time they have had, they have made rapid progress.

And yet, though their full freedom is guaranteed by the Constitution, they are still regarded by many as slaves; though their citizenship is their right, its free exercise is denied them in many sections of our land. They have the vote, yet to use it in certain districts means jeopardizing their lives. Lynching of negroes is still the order of the day. Only the other day we were sickened by the reading of a family of four—a father and a son and two daughters—having been strangled by the same rope, and riddled with bullets, by a mob, in revenge for a fight, which that colored family had had the night before with an officer of the law. The ordinary channels for the administration of justice were denied them. In theory their equality is recognized; in practice their inequality is brutally emphasized. The statute books tell them that they are as free to do and to be as is the white man; seeking to exercise that right, they meet with denial and restriction, with scorn and insult, at every turn. And we, who trespass thus against a right guaranteed by the highest law of the land, are also of those who complain loudly and bitterly of Germany's cruel violation of her treaty with Belgium.

Violation of their constitutional rights.

Were we to speak of violations of rights sacredly guaranteed to the Jew in the constitutions and statute books of most of the nations, we would need more time than can be crowded into the tail-end of a discourse, more time than could be covered by a whole discourse, even

Violation of rights of Jews.

by a dozen of them. A large part of the tragic history of the Jew since the diaspora is the story of broken promises. Not a nation too big, during the Dark and Middle Ages, to repudiate its word of honor to the Jew; not a nation too little to violate its sacred guarantee to the Jew. They would strip him of his all, as price for his safety, and give him a receipt therefor, and, when stripped, they would drive him from the land.

At the Berlin Congress, in 1878, Rumania's independence was recognized by the great European nations, one of the conditions having been that she grant full citizenship rights to the Jews of her land. Though she agreed to the condition, she has not fulfilled it to this day; and not a single one of the signatory powers has demanded compliance of her. The only voice of protest that was raised was by our own John Hay, Secretary of State of a nation that was not one of the signatories to the Berlin Treaty. Well has he deserved yon noble window, which this congregation has reared to his memory in this Temple, in appreciation of his many efforts in behalf of justice to the Jew.

Illustrated in Rumania.

When thus we review the story of broken promises, of violated pledges and treaties, we cannot but feel that the old Jewish practice of introducing the annual, deeply solemn Atonement Eve service with the *Kol Nidre* supplication for forgiveness for vows broken during the year, for promises unfulfilled, for pledges violated, might be made a Non-Jewish supplication as well, might be made a national as well as a sectarian practice. Such a practice might gradually lessen among the nations of the earth wrongs such as have been visited on the Belgians, and such other wrongs as we have depicted.

Nations need anuual *Kol Nidre* service.

And all of us might hasten that day by following the practice of Rabbi Ben Levi of preaching, wherever and whenever occasion requires, the lesson taught by the ripe experience of mankind: "Hold thy promise sacred, if thou wouldst keep from wrong and guilt; keep thy pledge inviolate, if thou wouldst lessen misery and suffering on earth."

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VOL. XXVIII Sunday, February 28th, 1915 No. 15

EGYPT—OLD AND NEW.

I. Entering Egypt.

BY

Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

PHILADELPHIA

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Egypt—Old and New.

I. Entering Egypt.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 21st, 1915.

No matter how many the countries are through which a traveller passes in making a tour of the orient, his interest never lags. He never experiences an anti-climax. Each country has something new to offer; each people has something different to tell Whether one starts his journey from New York, and sails eastward, or from San Francisco, and sails westward, the best is reserved for the last; in the one case, the climax is beautiful Japan; in the other case, it is wonderful Egypt and entrancing Palestine.

No anti-climax in orientat tour.

I, for one, am glad that I set sail at San Francisco, and journeyed westward. Much as I enjoyed the sights of Japan and China, of Java and the Malay States, of Burma, India and Ceylon, I trust that I am not ungrateful when I say, that the sights which Egypt and Palestine afforded proved to me the most fascinating and most instructive of all. These latter countries were practically the last I saw of the orient, and the impression they made upon me will probably be the most enduring.

The last, best of all.

Such had been my religious training in my early childhood, that I knew of these countries before yet I knew of any other. I knew of the Nile and of the Jordan, of Mts. Sinai and Nebo, long before I had yet heard of the Hudson and of the Rhein, of the Alps and of the Rocky Mountains. I was familiar with the stories of Abraham's and Joseph's and Jacob's journeys to Egypt, and of Israel's exodus from it, long before I had ever been told or I had ever read of Columbus' discovery of a new world, or of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock.

Charmed by Egypt from earliest childhood.

And while, of these two countries, Palestine had priority in my affection, as the Holy Land, Egypt exercised the greater charm upon my childhood's fancy for its romantic interest. It was there where Joseph—the favorite of all children—encountered those thrilling experiences that raised him from a prisoner to a viceroy. It was there where Moses was saved by Pharaoh's daughter from a watery grave, and where he received that princely education that enabled him to become one of the world's greatest leaders and lawgivers. It was there where the people of Israel were made to suffer in cruel bondage, and where God wrought those mighty deeds that set them free, and made of them a great people.

And that charm grew with the growth of my years, and with the widening of my reading. And it has had little chance to lessen, for, scarcely a year passes but that a new revelation is made of that oldest of civilized lands; scarcely a month, but that some explorer along the Nile brings to light new treasures of the Egyptian people of long, long ago, treasures so old, that all that has hitherto been regarded ancient among other nations, seems as but of yesterday in comparison. And meeting others who have travelled in Egypt, or reading their books, I find that the spell it has cast upon me is also upon them. To see Egypt but once, to stand in the presence of its towering, titanic ruins, its sphinxes and pyramids and colossi, its obelisks and palaces, its temples and tombs, is to be its slave forever. When least expected, they suddenly rise before one's eyes, in all the splendor that was theirs thousands of years ago. The imagination peoples the gigantic colonades, the vast halls and courts, with gorgeously arrayed Pharaohs and their queens, with solemn processions of white-robed priests, while, to the right and left of them, royal barges float down the Nile, to the sound of entrancing music, amid the acclamations of countless thousands of people.

Charm grew with growth of years.

And reading ancient history, we find that Egypt exercised that spell even in the remotest past, long before the nations of to-day were yet born, before even ancient Greece and Rome were yet known, before even Israel was yet a people. When, as Scriptures tell us, Abraham went, some four thousand years ago, to sojourn in Egypt, because

Casts like spell on others.

food was abundant there, the civilization of that country was then already very old. While he and his people still lived largely a nomadic life, he found there a well organized monarchy, a high state of agriculture, and considerable moral advance. The pyramids had been built hundreds of years before; the great obelisk of Heliopolis had been standing in front of the Temple of the Sun-God for centuries, and the sphinx was already at that time a mystery, all three—pyramid, obelisk and sphynx—still unrivalled master-pieces of the sculptor's and architect's art. Homer, the Greek poet, who lived nigh unto three thousand years ago, speaks of the hundred temple-gates of Thebes, the one-time, mighty capital of upper-Egypt; and Herodotus, the Greek historian, who lived some five hundred years later, writes, in his day, of "ancient Egypt," and enlarges as enthusiastically upon its ruins as we do to-day.

Not until one visits Egypt does one realize the inadequacy of our adjectives to describe extreme antiquity or stupendous height or massiveness. In fact, that applies to the orient in general. A Hindu guide told me, one day, "You Americans call a tree old when it counts but one hundred and fifty summers; we, in India, call it a sapling." At Shangai, China, I was told of a former American Consul General, who had made a hobby of collecting old, Chinese brasses. One day, he invited a number of natives to show them his rare collection. Upon departing, one of them was overheard saying to another: "I had been told that this American was a collector of old brasses; there was not a piece in all he showed us that was more than a thousand years old."

Language inadequate for describing Egypt.

But it is especially in Egypt where one becomes conscious of the inadequacy of some of our adjectives. The terms colossal, gigantic, titanic, ancient, which we ordinarily apply to things great and mighty and old, are annoyingly inadequate, when used to describe ruins along the Nile. When we, who apply the term "ancient" to certain Grecian ruins, find Herodotus—who lived twenty-four hundred years ago, when these ruins stood in their glory—terming "ancient" those Egyptian sights, of which we speak, it becomes clear that we need a wholly different set of adjectives, when speaking of the

size, massiveness, antiquity, indestructibility of Egyptian ruins. What term now in use can convey to you an idea of a single tomb, of solid masonry, whose base covers an area as large as that of one of your large city squares, and whose height towers beyond that of the highest cathedral dome or spire? What terms will convey to you the magnificence of a Temple-hall that, at one-time, counted one-thousand stone columns, of which many have remained to this day, each one hundred feet high, and each so large in circumference that the outstretched arms of six men do not suffice to encircle it? What terms will describe scores of portrait-statues of hardest granite, some sixty, some eighty, some a hundred feet high, hewn of single blocks of stone, weighing hundreds of tons, and transported from their quarries, by human labor, over hundreds of miles of desert sands? What adjective will make vividly real to you the great pyramid, reaching to a dizzying height, composed of tens of thousands of hewn blocks of stone, each squared and finished and polished and set against its neighbor so perfectly that not a visiting card, not even a hair, can be inserted between the joints, so perfectly that, in all the five thousand years that have passed since it was reared, not a flaw, not a sign of settling, has manifested itself? One is almost inclined to believe that none but the titans themselves could have wrought those wonders, and that over what they wrought, the ravages of time are powerless.

And, standing in front of them, one feels that they, who will behold them five and ten thousand years hence, will be as awed and mystified in the presence of them, as we are to-day, as was the Greek historian twenty-four hundred years ago.

Egyptian achievement humbles ours

However much we may brag of our prowess at other times, and in other places, we are as much ashamed to do so in the presence of the wonders of Egypt, as a child is ashamed to brag of its greatness in the presence of its father. Instinctively we feel, when in Egypt, that we are in the land where stood the cradle of our civilization, where the Greeks acquired the fundamentals of their art and architecture, where Jews and Christians borrowed some of the forms of their worship, where astronomy and some of the other sciences, agriculture and irrigation, and many of the higher crafts, were born. In many things in which they

wrought we have not equalled them to this day. Many of their achievements have become lost arts to us. And those things in which we have surpassed them are not half as marvelous in our day, as were their achievements in their time.

But, here I am rhapsodizing over Egypt, when I have not as yet said a word of how I got into that land, and where and how I made my observations. To do this most satisfactorily, it will probably be best for me to resume the account of my pilgrimage around the world where I left off, in my letters to my congregation, a year ago. The last of these letters dealt with the last of my observations in India, and told something of my brief visit to Ceylon. At Colombo, the metropolis of the latter country, we set sail for Egypt. After a week's voyage on the Indian ocean, which afforded a needed rest from the taxing strain of travel and sightseeing under the burning sun and through the parched lands of India, our steamer touched at Aden, the most important seaport town of Arabia.

Retracing our steps.

We had been warned against going ashore, as that town enjoys the unenviable reputation of being one of the hottest places on earth, "the last place," some one has said, "that God made, and forgot to finish," a place compared with which Hades is supposed to be a cool summer resort. But ashore we went, as that was our only chance to tread upon Arabian soil. To our great surprise and delight, a cool breeze sprang up that afternoon, and made our stay quite comfortable. The place seems to consist mostly of shops, catering to the passengers and crews of the thousands of ships that coal there annually, on their way to or from India or Egypt. Some little trade comes to it from Bedouin tribes, that live on the desert back of it. Geologically, Aden is of volcanic origin. Back of the trading street, which faces the sea, rise high and barren mountains. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, grows there naturally. There is little or no rain all the year round. For drinking and cooking purposes the inhabitants are obliged to convert sea water into fresh water, a process which is quite expensive and which makes water almost as costly as milk. The population is largely Arabian, among them I found quite a number of Jews, who support

Visit to Aden in Arabia.

themselves by trade, by serving as guides and interpreters, and by making parchment copies of Biblical books. The shopping specialty of the town seems to be ostrich feathers and ostrich fans, and judging by the considerable purchases made of them by my fellow-passengers, their price must have been very low. The town and the peninsula back of it are British possessions, and strong fortifications guard this gateway between the Red Sea and the Indian ocean as effectively as the Rock of Gibraltar guards England's gateway between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

Leaving Aden, our ship entered the Red Sea. On it I perceived anew that there is quite a difference between geography learned by book, and geography learned by travel. That sea, through which the Israelites are said to have passed on dry foot, with the waters standing like high walls to the right and left of them, took our fast steamer no less than three nights and two days to traverse, at no time of which could we espy land, in any direction. It extends from North to South some 1200 miles, and some 250 miles from East to West; its average depth exceeds 4000 feet. And as to its water being red, on a bluer sea than it I have rarely travelled. At its northern extremity, it stretches out two diverging arms, each in the neighborhood of 100 miles long, one called the Gulf of Suez and the other the Gulf of Akaba. The triangular strip of land, which these arms enclose, is the Sinaic Peninsula, with Mt. Sinai near the Southern end. Favorable atmospheric conditions occasionally afford glimpses of the peak of this mountain, which is 8000 feet high.

Passing into the Red Sea.

The end of the left of these gulfs, near which the town of Suez is located, tapers to quite a narrow width. And it is there where the Israelites probably effected their crossing when escaping from the cruel Pharaoh, an escape that was comparatively easy, considering that a chain of rocks stretches across it, which is quite exposed, or almost so, when the wind blows from the North-East, and when the tide is low. Napoleon and his army successfully imitated that feat during their Egyptian campaign. The Egyptians who pursued the Israelites, failed in their attempt at crossing. They rushed in, after the wind had changed, and

Where Israel may have crossed the Red Sea.

thus met their doom under the returning tide. The high, pinkish rocks near the shores of these waters probably account for the name of Red Sea. The exaggerated Bible account is probably the result of oral tradition, the narrative having grown in marvelousness as it passed from mouth to mouth. He, who finally committed it to writing, was probably too far removed from where the crossing had taken place, to have been able to distinguish between fancy and fact.

At Suez, our steamer entered the Suez Canal, and proceeded on it toward Port Said, its northern extremity, which journey it completed in twenty hours. On a more important body of water than this one hundred mile long ditch in the desert, that links Asia with Africa, and mingles the oriental with the occidental waters, I have never sailed. I might have proceeded by rail from Suez to Cairo, and covered the journey in a few hours time, but I would have missed one of the most memorable experiences of my tour.

Passing into the Suez Canal.

Only when on this canal can one truly appreciate the tremendous contribution to the world's trade that has been made by cutting through the desert sands this channel, thirty six feet deep, with a width from 445 to 126 feet at the top and 147 feet at the bottom. Its cost was nearly one hundred millions of dollars, and even though probably one-fourth of that sum was squandered on graft, and another one-fourth was wasted, the enterprise may nevertheless be regarded cheap considering the benefits that have accrued from it. By means of this canal, 3600 miles are saved on a journey from New York to Bombay; 5000 miles are saved from London to Bombay; 7000 miles, from Marseilles to Bombay. English ships make the most frequent use of it, more than 3000 passing through it annually. Germany comes next with nearly 700. Far in the rear comes the United States, with an average of less than 5 ships annually, and these, for the most part, being one or two warships, two or three transports, or a yacht or two. Even so small a country as Spain surpasses us, showing an average of some 25 ships annually. The United States consular office at Port Said records the fact that some 80 shiploads of merchandise—sugar from Singapore and the Dutch colonies, tea from China and India,

Its trade significance.

etc. etc.—are brought annually to our country, through the Suez Canal, in English bottoms. A better commentary than this of the deplorable status of the American merchant marine is scarcely necessary.

Scenery along canal.

Unvarying as the scenery is, as the ship proceeds slowly along the canal—little else, barring the occasional stations, than yellowish desert sands, sand waves, and sand hills, it never grows monotonous. There is as much fascination in looking out upon an ocean of sand as upon an ocean of water, as much interest in gazing upon a caravan or an oasis along a desert horizon as upon a fishing smack or steamer along the sky-line of a sea.

Surprising that ancients did not build canal.

But, if there is little to see, there is much to think. One cannot help wondering why, with all the means and cheap labor at their command, why with all the frequent attempts they made to connect Asia with Africa by just such a canal as this, the ancient Egyptians never brought it to a finish. Records and remains of such attempts we have, but never a completed canal. Were they afraid of bringing Asia too close to Africa? Were they afraid to expose themselves to an easy invasion by an enemy, as France and England are afraid to connect their lands by a tunnel between Calais and Dover? Or did they oppose its completion for fear of a loss of trade, as England, in fear of the loss of her maritime supremacy, strenuously opposed the construction of this very Suez Canal, when it was first proposed by the French diplomat and promotor, Ferdinand de Lesseps, and by the Egyptian Khedive, Said Pasha?

The canal—the world's gain and Egypt's loss.

And yet, this very England, that bitterly opposed the building of the Suez Canal, now owns the controlling command of its stock, rules the country through which, and into which, it passes, makes the largest use of it, and derives inestimable benefits from it. And the man who made that possible was Lord Beaconsfield, though in the Encyclopedia Britannica credit for the deal is given to another.

And strange irony of fate! While all the world has profited by that canal, Egypt, that contributed vast sums toward its construction, that impoverished itself on account of it, has derived no benefit from it; on the contrary, it has lost its independence as a result.

Blame as we must the Khedive Ismail for his reckless financeering, for the squandering of vast fortunes of his own and others, for bankrupting his country, we cannot deny him some pity. He was too guileless to see the trap which wily diplomats of other nations were setting for him, luring him on with all too ready loans to get him all the easier into their clutches, to strip him of his large means, to force him to surrender the 177,000 shares of canal stock which he owned, to compel him, in the end, to abdicate his Khediveship, and to die in exile.

Condemnation and pity for Ismail.

Little did he dream of the kind of end that was awaiting him, when, forty-six years ago, he presided over the ceremony attending the opening of the canal. Probably never before nor since had a dedication been prepared and carried out on so extravagant a scale. An account of it reads more like a tale of the Arabian Nights than a story of actual occurrence. A special palace was built for the housing and entertaining of his royal guests. Another one—the present Continental Hotel of Cairo—was reared for the accommodation of his hundreds of other illustrious guests, prominent among whom were the leading opera singers of Europe, who had come to participate in the first production of *Aida*, an opera which Verdi had especially composed for the occasion by order of Ismail, for which an Opera House—the present Opera House of Cairo—was especially built, and for the proper scenery and costuming of which the museums of Egypt had been ransacked. A check for $30,000 was handed the composer for his work.

Ruinous extravagance at dedication of canal.

Of all the guests, the Empress of France, then in the height of her glory, was the star attraction. Associated with her, were the Emperor of Austria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princes of Prussia and of Holland, a score of royalties of other countries, and a goodly number from the Orient, all of whom the Khedive, in person, had bidden to the ceremony. Besides these, there were hosts of statesmen, military men, ambassadors and celebrities of all kinds. Forty-eight ships, gorgeously fitted out, conveyed the illustrious guests through the canal. Six thousand of the cream of the world's society attended the khedival ball. Cairo was transformed into a fairy land, and

Evil fate befalls stars of dedication.

the festivities continued there uninterrupted for one whole month. On all sides Ismail was acclaimed the greatest benefactor of his age. When all was over he footed the bill; the festivities had cost him $21,000,000.

How strange the fate that pursued the leaders of the gorgeous pageant that first sailed the Suez Canal! But ten short months later, the beautiful Empress, who had seemed a veritable Cleopatra in the pageant, was a fugitive from France. Ten years later, Ismail, deprived of his Khediveship, left the city Cairo, which he had striven to make a second Paris in beauty, never to return to it alive. Twenty-five years later, Ferdinand de Lesseps died in Paris, poor and stripped of the honor of his one-time illustrious name. And Disraeli, who outwitted France by securing the Khedival shares, is denied the credit for his sagacity. The hand of Nemesis seems at work to avenge some great wrong. Long-suffering Egypt may yet have her rights.

This I thought, and more, as the ship slowly made its way along the placid waters of the canal, with little or nothing in sight to disturb meditation. Gradually, after watching the work of a few large dredging-boats, which are constantly at work, along the entire canal, proving that the drift and wash of desert sand into the water must be very large, the mind strayed back to Biblical times. We passed a spot which the natives designate as the place where Miriam was punished with leprosy for opposing her brother Moses' marriage with an Ethiopian woman. Farther on, we passed the site whither the daughters of Zedekiah, the King of Judah, fled, after he was carried captive to Babylon. Still farther on, the canal crossed the caravan route between Egypt and Palestine, which was probably trod by Abraham; by the Ishmaelites when they brought the lad Joseph to Egypt; by the brothers of Joseph, when they went thither to buy food; and by Jacob when he hastened to see, in viceregal glory, the son whom he had long mourned as dead.

Biblical scenes along canal.

At length, the vast stretch of sea that opened before us, and the number of masts in the harbor, told that we had reached Port Said on the Mediterranian sea. An hour or two later we set foot on the land of Egypt.

Arrival at Port Said.

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PHILADELPHIA

VOL. XXVIII Sunday, March 7th, 1915 No. 16

EGYPT—OLD AND NEW.

II. From Port Said to Cairo.

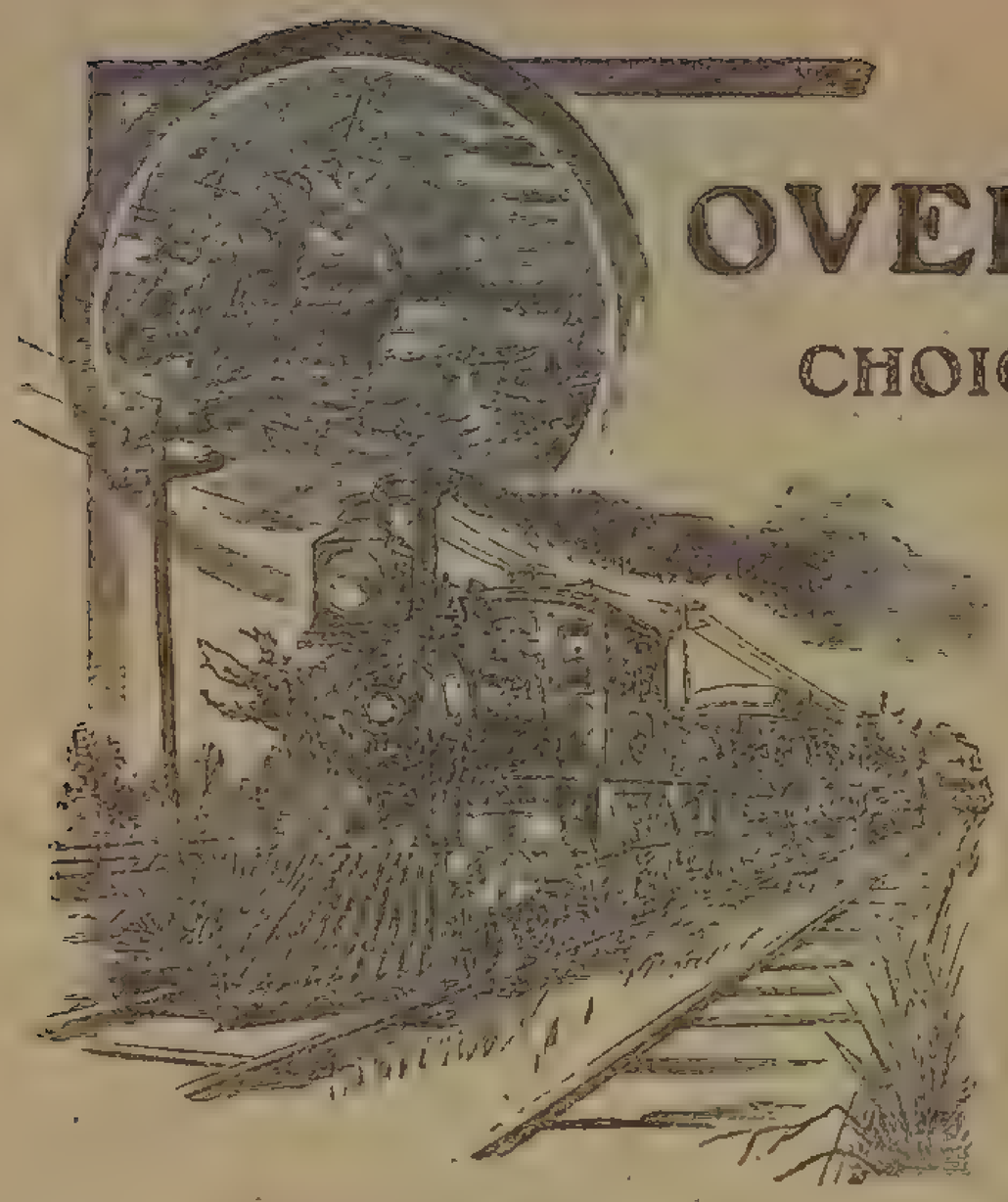
BY

Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

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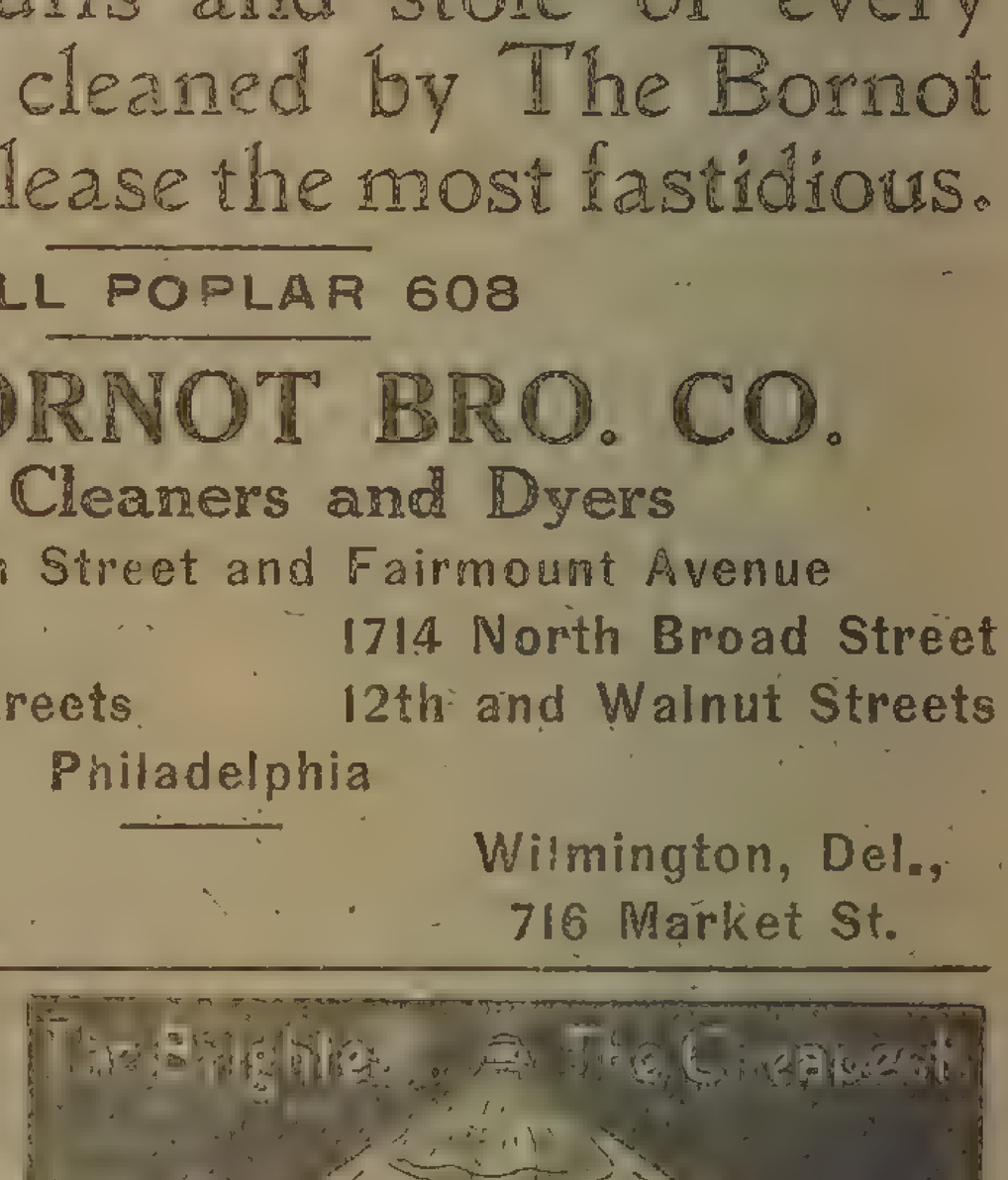
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Egypt—Old and New.

II. From Port Said to Cairo.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 28th, 1915.

The importance of Alexandria as a seaport, the largest of Africa, and one of the greatest of the Orient, is as yet little imperilled by Port Said, situated near the other end of the Delta of the Nile. Judging, however, by the rapid growth of the Suez Canal trade, Port Said may, in time, become quite a competitor of the venerable seaport which Alexander, the Great, called into life, more than 2200 years ago.

Port Said, though a thriving seaport,

In point of interest, as little as in point of age, are the two to be mentioned in the same breath. Beyond the bustling life in its spacious harbor, Port Said has nothing to offer to the tourist or student. Like a mushroom, it sprang up over night, a little more than half a century ago, at the edge of the desert, on ground formed of the mud dredged from a lake near by, when this was converted into part of the Suez Canal. Its buildings, for the most part, are unsightly. In general appearance it resembles very much one of our hastily grown, western frontier towns. Its population, which is said to exceed 50,000, is intercontinental in character, with the dark African greatly in the lead. From the looks of things, the conflux of orientals and occidentals, and the predominance of sea-faring people in the town, do not conduce to its moral elevation.

Not an interesting town.

Enormous as is the coaling in its harbor, machine-hauling is tabooed. It would deprive thousands of their daily bread, which, judging by their cadaverous looks, does not seem to be plentiful. The natural darkness of the color of the laborers, intensified by coal-soot

A coaling scene in harbor.

and grime of toil, the tattered, dirty burnous, the loose oriental gown, their only garment, which, in many cases, reveals more of the naked body than it conceals, gives them an uncanny appearance. How different to watch ship-coaling in Japan, where it is done by neatly attired, well-fed, contented-looking women, whose merry ripples of laughter seem to lend zest and spice to their work! In Port Said, you are more apt to hear sighs and groans, the latter, not infrequently, caused by the lash, laid by the taskmaster, in good old Egyptian fashion, upon those whose work is not fast enough to suit the contractor. The only genuine animation these toilers show is when, upon their work being done, they beg *backshish* of the passengers who have been watching them, pointing their bony fingers to their mouths and stomachs to indicate hunger. The greed some of them display when scrambling for the pennies thrown to them gives them the appearance more of a pack of hungry wolves than of human beings.

The only pleasant remembrance one takes with him from Port Said is that of the colossal bronze statue of Fredinand de Lesseps, the builder of the Suez Canal. Soaring high in the air, at the mouth of the harbor, it seems to gaze upon the work his mind had wrought, and to calculate the inestimable benefits it has conferred upon mankind.

Lesseps' statue only memorable sight.

Far pleasanter is the first impression of Egypt, which they receive who make their entrance at Alexandria. If merely tourists, they are pleased with its stately, modern aspect; if, students, they are awed by its rich memories of old. Even though nothing is left there of the time of its founder, and but little of what was wrought there by the Ptolemies and their successors, the student feels, nevertheless, that he is walking on ground on which history was made, from which issued some of the most important contributions to the world's thought. By its achievements, Alexandria well earned its place alongside the far older and wholly ruined cities of ancient Egypt: Tanis, Memphis, Thebes, and the others.

More fortunate they who land in Alexandria.

In its harbor stood the *Pharos*, the first and highest of all the world's light-houses, which well deserved the appellation of "the seventh wonder of the world."

There stood the largest of all known libraries of ancient times, composed of more than 700,000 scrolls, which made that city the gathering point of the most learned of three continents. And when it was burned by Caesar, another one, yet more celebrated, rose upon the ashes of the old, only to meet a like fate, by the order of the Caliph Omar.

Its ancient glory.

It was there, at Alexandria's many fountains of wisdom, where Euclid and Archimedes and Strabo and Philo drank in their great knowledge.

There stood the great temple of Serapis, another of the wonders of the world, of whose glory the now falsely named Pompey's Pillar is an only and a pathetic reminder.

It was there where Cleopatra exercised her charms upon Caesar, and yet more so upon Antony to his as well as to her own ruin.

It was there, where flourished, centuries-long, the largest of all the ancient Jewish colonies. Engaged in Palestine for many centuries in agriculture, Alexandria tried Jews in manufacture and commerce, and found them as skilled in making Egypt an emporium of trade and industry as their husbandry hitherto had made their own country a land overflowing with milk and honey. The land that had been a house of bondage to their fathers had become to them a house of freedom. They enjoyed full rights of citizenship, and filled positions of highest trust in the government. They numbered a million souls, and occupied two of the five districts of the city. They had their own *Sanhedrin*, and worshipped in a Temple which, in size and beauty, was second only to that of Jerusalem. They became eager students of Grecian literature and philosophy, and acquired distinction in both. It was probably due to their influence that the Old Testament was translated into Greek, by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the version being known as the *Septuagint*, which is extant to this day.

It was there where Christianity struck one of its earliest and strongest roots, and where it flourished, until its zeal turned into fanaticism, and fanatacism into ruthless destruction of non-Christian Temples and monuments and art, into closing all seats of non-Christian learning, and destroying all literature of non-Christian con-

Its decline, fall and resurrection.

tents, into massacre of Jews and pagans. It was there where a mob of fanatical monks brutally murdered Hypatia, the most learned woman of her age, one of the most learned of all ages. authoress of scholarly works, instructor in mathematics, lecturer on philosophy, a woman who, to a remarkable degree, combined extraordinary intellect with rare beauty and modesty. Because her lectures attracted larger audiences than did the prosy sermons of Bishop Cyril, they dragged her from her chariot, on her way to the Caesareum, stripped her naked, tore the flesh off her body with oystershells, and finally burnt her piecemeal—a triumph of fanaticism that helped to usher in the Dark Ages. Fourteen hundred years long, Alexandria lay in a lethargic state, greatly reduced in number, stripped of trade and influence, scarcely a shadow of its former glory, until the far-seeing and energetic Mohammed Ali arose, at the beginning of the last century, and restored it to its present life and commercial importance, and to its present population of 350,000 souls.

But, we must return to Port Said, and start thence upon our tour of Egypt. A train is at our service to take us to Cairo, nearly 150 miles south. In point of equipment, the Egyptian trains possess all that one can desire for comfortable travel. Ample provision is made for ventilation, and blue window panes shield the eyes, already protected by dark glasses, from the glare of the intense sunlight of Egypt. Special shutters aid materially in keeping out the fine desert sands that flank the tracks almost everywhere in that land. The train runs along the Suez Canal almost half its length. At Ismailiyeh, a town of considerable size, named for Ismail Pasha as Port Said was named for Said Pasha, the train takes a westerly turn, and, for some time, traverses a portion of the Arabian desert.

On our way to Cairo.

It was not until upon this stretch of land that I comprehended the fascination which the desert has in recent years exercised upon tourists. People, who formerly spent their winters at the Riviera or in Florida or Southern California, now prefer Egypt. Excursions far out upon the desert have become quite the style. On these Arabian sands, a few miles out of Cairo, there has been reared an hotel which, in point of size and magnificence, has probably

Egypt, a tourist's paradise.

few like it in the world. Between the months of November and March, Egypt is the rich man's favorite winter resort.

Half of its guests are Americans, and many of these are health-seekers. It is said to be an ideal place for people suffering from bronchial and rheumatic troubles, and from nervous exhaustion. There being little or no rain, no clouds, and no sudden variations of temperature, health-seekers are not exposed to dampness or cold or to bleak skies. The brightest of sunshine prevails all day long, and every day. The best of our June weather reigns there, almost uninterruptedly, nearly five months long. The tonic properties of the atmosphere are due to the still and balmy air of the day, and to the exhilarating currents that sweep in at night from the cooled deserts.

And a health-resort.

The summer months are said to be intolerably hot; some of our party found March already quite unbearable. When, in the late summer, the Nile floods set in, due to the heavy rains at and near its source, the discomfort of humidity is added to that of heat, and both quite prostrate occidentals. It is at this season, and shortly before it, that the country frequently suffers from visitations, which the Biblical writer regarded as special plagues, divinely sent as punishment because of Pharaoh's cruelty. When the Nile is very low, it acquires a reddish color. Its fish die and emit offensive stenches. Frogs abound after the floods set in. Plagues of insects, murrain and boils attend the hot summer, and the damp autumn. Hail storms, locusts, and hot desert winds occasionally make their appearance in the spring, and the latter lay under cover all they blow upon, indoors as well as outdoors. The volumes of sand they can heap up in the course of the centuries can best be seen from the towering ruins which lay completely buried beneath them, and which required much excavation to bring them to light.

A place near Ismailiyeh affords an opportunity for seeing such an excavation, and furnishes, at the same time, a splendid verification of one of the narratives of the Bible. You recall the story of the cruelties visited by one of the Pharaohs upon the children of Israel, of his seeking to diminish their number by having their male-children drowned, of his pressing them into doing slave-labor

Excavations confirm Biblical narrative.

under cruel task masters, of his forcing them to build for him the treasure cities, Pithom and Rameses, to provide the bricks for them, and later, even the needed straw therefor.

There were those who questioned the truthfulness of that narrative. Doubt of it in our day has been dispelled by a most remarkable find. The accidental discovery, near Ismailiyeh, by one of the engineers of the Suez Canal, of an inscribed portrait-statue of Rameses II, and of some other relics, led the explorer, Dr. Naville, to institute further excavations. These, in time, laid bare parts of a town, consisting of large magazines for the storing of grain for army purposes, built of sun-dried bricks, the lower ones mixed with straw, the upper ones having little or no straw in them. The name of that town he discovered to be *Pi Tum*, House of Tum, or Temple dedicated to the God of the Setting Sun, the very *Pithom* mentioned in the Bible. The other city, Rameses, has not yet been laid bare.

This remarkable find settled also a number of other disputed Biblical points. It established the name of the Pharaoh of the oppression, and approximated the date when Moses led Israel out of Egypt.

But some one might ask: "Since the ancient Egyptians passed away, long, long ago, without having bequeathed to anyone the secret of their alphabet, since the art of reading and translating their hieroglyphics became wholly lost to mankind, how could Dr. Naville tell, what name was graven upon the statue that was found, or by what name the town which he excavated was called?"

The re-discovery of hieroglyphic reading.

Fortunately, such a question is not difficult to answer. It is true, the writings of the ancient Egyptians baffled for tens of centuries every effort at deciphering their meaning. Alexander conquered not only the country of the Egyptians but their language as well. Greek became their speech, and so completely that, after a few generations, every knowledge of their own original tongue passed away. Hundreds of attempts were made at its re-discovery, only to prove hundreds of failures. Men looked at the lines and angles and circles and forms of birds and insects graven on Egyptian temple-walls or obelisks or statues, or written on papyri, and despaired of ever knowing what story they meant to convey.

Suddenly, light came when least expected. It was a Frenchman, Champollion by name, to whom belongs the honor of having wrested from the ancient Egyptians their long kept secret. In the year 1799, an officer of the French army, while digging a foundation at Rosetta, near Alexandria, discovered a large, black stone, now known as the Rosetta stone, and held as one of the priceless treasures at the British Museum, at London. Upon that stone were three divisions, each containing a different kind of writing. One of these could easily be made out, for its script was Greek. The other two were different kinds of hieroglyphics. *Fac similes* of the writings on the stone were made, and sent to a number of great linguists. One of these was Champollion.

When, after years of unwearying and arduous labor, he made known that he had found the key to the solution of the riddle that had puzzled and vexed the ages, he was acclaimed one of the world's greatest discoverers. The Greek text on the stone had revealed to him that it was a decree, drawn up by the priests of Memphis, in honor of their king Ptolemy Epiphanes. Reasoning that the texts in the two kinds of hieroglyphics on the stone must be translations of the Greek, he looked in them for the counterpart of the king's name, which, after much labor, he found enclosed within an oval. Next, he sought and found other corresponding names. Next, he made the individual hieroglyphics of the names correspond with the letters of the Greek alphabet. In this manner he gradually re-discovered the entire hieroglyphical alphabet, re-established the ancient vocabulary, discovered that one of the divisions on the stone was the language that had been in use by the common people, the other by the priests, and, aided by other scholars, he finally enabled Egyptologists to read the writings of the Egyptians of many thousands of years ago, as readily as they read their own, and to give valuable information concerning one of the oldest of peoples, and one of the most ancient of civilizations.

We continue our journey toward Cairo. Our train leaves the desert, and traverses one of the most fertile parts of Egypt, the land of Goshen. The consciousness of being in that part of Egypt in which the early youth of our people was spent, where had lived two of our patriarchs,

In the land of Goshen.

where one of our sons ruled as viceroy, and another became one of our greatest leaders, and one of mankind's greatest teachers—this consciousness fairly thrilled me; imparted to me a feeling almost akin to a home-coming, after an absence of many, many years; made me drink in thirstily every scene it afforded, as if the happiest of my childhood's days had been spent there. Biblical happenings, that had always seemed old and distant, seemed now very new and very near. It seemed impossible that 3500 years spanned the distance between then and now. I could almost people the little, flat-roofed houses, built of sun-dried bricks, with the families of the sons of Jacob, and recognize in the bronzed shepherds and tillers on the fields, brethren of mine of long ago. Yon caravans of camels and men and women may be similar to the one which brought the patriarch from Palestine to Egypt to feast his old eyes on the glory of the son, whom he had long mourned as dead. Yon better-looking house, standing in the shade of a cluster of palm trees, might have been the very home within which lay concealed the little baby-boy, whom a broken-hearted mother was obliged to entrust to the tender mercy of the Nile. The young, barefoot maiden, who stands at the door, screening her eyes from the sun, peering to the right and left, looks and acts as Miriam may have looked and acted, as she stood watching, lest one of Pharaoh's cruel officers come and tear her little brother from her.

Why Israel prospered and suffered in Egypt.

You know the story of how our people came to Egypt, how Joseph rose there to power, how he forgave his brothers the great wrong they had done him, how he settled them and their father in the land of Goshen. You know that they prospered there, grew large in numbers, and rich in herds and flocks. You know that Joseph stood high in the favor of Pharaoh, and that the latter extended a cordial welcome to Jacob and his sons. How shall we account for the change of fortune our people experienced there? How came it that a new king arose who knew not Joseph, nor of what he had done for the Egyptians? What brought about the hostile attitude of a later Pharaoh toward our people, his seeking to kill them off, his subjecting them to cruel bondage, to hard penal servitude, his forcing them and others of his slaves to rear those mighty buildings which,

though to-day the wonder of the world, little reveal the agonies that were endured, the tens of thousands of human lives that were sacrificed in their erection?

What the Bible never explained, what the commentators never knew, that have the deciphered hieroglyphics revealed. They tell us that the Egyptians had been ruled by their own native Pharaohs for some 3000 years, when an invasion of their land by Semitic tribes took place, probably Palestinian Bedouins fleeing from famine, who conquered the native dynasty, and established a number of dynasties of their own, known as the *Hyksos*, or Shepherd Kings. Of Semitic origin themselves, they were favorably inclined toward Semitic immigrants. This accounts for the ease with which Abraham gained admission, with which Joseph rose to power, and the readiness with which his large family was permitted to establish itself in one of the most fertile regions of Egypt.

After the lapse of several hundred years, the Hyksos were overthrown, their followers slain or expelled or enslaved. Though the Israelites had been no part of them, they were nevertheless made to suffer a like fate. The Pharaohs of the new and victorious dynasty knew nothing of what Joseph had done under the old dynasty for the preservation of the Egyptians. Fearing another invasion of Asiatics, they saw danger in permitting the continuance of a Semitic people in that part of Egypt which bordered on Palestine. Therefore, their resolution to kill off the young by drowning, and the old by slaving them to death.

Nearer and nearer the train draws toward Cairo. Leaving the fertile regions of Goshen, it again approaches the desert. Again, its subtle and elusive charm holds me as if under a spell. The slowly setting sun changes the glare of the height of day into a peculiarly soft and purplish light, that grows all the deeper and richer the nearer it reaches the horizon. All nature seems under a poetic glow. The crude Bedouin tent along the road side seems never so artistic; the stature and gait of the dweller of the desert seems never so proud and majestic; his garb never so picturesque. The young woman walking back of him, with a naked babe astraddle on her shoulder, and some greens within a fold of her dress, seems a living likeness of what Hagar and Ishmael

Enchanting first glimpse of Cairo.

must have looked like, in the days of Abraham. Even the camel, ship of the desert, seems to carry itself with all the statelier grace, and to pace with all the fleeter foot, now that the lesser heat makes its burden lighter, and its progress easier. At last the greatest metropolis of Africa is in sight. Beautiful beyond description, its soaring minarets and domes stand out amid the desert sands, challenging admiration. Like a cameo-picture, graven on the bosom of mother earth, it seems at a distance; like a mirage on the desert, reflecting a vision of Paradise. High, on the opposite side stand out, clear against the fawn-color of the desert, and the sapphire blue of the sky, the huge and sombre pyramids of Gizeh. Another minute or two, and the train stops still in the spacious station of Cairo.

Notwithstanding the noise and jostling of a vast throng of people alighting from, and getting on to, trains, the hissing of the escaping steam of the locomotives, the shouting of baggage carriers, the calling of guides and interpreters, notwithstanding the distractions of a very babel of tongues, and a seeming infinite variety of oriental and occidental types and costumes, my heart breathes a fervent prayer of thanksgiving, that I have been privileged to realize another fond, long-cherished dream of my life—to set foot upon the soil of Cairo.

A prayer of thanksgiving at arrival in Cairo.

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The Average Man and the Bible.

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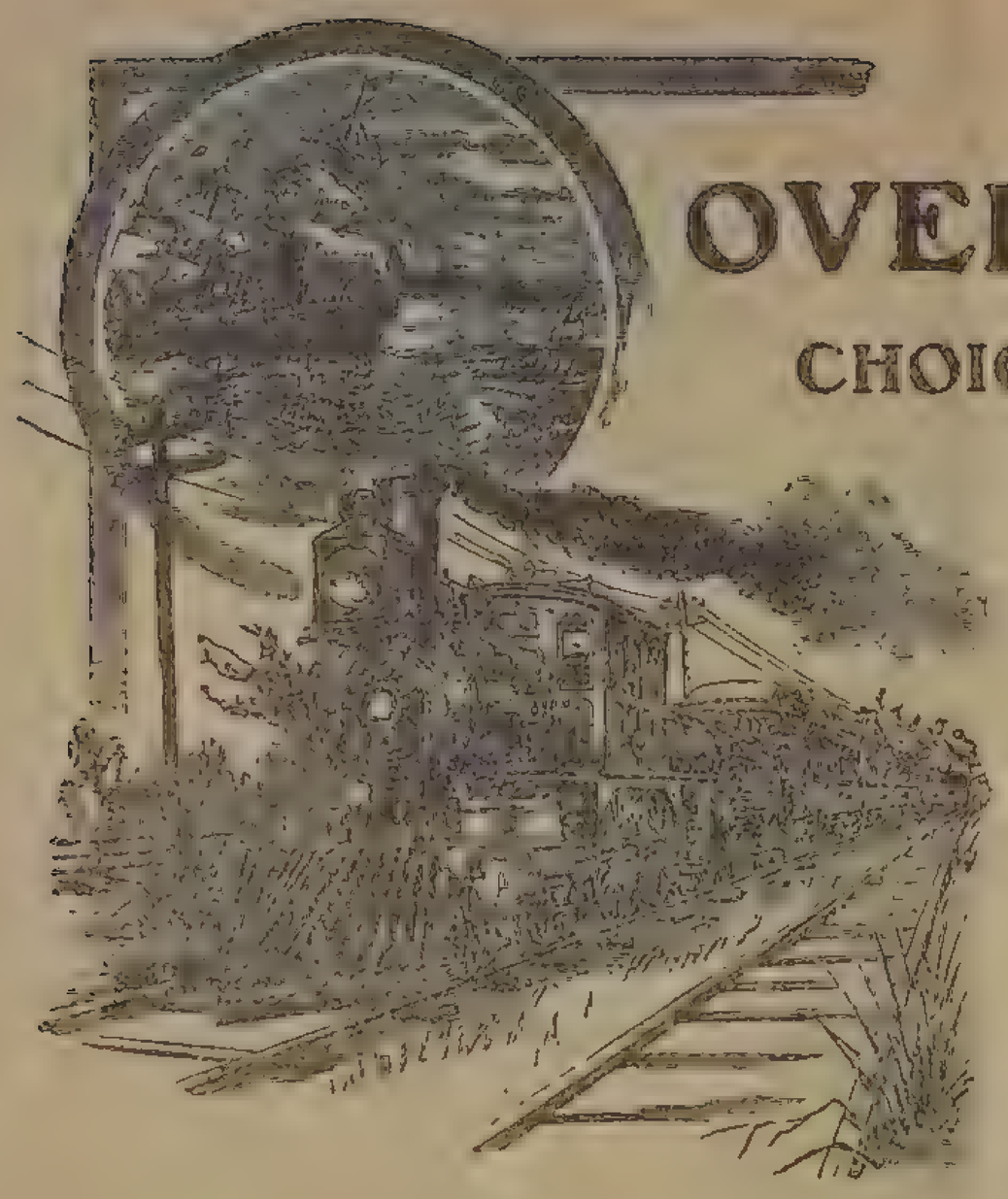
Prophets and Prophetism.

By Rabbi ISAAC LANDMAN.

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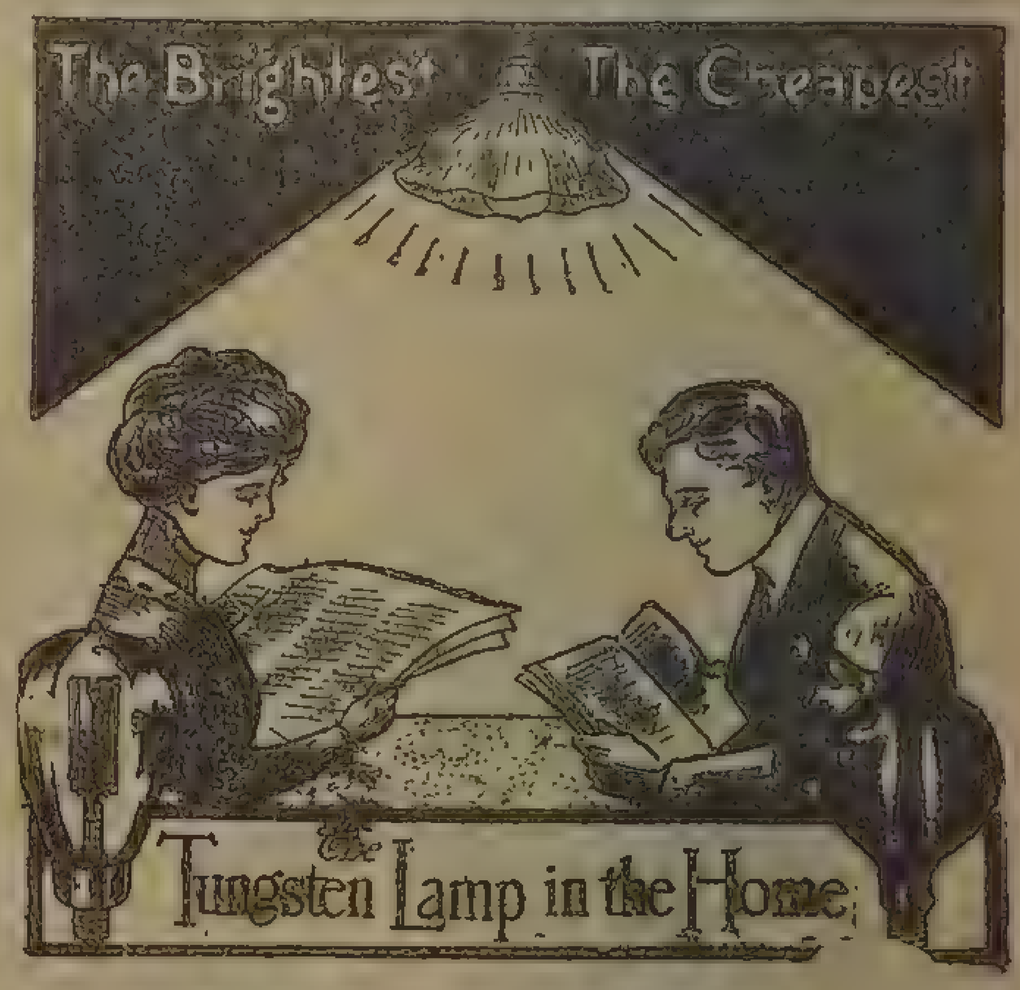
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Philadelphia, February 7th, 1915.

Average man's idea of prophets and prophetic purpose.

Just as soon as the average man can rid himself of the dictionary definition of prophecy, and just as soon as he can cast off the old-theology content of the prophetic purpose, he will be able to understand who the prophets were, what their activity meant to them and to the people of their day, what they accomplished in Bible times, and what influence their labors have exerted since.

All Oriental peoples had prophets.

All peoples of Oriental antiquity boasted of prophets. There are traces of prophetic activity among the Egyptians, the Philistines, the Assyrians, the Babylonians. No evidences have yet been brought to light, however, to show that there existed any relationship whatever between the prophets of these peoples and those of Israel and Judah. There is no reciprocal effect of any kind in the conception of their tasks, in their activities, in their influence, in their outlook upon their own or other peoples.

No relationship between these and those of Israel and Judah.

If one should attempt to draw a parallel between the prophets of Israel and Judah and the prophets of the other early Semitic nations, the comparison can hold true only so far as the earliest of Bible prophets go. The prophets of Egypt, Philista, Assyria and Babylonia were sorcerers, necromancers, astrologers, soothsayers, diviners. To be sure, these arts were prac-

ticed among Bible prophets—but rarely at that—and only by such men as Samuel, Elijah, Elisha. In the activities of such men as Amos, Jeremiah, Isaiah of Babylon, there is no record whatever of any such performances. On the contrary, they record constant outcries against these practices, and stamp the men who employ them as "false prophets."

There is a distinction between *Primitive* and *Classic* Prophets in the Bible, itself.

It is evident, therefore, that there is a distinction between prophets and prophets in the Bible itself. This distinction must be made clear at the outset. The Bible gives us a hint that helps us greatly. It divides the prophets into *Earlier* and *Latter*. The Earlier prophets end with Elisha; the Latter begin with Amos. Now, the lapse of time between the two is more than a century. Broadly speaking, Elisha flourished in the early part of the 9th century, and Amos during the last part of the 8th century, before the common era. We can set our dividing line, therefore, in the middle of the 8th century. Elisha and his predecessors we shall call the *Primitive Prophets;* Amos and his followers, the *Classic Prophets*.

Earlier are *Seers;* Latter are *Prophets*.

To make the distinction clearer still, we shall hereafter refer to the former as *Seers*, and to the latter alone as *Prophets*. The editor of I Samuel gives us authority for this distinction. In a footnote to the story of "Saul and the Lost Asses" he says: "Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he said: 'Come and let us go to the seer'; for he that is now called a prophet was, beforetime, called a seer" (I Sam., 9:10).

Work of first *Seerism;* of second, *Prophetism*.

That further confusion between seers and prophets may be avoided, I have taken the liberty of coining the word *Seerism* to parallel the word *Prophetism*. We shall eliminate altogether the word Prophecy in its dictionary and old-theology sense of predicting, foretelling. We shall refer to the work of the seers as seerism, and to the work of the prophets as prophetism.

Now, who were the seers and who were the prophets? What is seerism and what is prophetism?

The seers were organized professionals who plied their trade in bands or companies. They roamed about the country and had no fixed habitat. The chief of such a company was called "the man of God," and the members, "sons of the prophets."[1] The prophets, however, were independent of any group. They were free lances. They resented even the insinuation that they belonged to the organized, professional guilds. When the priest, Amaziah, addressed Amos, "O thou seer," Amos informed him, "I am neither a prophet nor one of the sons of the prophets" (Amos, 7:14).

The seers were organized in guilds; the prophets were free lances.

The seers earned their daily bread by their profession. In the story of Saul's search for the lost asses we are old that the son of Kish thought it useless to go to Samuel for guidance because all his money was spent. His servant, however, still had "the fourth part of a shekel of silver," the fee that Samuel, "the man of God," no doubt, charged for locating lost articles (I Sam. 9:5-10). Naaman, the Syrian, went to Elisha to be cured of leprosy. He "took with him," the story relates, "ten talents of silver and six thousand shekels of gold and ten changes of garments," a princely fee, indeed, for the seer. The prophets, however, did not make their profession a matter of money. They were indignant at the thought that their prophetic labors earned them a living. To the suggestion of Amaziah that Amos "flee away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread, and prophesy there," the prophet answers that he was not one of the sons of the prophets, and adds: "I am a herdsman and a dresser of sycamore trees" (Amos, 7:12-14).

The seers made their living by prophesying; the prophets resented this accusation.

[1] For references, in connected stories, read I Samuel, chapters 9 and 10, and II Kings, chapter 5.

The seers resorted to outward influences for inspiration,

The seers had to resort to outward influence before the "mood," the ecstacy in which they delivered their messages, came upon them. Music, especially, was the favorite agent, as it is to this day with the fanatic dervishes of the Orient, to bring the spirit of God mightily upon the primitive prophets. Samuel describes a band of prophets of his day "coming down from the high place with a psaltery and a timbrel and a pipe and a harp before them; and they will be prophesying" (I Sam., 10:5).

as did Elisha;

When Jehoram, King of Israel, Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, and the unnamed King of Edom formed a coalition against Mesha of Moab, they came to Elisha, requesting a prophesy on their course of action. Before Elisha could prophesy for them, he asked for a minstrel, and "when the minstrel played, the hand of God came upon him and he said . . . ." (XI Kings, 3:4-15).

the prophets received spiritual *calls*.

The classic prophets, however, felt themselves *called* to their task. They experienced no ecstacies, and did not wait upon a particular "mood." They did not fall into trances and did not perform miracles. In the words of the Book of Exodus (23:23),

> Surely, there is no enchantment with Jacob,
> Neither is there any divination with Israel.

The prophets did not work through material, but through spiritual forces. They were fanatics only for civic justice and moral righteousness, for ethical idealism and knowledge of God.

Prophetism is not a direct Development of Seerism.

Spiritually, there is no relationship between the seers and the prophets. Their conception of their mission and their outlook upon their people and God differed tremendously. They are distinct, not alone in point of time, but also in the essence of their labors and achievements. It cannot be assumed that prophetism is a direct development of seerism. The prophets and prophetism constitute the unique contri-

bution of ancient Israel and Judah to the spiritual storehouse of mankind, unparalleled by the achievement of any other people, ancient or modern, that has influenced humanity.

What type of men, then, were the prophets?

The type of men the prophets were, where and when they lived.

The rabbis of the Talmud discern four essential elements in their equipment. They were men of great physical strength; they were trained intellectually to the highest pitch of perfection; they had experienced exceptional moral discipline; they were blessed with great imaginative powers.[2] From autobiographical notes in their own works, we glean that they came from various walks in life. Amos was a shepherd; Isaiah of Jerusalem, a nobleman, a courtier; Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Zachariah were priests; Micah was a farmer. They lived in the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah, in Babylonia during the Exile and in the earliest days of the Second Jewish Commonwealth after the Exile. Their activity covered the period from the middle of the 8th century to the middle of the 4th century before the common era.

How they received their calls to prophesy.

The prophets reveal also in their writings the source of their *calls*. The impelling force to enter upon their labors came through an overmastering personal experience. Amos tells us that God took him from his herds and flocks, bidding him "Go, prophesy against my people Israel" (Amos, 7:14-15). Hosea received his call as the result of a great domestic tragedy (Hosea, chaps. 1-3). Isaiah of Jerusalem passed through a deep spiritual revolution that compelled him to become a prophet (Isaiah, chap. 6). Jeremiah was first stirred to the depths of his spiritual consciousness by the calamity that threatened Judah from the Scythians (Jeremiah, 4:3-22). Ezekiel discovered his mission in the constant study of a book (Ezekiel, 2:8), probably the original of Deuteronomy, which was discov-

[2] See A. Abelson, *The Immanence of God in Rabbinical Literature,* MacMillan & Co. (London), 1912, chapters 18 and 19.

ered in the temple in Jerusalem during the reformation of King Josiah (627 B. C. E.). Isaiah of Babylon became active as a prophet when his soul visioned the hope of the exiled Jews upon the conquest of Babylonia by Cyrus, the Medo-Persian (Isaiah, 45: 1-7). The post-exilic prophets, Zachariah, Haggai and Malachi, were impelled to their tasks by the consciousness of great spiritual glory that awaited the rejuvenated Jewish State.

They believed themselves to be God's messengers.

None of the prophets entered upon his career of his own volition. All of them felt themselves possessed of the spirit of God, which they could not resist. They believed themselves to be God's mouth-piece. It was not they who spoke, not they who preached, not they who drew parallels, who threatened doom and held out salvation; God spoke; God commanded; God punished; God redeemed. They were God's instruments, God's messengers.[3]

They entered upon their missions involuntarily;

Amos tells us not only that "God took" him, but that the call was irresistible. "When the Lord God speaks, who can but prophesy?" (Amos, 3:8). Jeremiah curses the day on which he was born. He wishes that his mother's womb had been his grave. "Every time I speak the word of God," he says, "it serves only to bring insult and derision upon me, without end." He had thought not to heed God's impelling call any more. He had determined not to speak again in God's name. "But it was within me as a raging fire shut up in my bosom," he concludes. "I strove to withstand it, but I could not" (Jeremiah, 20:7-18). Ezekiel, in the exilic period, when Deuteronomy and some of the writings of the earlier prophets were already extant, hears the command, "Open thy mouth and eat what I give thee." What was given him was a book, "written within and without," accompanied by the order, "Eat

[3] The last of the prophets, whose name is not known, called himself Malachi. *Malachi* is not even a proper name. The word means *my messenger.*

what thou findest; eat this scroll and go speak unto the house of Israel" (Ezekiel, 2:8-10; 3:1-3).

but suffered for their cause voluntarily.

To carry on their work, involuntarily accepted, the prophets voluntarily renounced the joys and pleasures, the ease and comforts of life, for their cause. They suffered the severest tortures of body and the bitterest anguish of mind for their mission. They were unafraid of king, priest or people. They faced the hatred, persecution and ill-will of the whole world about them. They even faced death. But they were men of strength, of power, of endurance to fight and to win; they felt themselves to be like a fortified city, like an iron pillar, like brazen walls (Jeremiah, 1:17-19), because they were possessed of the deep consciousness that the spirit of God was within them and that the word of God was speaking through them.

Five prerequisites made them prophets.

The rabbis pictured the prophets as men who were physically strong, intellectually at their zenith, morally fit and blessed with powerful imagination. They might have added a fifth requisite—a knowledge of mob-psychology.

They understood mob-psychology.

Laboring under the conditions as we know them, it was very difficult for the prophets to obtain a hearing. Prophecy was a common spectacle throughout Israel and Judah, but they stood alone, unique in their day and generation. In the midst of a horde of false prophets prophesying falsely, it was necessary for them to do something unique, something startling to attract attention to themselves and to their message. They had to use unique methods that showed an understanding of mob-psychology. They employed figurative speech and parable. They weighed dramatic values and, at times, actually acted out their messages.

The prophets' use of dramatic situation.

Thus we find Amos appearing at Bethel, the king's sanctuary, in the midst of a great festival, with the dramatic message, "Prepare to meet thy God, Oh Israel." Hosea purposely married a prostitute to startle the whole of Samaria into a recognition of

Israel's prostitution from God (chapters 1-3). Isaiah of Jerusalem walked through the streets of the capital naked and barefoot to picture the manner in which Judah will be led away captive by Assyria (20:1-6). Jeremiah appears in the temple yoked like a slave to picture Nebuchadnezzar's enslavement of Judah (chapter 28), and later, when the Babylonian had destroyed the city and while the Temple was in flames, he purchased a property in the suburb, Anathoth, from his cousin, Hanamel, to dramatize his hope and belief that "houses and fields and vineyards shall yet again be bought in this land" (32:1-15). Ezekiel broke through a wall of his house and dragged out his belongings through it to point the threatening deportation into Babylonian exile (Ezekiel 12:1-7). In exile, he erects a brick and besieges it, producing, on a small scale, the siege and fall of Jerusalem (Ezekiel 4:1-8). Isaiah of Babylon surely was a master of mob-psychology when he startled all the Jews in Babylonia with the proclamation that Cyrus, a non-Jew and a heathen, was the Messiah (Isaiah 45:1-7).

Opposition encountered by the prophets.

Men who were so unique in their purpose and methods naturally encountered the severest kind of opposition. This opposition came from kings, priests, false prophets, and from the mob whom all of these stirred up to harass and attack them. Amos was threatened with death at Bethel (Amos 7:10-11). Hosea was derided as a fool and madman at the mercy of the mob (Hosea 9:7). Jeremiah was twice flogged, twice imprisoned (Jeremiah 20:1-3; 37:11-16), twice threatened with death (Jeremiah 26:8-10; 38:1-6) and was finally martyred at the hands of the people whom he hoped to serve.[4]

[4] It is the writer's opinion that the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is a eulogy of Jeremiah, written by a poet and prophet of the exile, when he received word of Jeremiah's tragic death. Read "The Prophet of Woe and Hope," in the writer's *Stories of the Prophets,* Union of American Hebrew Congregations (Cincinnati), 5th edition, 1914.

Attitude of the false prophets.

Very pertinent opposition to the prophets came from the false prophets, "the prophets," as Micah characterizes them, "that make my people to err . . . the seers and diviners . . . that divine for money" (Micah 3:5, 7, 11). These took special delight in taunting the prophets with the fact that their predictions did not come true. "Make speed!" they cried to Isaiah of Jerusalem, who had been predicting the kingdom's doom. "Let him hasten his work that we may see it!" (Isaiah 5:18). "Where is the word of the Lord?" they jeered at Jeremiah. "Let it come now!" (Jeremiah 17:15).

The prophets were not predictors.

Right here we might consider the prophets from the point of view of the dictionary definition and the old-theology conception. The prophets were not a sort of supermen who foretold the future or who were especially inspired to predict the coming of the Messiah. As foretellers, predicters, they were failures, and the false prophets had every right to demand an accounting from them. Of the primitive prophets it might well be said, as it was of Samuel, "All that he saith cometh surely to pass" (I Samuel 9:6), but the classic prophets cannot lay claim to such a record.

As foretellers, the classic prophets were failures.

So positive was Amos of the immediate and complete destruction of Israel that he recited a dirge over her (Amos 5:1-2); but Israel stood fast for nearly half a century afterward. Hosea predicted that with the fall of the dynasty of Jehu, Israel would fall (Hosea 1:4-5); the reigning king was assassinated, but the kingdom outlived Hosea. Isaiah of Jerusalem predicted that both Israel and Judah would be conquered by Assyria before his recently born son would learn to speak (Isaiah 8:1-8); history proved this forecast a failure in both instances. Micah saw the oncoming Senacherib plowing Zion as a field and laying Jerusalem in ruins (Micah 3:12); but he was mistaken about Senacherib altogether and about Zion and Jerusalem by more than a century. Jeremiah was aroused

by the fate impending over Judah from the Scythian hordes that threatened ruin and devastation (Jeremiah 4:5-9; 6:22-26); but the Scythians did not come near Judah. Ezekiel measured out to the inch the "golden Jerusalem" (Ezekiel, chapter 40ff); but Jerusalem never was more than a third-class Oriental town. Haggai and Zechariah pointed to Zerubabel as the Messiah and looked for the immediate realization of the prediction of Isaiah of Babylon, "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers and their queens thy nursing mothers; they shall bow down to thee with their faces to the earth and lick the dust of thy feet" (Isaiah 49:23); but, in the words accredited to Balaam (Numbers 23:9), the new Judah did "not count among the nations." Finally, Isaiah of Babylon forecast the immediate realization of the Messianic Era, but we are as far from it to-day as was the great prophet of the Exile. Plainly, the strength of the classic prophets does not lie in the success with which they foretold the future.

What, then, is prophetism?

Prophetism rests upon the revelation of God's will to the prophets and the inspiration to promulgate it.

It is the interpretation and re-interpretation of the will of God with Israel and His purpose through Israel as conceived by the classic prophets. This chosen company came into possession of the knowledge of this will and purpose, as Jeremiah expresses it and as the rabbis explain it, through a deep spiritual and moral consciousness. "For he who has held converse with God," says Jeremiah, "has perceived and heard His word, he who has harkened to His word must proclaim it" (Jeremiah 23:18). Jeremiah here defines the meaning of revelation and inspiration. God revealed Himself to the prophets through great spiritual and moral experiences, which are subjective. With the revelation came the inspiration, *the call*, to proclaim the word of God. Revelation is thus an inner experience, not an outward, miraculous, supernatural phenomenon, by which one comes to know God and His

will. Inspiration is like a fire shut up in a man's bosom; strive as he may he cannot withstand its force. It is "like a hammer that splits the rock into pieces" (Jeremiah 23:29). One who is thus inspired must proclaim his revelation. This revelation was the foundation of prophetism.

Prophetism defined.

Moreover, the revelations of the prophets had not in them any content of events that were to come to pass centuries after their day. Prophetism sprang out of the conditions that prevailed in Israel and Judah in the prophets' times. It was concerned only with these conditions. It dealt distinctly with the religious, moral and political problems of the era in which the prophets lived, and with the immediate future only in so far as it was affected by these problems. The purpose of prophetism, therefore, may be defined as the effort of the prophets to promote the welfare of their people by spurring them on to sublime ethical and spiritual lives, as individuals and as a people, in accordance with the revelation of God's will.

Purpose of prophetism.

Here was a people whom God had selected from among the peoples of the earth. He made a covenant with them that He would be their God and they shall be His people. He had selected Israel through whom to establish His kingdom on earth, a genuine practical kingdom of humans. This kingdom was to be governed in justice and righteousness. It was to be consummated in love and in mercy, in a brotherhood of all men under the Fatherhood of God. Should this people, through its religious misapprehensions, its spiritual blindness, its weaknesses, its injustices, its iniquities, its moral incapacity to withstand the threatening enemy, now Damascus, now Assyria, now Scythia, now Babylonia, be wiped out from among the nations, it would mean the end of all the high purposes that God had willed for Israel and Judah, and through Israel and Judah for all men.

The prophetic appeal.

Now, Israel and Judah had fallen woefully short in redeeming their part of the covenant with God. Doom and destruction seemed inevitable. The burden of prophetism was to save Israel and Judah from this impending fate. Therefore, the prophets threatened, pleaded, cajoled and exhorted to induce the backsliders to order their way of life as God revealed it to them. "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel," foredooms Amos (4:12). "O Israel, return unto the Lord, thy God," implores Hosea (14:1). The Lord hath a controversy with His people," argues Micah (6:2). "Come, now, let us reason together," pleads Isaiah of Jerusalem (1:18). "Return ye backsliding children; I will heal your backsliding," promises Jeremiah (3:22). "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God," sings Isaiah of Babylon (40:1) when the realization of the will of God with His people seems imminent.

Prophetism a progressive revelation.

The revelation of the will of God to the classic Prophets, as they conceived and understood it, was not accomplished by a single stroke, as at Sinai, or by a succession of miraculous occurrences, as in the wilderness, or as in the performances of Seers like Elijah and Elisha. The revelation came to them as it arose from the varying conditions in Israel and Judah with which the prophets were confronted. As the calamities that threatened the kingdoms differed, the prophets' interpretation of the revelation differed. Their messages altered with the constantly developing conception of the will of God. Prophetism, thus, was a growth, a development, not a static but a continued revelation of God's will.

Development of the prophetic purpose in,

Amos,

Amos uproots the entire religious conception of his day by placing emphasis on civic justice and moral righteousness instead of upon sacrifices (Amos 5:21-24).

Hosea,

Hosea introduces the heretofore unperceived ideal of love, mercy and forgiveness as the motive forces in the relationship between man and God, even

as they are, or should be, in the relationship between husband and wife (Hosea 2:16-20). The restless shifting of Israel's and Judah's foreign policies, the distrust of coalitions and alliances for national safety and defence, in the days of Isaiah of Jerusalem, inspire him with the conception that national endurance and international peace lie only in that faith, trust and confidence in God which leads to the translation of His will into just and righteous dealing of man with man and nation with nation (Isaiah 7:1-9; 30:1-15; 2:2-4). Jeremiah, in his unequaled Temple sermon (chapter 7), delivers the startling message that continuance in the land depends not upon the Temple and its worship in Jerusalem, but on executing justice between a man and his neighbor; and when both Jerusalem and the Temple are laid in smoking heaps, by God Himself, Jeremiah enunciates the revolutionary idea that the God of Israel may be worshipped in a foreign land (Jeremiah 29:1-7). Ezekiel, in the Exile, shifts religious responsibility from the community to the individual (chapter 18); he makes religion personal. Isaiah of Babylon, believing the Exile to have been a testing fire in which Israel was disciplined and fitted for God's service, conceives of God as a universal God, who is first and last and besides whom there is no God (44:6); and of Israel as His servant, whom He has chosen, whom He upholds, in whom He delighteth and upon whom He has put His spirit (42:1); and through whom His kingdom is to be established immediately in Zion "for a light to the Gentiles" (49:1-23). Zechariah, finally, concludes this line of progressive revelations of the will of God with the declaration and assurance that this kingdom will be founded and will endure "not by armed strength, not by physical force, but by my spirit, saith the Lord, Sabaoth" (Zechariah 4:6).

Isaiah of Jerusalem,

Jeremiah,

Ezekiel,

Isaiah of Babylon,

Zechariah.

Cynics might point out, however, that both prophets and prophetism were vain. Israel, as a nation, dis-

Materially, Prophets and Prophetism were failures.

appeared utterly; Judah as a political entity was twice destroyed. Despite the fact that the prophets labored with the force and authority of the revelations they experienced, their efforts were for naught; despite the fact that prophetism sprang from inspirations that were like a fire burning within the prophets' bosoms, it did not accomplish the task it purposed to perform. Both prophets and prophetism were failures.

Spiritually, the Prophets continue to interpret the will of God and Prophetism is still the goal of mankind's striving.

Measured by material standards of success and failure, this position cannot easily be controverted—the prophets were failures in their day and prophetism was vain in its generation. The history of man's striving upwards, however, proves that the prophets did not labor for their day alone and that prophetism transcends a hundred generations. The revelations of the will of God still need interpretation and reinterpretation. We have not yet reached the day of realization of the prophets' visions or of prophetism's inspiration. Justice and righteousness have not become the motive forces of men and nations. Love, mercy and forgiveness do not characterize the lives of individuals and of peoples. International warfare continues; we still lack that faith, trust and confidence in God, which exalts nations and which alone will vouchsafe international peace. The religion of individual responsibility and of personal service that "executes justice between man and man" is still a distant hope. Until the kindom of God, conceived in justice and righteousness, born in love and mercy and reared in the brotherhood of man under the banner of the Fatherhood of God, is an established, practical reality on earth, not by might, not by power, but by God's spirit, the prophets will continue to be the interpreters of God's will to men and prophetism will continue to be the goal of mankind's striving.

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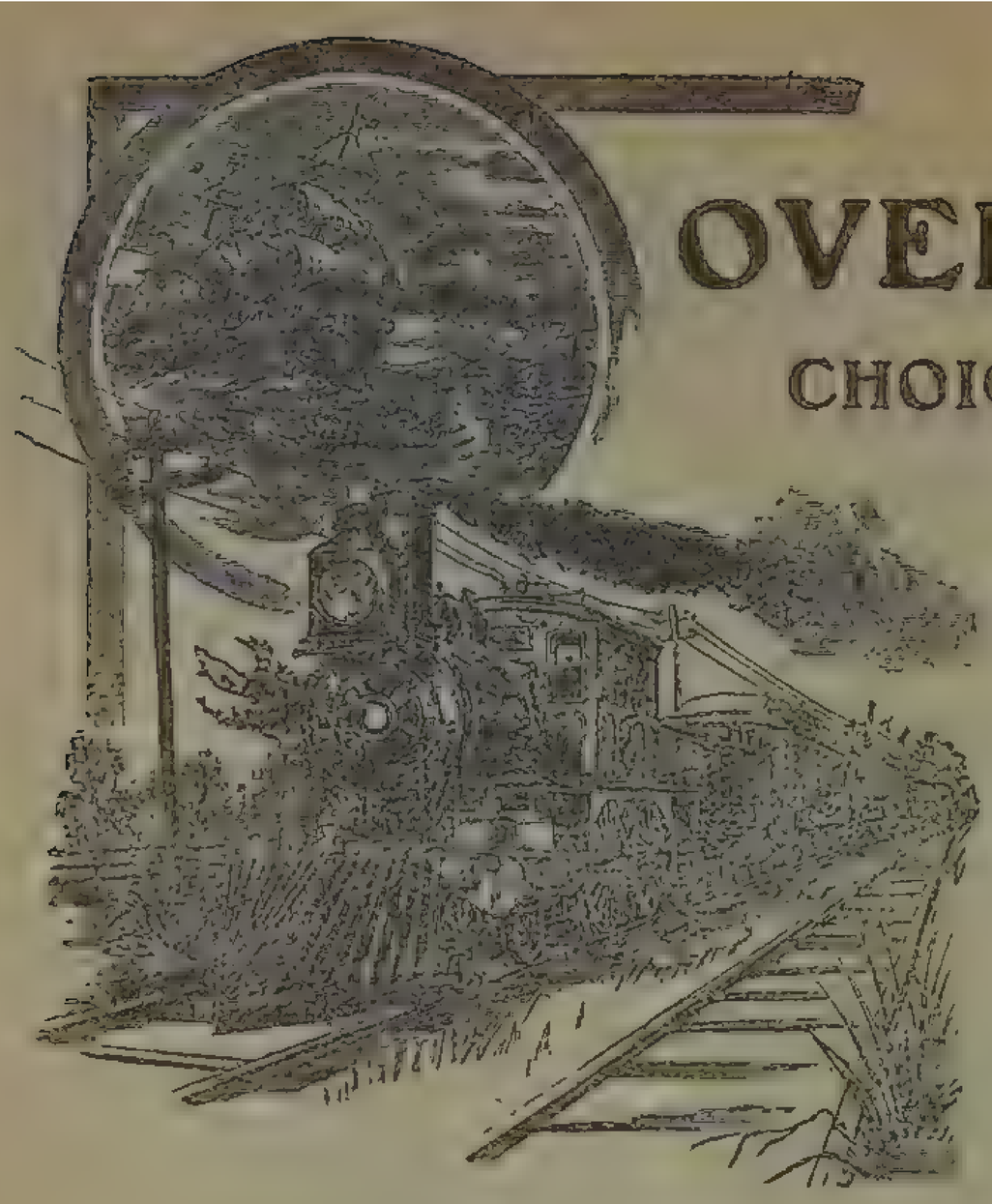
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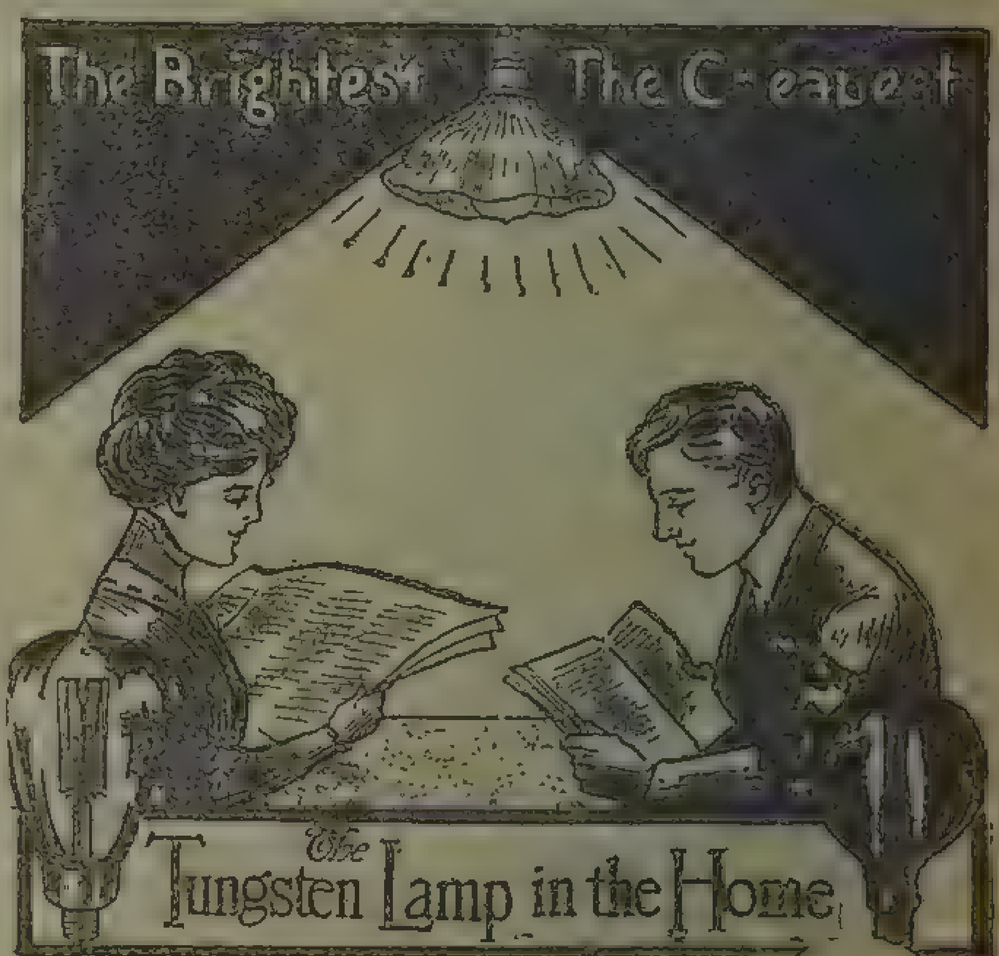
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Egypt—Old and New.

III. Cairo Outdoors.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 14th, 1915.

We need not be long in Cairo to know and feel that we are in the heart of the orient, and in one of the most fascinating cities in the world. Not all the European architecture which abounds, in parts, nor the presence of the many occidentals, can crowd out, even for a moment, the intense orientalism of the place. Though subject to a foreign ruler, the Egyptian seems as much master of his capital as the Japanese of Tokio is of his. He seems to adhere all the more religiously to his customs and beliefs, because of his being denied the right to hold dominion over his own country, in which he has lived a highly civilized life for many thousands of years, long before the meaning of civilization was known in Europe, long before there was yet a Europe at all.

Cairo, most fascinating city in the world.

And we need not be long in Cairo to understand the Egyptian's pride over his capital, the lavish praises he bestows upon it. One of his poets speaks of it as "the diamond stud on the handle of the fan of the Delta" (the fan referring to the contour of the northern part of Egypt). Another writer says of it: "Who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world; its soil is gold; its Nile, a marvel; its houses are palaces; its air is soft; its odor, surpassing that of aloe wood, cheering the heart."

Native poets lavish in praise of it.

Extravagant as such praise is, there is excuse for it, for Cairo is beautiful. Were you to ask me to name the one thing wherein its special beauty lies, I would have difficulty to answer. I could not single out its balmy winter climate, for other parts of the world have ideal

Wherein lies its special charm?

winter resorts. I could not speak of its hoary antiquities, for, excepting those within its museum, it scarcely has any, Cairo being less than a thousand years old. I could not name its Mosques, for those of Jerusalem and Damascus and Constantinople are no less beautiful. I could not single out its Nile, for the rich memories of that river are associated with cities that flourished farther south, thousands of years before Cairo yet existed. I could not name the beauty of its site and environments, for those of Constantinople are also very beautiful.

In its street-life.

I might, however, speak of the out-door life of Cairo as the secret of its incomparable charm. It may be this, combined with the beauties of the other sights I have named, which constitute a *tout ensemble*, that makes Cairo the oriental city *par excellence*. It is probably this that makes Cairo, the tourist's Mecca, the artist's wonderland. Let the latter but have with him the necessary material for painting, and he cannot make a turn in that city but that he finds an almost endless variety of subjects for charming pictures of individuals or groups or scenes. It would not surprise me, were I to learn that Cairo has furnished more picture themes than any other city in the world.

Sights in front of hotel.

Seated on the terrace of Shepheard's Hotel, that faces one of the principal thoroughfares of Cairo, through which surges, all day long and far into the night, an unceasing stream of people, in all kinds of costumes, on foot, or on back of tall camel or tiny donkey, in stately carriage or primitive cart, one yearns for the skill to reproduce in color and animation, even if but faintly, some of the passing panorama. So unceasing are the pictures that follow close upon each other, that it is impossible to focus the attention upon any one of them, for any length of time. There are faces white and black, brown and yellow. There are robes of silk, wool and cotton, of all colors of the rainbow; there are turbans red, white and green; veils black and white. The colors change as quickly as the colors of a kaleidoscope.

Here comes a Bedouin sheik, majestic in stature, picturesque in his mantle of blue and white, with a look as free as the desert from which he hails. Next, you are apt to see a Turk, attired in a blue, tight-fitting jacket, wide, red pantaloons, and a red *arboosh* upon his head. There may follow

next, a group of bronze-colored *fellaheens*, native peasants, attired in long gowns of faded blue, with white turbans, their type of face the same as seen in bas reliefs in tombs and temple-walls of ancient Egypt—the same profile, thickish lips, elongated eyes shadowed by heavy eyelids. Next, you are apt to see a number of native peasant women, in long, black gowns, their faces, all but their eyes, covered with long, heavy, black muslin veils, astride on their shoulders little, bronze-colored babes, covered with nothing but swarms of flies. You may next hear loud shouts, raised by native runners, who, with wands in their hands, clear the road in front of the approaching Khedival carriage, just as it was done in Biblical times. Their arms and legs are bare. Over their white tunics they wear sleeveless jackets of scarlet, richly embroidered with gold. Rich, silk sashes circle their waists. On their heads are red fez caps from which long, silken tassels hang suspended.

Next may come a band of men, whom you may mercifully call musicians, playing what they may name a March Triumphant, because the hero of the procession which they lead, has just returned from the most coveted journey of a Mohammedan, a pilgrimage to Mecca, an achievement of piety which entitles him to wear the green turban, and stamps him almost as a saint.

Your attention may next be directed to a regiment of street venders besieging a Touring Party, offering for sale all kinds of goods, silver shawls, native jewelry, beads, scarabs and other antiques—all made in Germany, and for which one-fourth the price first asked by them is gladly accepted.

Next, you may see a wedding-procession, headed by another noisy and discordant band, conducting the bride to the home of her husband to be. You will look in vain for the bride, for she is carefully concealed within a heavily draped palanquin chair, which is carried between two camels. To the right and left you may see strangely costumed merry-makers and sword-dancers, entertaining the onlookers. A number of camels laden with furniture and gaudily painted boxes, the bride's dowry, may close the procession. Your dragoman may tell you that some of that furniture is borrowed, and will be returned the next day, and some of those boxes are empty. He may also tell you that the bride may not yet be fourteen years

of age, nor the groom sixteen; that, if means permit, he may, in time, wed two or three more, and, if they displease him, divorce them all, and start anew.

Next, men may make their appearance with water-filled goat-skins on their backs. These serve as street-sprinkling wagons and water-mains. They who have earthen jars on their backs carry cool, filtered water, and offer it for sale, a brass cup-ful for one-eighth of a cent.

Next, you may see a long caravan of camels, just arrived from across the desert, carrying cargoes of goods on their backs. By chance there may pass, at the same time, a number of little donkeys, carrying on their backs and sides, loads of sugar-cane, to such an extent, that scarcely the heads are seen of these patient little carriers. The tall, long-necked dromedaries, fresh from the parched sands, require no coaxing to help themselves freely from the pile of succulent plants so temptingly near, and the little burros seem to like to be thus relieved of some of their load. But the theft is detected, and there ensues between the respective drivers a series of loud, angry, guttural ejaculations, that are far more emphatic than musical.

Scarcely have these passed, when a smart carriage appears, conveying a couple of Egyptian women, richly attired in silks, only the lower parts of their faces covered with white, transparent veils, their large, dark eyes not in the least abashed to meet those of the masculine stranger on the terrace.

No sooner are these out of sight than the conjurer puts in appearance, to do all sorts of tricks, and to charm not only the snake out of its box but also the piasters out of the tourist's pockets.

Dragomans, in various attires—European, Asiatic, African, or a mixture of all—offer their services, in almost every language spoken, ready to guide you to the end of the earth, if you should have a mind to go that far.

No end of venerable, blind men pass, led by little half-clad children, the old and young blending their voices in piteous appeals for coppers,

In rapid succession, and in varying costumes, pass the fortune teller, the dervish, and the professional letter-writer, the vender of fruit and sweet-meats, and the man with the

portable kitchen, ready to prepare, in a few moments' time, any number of oriental delicacies.

In and between these orientals may be seen numbers of occidentals: priests and military men and pleasure seekers; ambassadors and consuls and merchants; pale looking, long-haired, spectacled professors, one probably a German, spending his days in researches in the museum; the other, probably a Frenchman, pursuing studies in Arabic; the third, perhaps an Italian, getting ready for new explorations in the regions along the Nile.

A mournful chant may next break on your ears. It precedes a funeral procession. The corpse, covered with shawls, stretched on a bier, is carried on the shoulders of a number of men. A turban is fastened on the peak in front of the bier, to show that the corpse is that of a man. Had it been that of a woman, the peak would have been covered with a shawl, decked with jewelry and other ornaments, which were worn by the deceased. Men walking in front of the procession chant, in Arabic, the Mohammedan confession of faith, so that the corpse, hearing it, may be conversant with it by the time the examining angel appears in the grave or tomb, on the knowledge of which confession depends the dead man's entry into purgatory or paradise. Immediately in front of the bier walk a number of boys, one of them carrying a copy of the Koran, the others chanting a litany, in a loud, shrill voice. Behind the bier walk the family of the deceased, the women heavily veiled. These are followed by hired, professional mourning-women, whose faces and hands are streaked with indigo, their scanty, black garments rent, their hair dishevelled, their feet bare, who bewail aloud the great loss the family has sustained, accompanying their wailing with the beating of tom toms.

Arriving at the cemetery, my dragoman tells me, the priest in charge will offer a prayer for the favorable reception among the dead, and on high, of the soul of the departed. This completed, he will turn to the bystanders, and ask them to testify as to the virtues or vices of him about to be buried. In chorus, and in a loud voice, they will say: "He was the best man that ever lived." "But, supposing the contrary was true?" I asked. To which my guide replied, "Then they

would shout it all the louder, so that the angel of evil, hearing it, may take plight." "But, is not that cheating?" I asked. To which he answered: "It is never cheating to get the better of the devil."

Starting on tour of city.

Fascinating as is this passing show in front of the hotel, Mohammed, our dragoman, knowing that our time is short, urges that we start at once seeing the sights of Cairo. "There are the old and the new quarters to be visited," he says, "the bazaars, the tombs of the Caliphs and Mamelukes, the citadel, the university, museums, libraries, mosques." "Mosques such as we have"—he adds with manifest pride—"you will not see in all the world." "What of your synagogues?" I asked. "There are a number of them here," he replied, "but only one of them is pretty," and, looking at me significantly, he asked whether my faith is Jewish? Answering affirmatively, he inquired whether I eat swine's flesh? Replying that I am not fond of it, he told me that he had heard with sorrow that many Jews now-a-days eat of meats which Moses had forbidden, even as their great prophet had forbidden it to Mohammedans. He volunteered the information that Mohammedans and Jews get on better with one another than either of them do with Christians. "And why should they not?" he asked. "Are they not of the same family? Was not Abraham the father of each? Does not each believe in *Allah*, the One and Only God?"

Through new quarter.

Our way led past the new quarter, its oriental gardens, public square, Place de l'Opera with its equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha, past the Khedivial palace, past the Ismailiyeh, the fashionable quarter, which the art-loving Pasha, whose name it bears, had endeavored to make a second Paris in beauty. Here are located a number of government buildings, some of the principal hotels, embassies, consulates, banks, shops, churches, and palaces of natives and foreigners.

Through old quarter.

We cannot linger among these sights. Interesting and beautiful though they be, we can see the like of them nearer home. In Cairo we want to see things distinctively Cairene. And so we hurry on to the Mouski, the most celebrated thoroughfare of old Cairo. We are no sooner there than we are fully aware that we are in the

heart of the orient, in the midst of a surging mass of orientals. There are no sidewalks there. Camels and donkeys and push carts; men, women and children, jostle each other unceremoniously. Avoiding collision on one side, we are sure to bump against some man or beast on the other. The farther on we go, the more and more we wander into the bystreets and lanes, and the older and narrower and quainter they grow, often no more than a few feet wide; and, before we are aware of it, we are in the bazaars.

A better place for the study of the oriental than the bazaar can probably not be found. In the foreign quarter he is apt to be shy and reticent; here he is himself and natural. The wares that are here offered for sale are primarily intended for the natives. Foreigners are welcome, but their tastes are not especially catered to. Here you see specimens of almost every oriental type, Asiatic and African—the Moor, Algerian, Tunisian from the yonder side of the Sahara; the Ethiopian, Nubian, Soudanese, Berber, Abyssinian from upper Egypt and beyond; the Arabian, Syrian, Palestinian, Persian, from the yonder side of the Red Sea—all in their native costumes, all bent on getting bargains or on returning with some souvenir of beautiful Cairo.

To the bazaars.

The bazaars occupy a number of lanes. The awnings that stretch across them shut out the intense light and heat, and make them seem cooler. To the right and left are the little shops, all open in the front, often no more than a few feet wide, the owner not infrequently squatting stolidly in front of them, or reading or chanting his Koran. Often the buyer seems to be more anxious to make a purchase than the seller to effect a sale. One can scarcely conceive of an article needed by orientals that is not to be had here. And many of them are manufactured in the tiny shops in which they are offered for sale.

Scenes within the bazaars.

Each kind of goods occupies its own section of the bazaar. In one of these you find every variety of oriental silks, from the finest to the commonest; in another, every variety of shawls; in another, carpets and rugs; in another, cotton prints and calicoes. One section devotes itself to the sale of all kinds of perfumes and spices; another, to products of the goldsmith's and silversmith's art, and the attraction these exercise upon

the gentler sex, of the occident as well as of the orient, shows clearly that love of jewelry is the touch of nature that makes all womankind kin, be they black or white, brown or yellow. Jewelry booths, similar to those of the Cairo bazaar, may have given the prophet Isaiah an idea of the feminine fineries and ornaments, which he catalogues in the third chapter of his book. In the shoe bazaar you can have your shoes and slippers made while you wait, and in the adjoining bazaar you can pick out the kind of leather you want, but the color must be red or yellow, for no other is shown. If you are of the sterner sex, and in need of clothes, the men squatting cross-legged on the counters of the tailor-booths will prove to you that it is in misfit wherein lies the beauty of oriental clothes. In the corndealer's bazaar, you may see the seller pouring grain inside the upper part of the loose robe of the purchaser, the belt at its middle making a convenient sack of it. Probably the most interesting of all the bazaars are those in which the brass-smiths and copper-smiths ply their trade, turning out lamps, vases, trays, cups, jardiniers, with beautiful traceries and Arabesques and Koran-lettering upon them, all done by hand, and some of them by mere boys. It is no place for you, however, if you cannot stand noises, for, the hammering and filing and rasping are trying on the ears.

Less trying, but equally interesting, is watching the natives working on all kinds of lattice and screen wood-work, in which Cairo is said to excel every other city of the orient. Some of it is so exquisitely beautiful that it might almost be mistaken for coarse lace work. And in the making of it, the foot of the artisan lends almost as much help as does each of his hands. Squatting on the bench, the material on which he works is held firmly between the big toe and the one adjoining, and each of his hands is, therefore, free to labor unhampered.

Screens for women.

There is large demand for such screen work in Cairo, and elsewhere in the orient. Glass is of little service there, partly because it shuts out the air and admits the glaring light, and partly because it enables the outsider to look within. As you already know, the Mohammedan woman is not permitted to show her face to any masculine eyes, excepting those of her immediate family. But there is enough of the woman in her

to wish to see what is going on within the court of her house and in the street below. This is made possible by the insertion within the walls of screens, which, besides admitting fresh air, permit her to see, without being seen. These harem windows, *mooshreebeyehs* as they are called, are constructed in an almost infinite variety of patterns. The finer houses, which are facing the streets or gardens, usually have the second and third stories projecting beyond the line of the first stories, and the extensions take the form of quaint and picturesque bay-window screens. When mere man passes along such streets, he feels sure that some fair eyes are taking an unfair advantage of him, gazing upon him without giving him a chance to gaze upon the looker in return. I may add, however, that, here and there, a masculine passer-by does catch a glimpse of a fair Cairene, through a small window-opening in the screen, and she does not seem to be at all displeased with the admiration which she wins for herself, by daring to break away from the tyranny which the stronger sex has imposed upon her.

Time is pressing, and, fascinating as are the scenes in the bazaar, we must hasten towards other sights. Our way leads through quarters spoken of in the tales of the Arabian Nights, when Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of Bagdad, walked in disguise, during his mid-night rambles, in search of larger experience and deeper knowledge.

Sites of Arabian Nights Tales.

Some of the old palaces we pass are real works of art, the corbels under the jutting upper stories are richly carved; the lower windows are of stone, perforated in intricate geometrical designs, protected by graceful grills of wrought iron or bronze. Large bronze knockers on richly panelled doors abound. One cannot but wish that some of the genii, who proved themselves so helpful in the Arabian Night Tales, might come and open the tightly barred doors, and afford a glimpse of the interior of some of these palaces, their spacious courtyards, tiled in rich designs, their fountains and gardens, their halls and chambers, decorated with the richest of furniture and ornaments and choicest of rugs. My dragoman assures me that the letters of introduction in my possession might prove such genii, but, he adds, nothing is done in a hurry in the orient, certain formalities would have to be gone through, which would require much time. But of

Palace exteriors.

time I had little to spare, seeing that summer heat was fast coming on, and I had yet a journey fo some seven hundred miles to make to the most interesting sites of ancient Egypt, as far as Nubia, along the Nile, practically through the desert. Fortunately, the sight of the interior of such a palace was granted me later in Damascus.

Journeying on, we reach the *Tombs of the Caliphs*, though mosques would have been a more appropriate name, seeing that in grandeur of architecture, in size of dome, in height of minaret, they are equal to some of the best of the mosques of Cairo, and, like them, are used as places of worship. Within side-chambers, rest one-time mighty rulers of Egypt and their families. The gold- and silver-embroidered coverings on walls and sarcophagi, and the rich rugs on the floors, are attractive; but as we are to see the best of mosques later, we pass on to the *Tombs of the Mamelukes.*

Tombs of Caliphs and Mamelukes.

While these tombs are, in architecture and equipment, but a repetition of the former, greater interest attaches to them, because of the remarkable part the Mamelukes played in the history of Egypt. Originally they were Turkish slaves, and attached to the Sultan of Egypt as his body guard. Within a short time, they acquired power enough to put their own men on the throne. Defeated, two and a half centuries later, by the Turks, they, nevertheless, held on to the vice-royalties of the provinces, and, before long, rose again to power, the Turkish Pasha being but a puppet in their hands. They met another crushing defeat when Napoleon invaded Egypt. But he had no sooner withdrawn, when they again seized the power, and tried their old game on the newly appointed Pasha, Mohammed Ali. This new ruler proved too much for them. He invited their chiefs to a festivity in the citadel where he had them treacherously massacred, four hundred and seventy of them. Only one escaped to tell the horrible story. Thus ended the chiefs of the Mamelukes in Egypt, illustrious leaders of whom lie buried in these tombs.

Story of the Mamelukes.

In the light of these happenings, the citadel, which we visit next, has naturally an historic interest, but its scenic worth quite equals the historic. Reared upon a mighty rock foundation, six hundred feet high, by the noble Saladin, of whom Lessing

speaks in his "*Nathan the Wise*," the citadel commands a view over Cairo, and far beyond. One of the Pyramids near by was robbed of its beautiful stone-facing to furnish the material for this fortification. It was a convenient way of obtaining stone, faultlessly dressed and squared, but it despoiled one of the grandest and oldest monuments of the world.

The view obtained from the ramparts, and yet more from the heights of the Mokattam hill, is alone worth a visit to Cairo. I do not know of another panorama as beautiful as this. At your feet spreads Cairo, queen of cities, dazzling with its domes of many colors, its forest of slender and artistic minarets. Farther on, are the gardens of richest green, and the groves of palms. Still farther, are the cultivated fields that furnish the Cairenes with their daily food. Between them glistens, like a broad ribband of silver, the ancient river Nile. Beyond these, to the right, as far as the eye can reach, stretches the Arabian Desert, billowing like a storm-tossed sea, shimmering under the heat. To the left stretches the tawny Libyan Desert, till the hills shut out the view. At the edge of that desert tower the three pyramids of Ghizeh and the mysterious Sphinx, so distinct, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, that they seem very near.

Panorama of Cairo from Citadel.

This was the second time that I beheld these marvels of remote antiquity from a distance. Almost it seemed as if I saw the Sphinx open its mouth, as if I heard it say: "When will you come nearer? When will you come close to us?" And forth went my answer, across city and gardens and plain: "Soon! Very soon!"

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Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 21st, 1915.

The Mohammedan is nothing, if not religious. You see him engaged in prayer, morning, noon and night, in his mosque or in the street, in the field or on the desert. The sonorous sounds of the muezzin's prayer-call wake you at sunrise, and lull you to sleep after the fall of night. And you hear his call again at breakfast, noon and eventide. If you chance to be in a densely settled section, where mosques abound, you will hear the summons to prayer by a chorus of muezzins, on top of the slender and graceful minarets that soar into the blue empyrean high above the vaulting domes, and their melodious chants, in different keys and voices, will float down to you like music from the yonder spheres.

Frequency of Mohammedan's prayer.

I have wondered, at times, while in Mohammedan lands, what need the Moslem has of mosques at all, seeing that all the earth is his sanctuary. Let him hear the words of the prayer-call: "*Allah is Great! I testify that there is no God but Allah! I testify that Mohammed is the prophet of Allah! Come to Prayer! Come to Worship! Allah is Great! There is no God but Allah!*"—let him hear these words, and he spreads his prayer-rug, or looks for a cleanly spot, if he have no rug, and almost immediately he is deeply absorbed in his prayers, in his genuflections and prostrations, wholly unconscious of the world about him, wholly indifferent to the stares and comments of people of different faiths. At any of the hours of prayer, one may see, in the great railroad station of Cairo, numbers of Moslems at their devotions, as little disturbed by the bustle and excitement and

All the earth his sanctuary.

noise about them, as they are in the privacy of their own homes.

Wins admiration of non-believer.

Be one's attitude toward the religion of Islam what it may, one cannot but be deeply impressed by the devotion of its adherents. One may doubt other men's religious sincerity, it is difficult to doubt that of the Mohammedan. One may deny some of the claims of the Moslem creed; one cannot question the deep influence it exercises on its followers. I have heard men, who had no admiration for the followers of other faiths, speak in admiration of the religious fervor of Mohammedans.

Time and mode and contents of his prayer.

The favorite prayers of the Mohammedan are at sunrise and at nightfall. At these times, the two angels—which, according to his belief, attend man all day long, one, at his right, to record his good deeds; one, on his left, to keep an account of the evil deeds—leave the earth to make their report. When they reach heaven, God asks them: "How did you leave my servant?" Happy he, if they can say: "We found him at prayer when we came; we left him at prayer when we departed."

When praying, the Mohammedan turns in the direction of Mecca, as the orthodox Jew turns in the direction of Jerusalem. His worship language is the Arabic of the Koran, as that of the orthodox Jew is the Hebrew of the Bible. Both alike keep their heads covered when they pray. The words of the Mohammedan's prayers compare favorably with our own. They abound in adoration of God, in confession of sin, in hope to be found worthy of entering Paradise, in supplication for forgiveness, for strength to do the right and to resist the wrong. And the words are the same for Sultan, Khedive and beggar. All perform the same rites and ceremonies. Before Allah all are equal.

Like the orthodox of other faiths, Mohammedans are sure that theirs is the only true faith. That belief is held by more than 260,000,000 of people. Those who have made a special study of Mohammedanism are of the belief, that it was not the sword of Mohammed but the fervor of his followers' belief that made it possible for them to sweep the earth in conquest, from Delhi in India to Granada in Spain, in less than a century's time.

The Mosque is as much a place for meditation and study as it is for prayer. The Koran teaches that "to think for an hour is better than to worship for a year, and to study the word of Allah is better than both," and Mohammedans seem to follow that teaching faithfully. This precept is found also in the Jewish Talmud, from which older work, as well as from the Bible itself, Mohammed has drawn considerably for his Koran material. Enter a mosque when you may, and you will see men engaged either in devotion or contemplation or study. In case of the latter, you will see the teacher sitting cross-legged on the floor, encircled by his disciples, young and old, reciting and expounding Koran, with an oriental intonation such as you might hear in an orthodox synagogue.

Uses of the Mosque.

The reading of the Koran is regarded an act of worship in itself. The study of it begins in early childhood, and continues to hoariest old age. Its language is held to be the language of Paradise, and, as all hope to enter there, all seek to become conversant with its speech. Only masters in the art are permitted to read it publicly at the weekly Sabbath service, at Friday noon, as a false meaning might be conveyed by an improper rendering, even by an improper intonation.

Reading of Koran a mode of worship.

Quite a number of them acquire most artistic proficiency in Arabic calligraphy, of which much use is made in the mosques, tombs, public buildings and private homes, even in some of their industries, for decorative purposes, inasmuch as the Moslem religion prohibits painting or sculpturing images of any kind. No little disturbance was created among the faithful when statues of some of their Khedives were erected in the public squares of Alexandria and Cairo, and when the bronze lions were placed, in the latter city, at the entrance to the Nile bridge.

Writing of Koran an art.

Spacious as most of their mosques are, they are bare of all furniture, excepting a Koran-reading stand. The floors are generally covered with prayer rugs; where such rugs are wanting, one frequently sees outlines of them marked or inlaid on the stone-floors, in regular rows, each of the size requisite for the worshipper's prostrations. In the rear, long, gutter-like, wooden frames may be

Interior of mosques.

seen, which serve as receptacles for the worshipper's shoes or slippers, as no one is permitted to enter a Mohammedan sanctuary with shoes upon his feet. Visitors of other faiths are required to slip over their shoes or boots large canvas overshoes, hired at the door for that purpose. Their red or yellow color does not contribute to the attractiveness of the feet, and the size does not lend grace to the walking. After considerable practice, one does succeed in keeping them on, sometimes.

If the possession of many places of worship be a sign of a city's piety then must Cairo be regarded as very 'pious, for it counts more than three thousand mosques. One may sometimes see half a dozen of them within an area of less than one of our squares, sometimes three or five adjoining each other. Look in whatever direction we may, minarets are sure to be in sight. Some of the mosques, the *El Azhar*, for instance, has five, and no two of them alike. And so beautiful are they, so full of slender grace, so symmetrical their little balconies, their rows or circles of little columns, their lookouts and cupolas, that one never tires of them, no matter how often seen.

And if great wealth and beauty lavished on the erection of Houses of Worship be regarded a sign of pride in one's faith, then must the Cairenes of former generations be regarded as having been very proud of theirs. On the mosques of Cairo alone, a volume might be written, and it would by no means exhaust the subject; and a portfolio full of pictures of them might be issued, and not do justice to them. Had I the aid of stereopticon views, or had I the architect's skill, and you a knowledge of architectural terminology, I might have attempted a detailed description of some of them. I shall, therefore, not try more than give a touch or two of the most celebrated of them, that of *Mohammed Ali* and that of *Sultan Hassan.*

The latter, having borne the ravages of time for more than five and a half centuries, is at the present time undergoing restorations. Is is held to be the finest example of Mameluke architecture. There are those who believe it to be superior in beauty even to the St. Sophia at Constantinople. The natives commonly call it "*The Mosque Superb.*" It is built of stone pilfered from the pyramids of

Mosque of Sultan Hassan.

Gizeh. Its impressiveness lies as much in its spaciousness and antiquity and massiveness, as in its artistic beauty. The whole edifice is pervaded by a serene, awing majesty. The entrance, a lofty arch of some eighty feet in height, richly ornamented on top with stalactite stone work, leads to a magnificent, open-air court, in the centre of which is an ablution fountain, Mohammedans being required to wash hands and feet before offering their prayers. Deep-arched alcoves line the sides of the court. Its vast circular dome within the sanctuary is a work of highest art. The walls are covered with marbles of diverse kind, and some of them are richly inlaid with precious stones, and others are inscribed with artistically executed Koran texts. The original floor, said to have consisted of magnificently inlaid stone work, was stolen by Napoleon, and turned into palace floors in France. Of the original pulpit doors, inlaid with gold and silver and bronze, only one is left. The others went to France whither were taken many other works of art of cities conquered by the Corsican. To the right of the pulpit is a bronze door, damascened with gold and silver, leading to the Mausoleum, in which repose the remains of the Sultan, who built the mosque, and for whom it is named.

The other mosque—less than a century old—is said to have been built by Mohammed Ali as an expiatory offering for his massacre of the Mameluke chiefs. He did not live to see it finished. Like the former, it is magnificently proportioned, and built of yellowish-white alabaster, hence its common appellation, *The Alabaster Mosque*. Its own height, together with that of the high ground of the citadel on which it is reared, and its two lofty, slender, pencil-like minarets, make it the most conspicuous building of Cairo. It, too, has its spacious arcaded court, and its ablution fountain, enclosed in a beautiful white alabaster pavilion. Its inner area is covered by a magnificent central dome, encircled by four smaller ones, supported by four stately, square pillars. Heavy Turkish rugs of rich crimson cover the floors and hang suspended from the walls. Rich chandeliers depend from the ceilings, and daylight filters through wondrously beautiful stained glass windows, and down from the huge Byzantine lantern high above the central dome. In comparison with the

Mosque of Mohammed Ali.

mellow antiquity of the other mosque, the newness of this one detracts from its beauty rather than adds to it.

If not the most beautiful, certainly the most interesting of all the mosques of Cairo is the vast and venerable *El Azhar* (The Splendid). More than nine hundred years old, it has served nearly all that time as the greatest of all the Mohammedan universities; according to some, the oldest in the world. Theological Seminary would have been a more appropriate name, for, educating spiritual leaders is its special aim, and imparting a knowledge of the Koran its chief work, for which knowledge the other branches taught—history, literature, law, geography, mathematics—are but intended as aids. Its students hail from every section of the Mohammedan world, from Africa, Asia and Europe, and the different shades of their complexion, from deepest black to white, as well as their different costumes, make of the more than 10,000 of them, the motliest crowd that one can possibly conceive.

The University-Mosque.

They have no class-rooms, in our sense of the word. On the floor of the mosque itself, and of its outer court and arcades —which cover an area equal to several of our city squares—the long-robed and turbaned students sit cross-legged, in groups of ten to twenty, around their respective master, reciting their lessons, listening to his lecture, or chanting Koran, their bodies swaying to and fro. Notwithstanding the noise created by the thousands of students reciting and chanting, and by the hundreds of masters teaching, at one and the same time, the individual groups do not seem to be in the least disturbed by the presence of the others. Their civilization has apparently not yet attained to American nerves.

Its students and masters.

More than five hundred masters are thus engaged in instructing the students, who range in age from six to sixty years. Their salaries consist in the weekly receipt, from the corporation, of several hundreds of loaves of bread, some of which they convert, by sale, into money. For their other needs, they depend on private tutoring, Koran-chanting at weddings and funerals, and copying manuscripts. But, if no material gain is connected with the office of master, there certainly is attached to it great honor. The students sit at his

feet in deepest reverence, and, at the end of the lesson, they gratefully kiss his hand. The head-master occupies a position of honor second only to that of the Khedive.

The general course of studies is completed when the student has learned by heart all of the Koran, its proper intonation, and some of its commentaries. The full course, leading to the degree of master, takes seventeen years. Women are not admitted to the classes; excepting non-Mohammedans, they are not even allowed on the premises. Tuition is free, and even a free supply of bread is provided for the indigent, of which class there are very many.

It is a touching sight to observe some of the students at their noon meal, their principal meal of the day, consisting of a piece of bread and a cup of water. More fortunate ones, enjoy, in addition, a bowl of lentil soup. Every crumb is carefully gathered, and consumed with relish. It is said that sparrows shun those premises, never finding a crumb there. Many of the students not only eat on the floor of this mosque-university but also sleep there, having no other lodging-place. In return for these privileges, they are required to sweep the floors, and to keep the premises clean. At the noon hour, hundreds of these students may be seen stretched on the floor of the open-air court, taking their siesta, under the broiling sun, compelling the visitor to pick his way over their bodies. Special classes are conducted for the blind, of whom there are many, and for the fanatics, of whom also there is a goodly number, and who live and are taught apart. These are said to be especially bitter against non-Mohammeden visitors. Owing to difference of opinion and nationalities, there are frequently stormy scenes among the students themselves. To prevent too large a concentration of such fanatics, the English government has, in recent years, restricted the number of students at this Univere sity.

Life and characteristics of students.

Making our way to the *Library*, we find there a collection of manuscripts whose value cannot be surpassed even by that of the rarest collections of the greatest libraries of the world. The most highly prized are parchment transcriptions of the Koran, some of them of gigantic size, of marvellously beautiful penmanship, richly illuminated

University Library.

with letters of gold and with arabasques in brilliant colors. Many of the Mohammedan peoples compete here for supremacy in the book-making art, Persia easily leading the rest. Were some of these Koran manuscripts as many diamonds of the Kohinor size and purity, they could not be more valuable in the eyes of the followers of Islam.

I shall not attempt to describe the *Arabian Museum*, for, unless you have travelled in Mohammedan lands, or are familiar with Arabian and Saracenic and Byzantine art and architecture and craftsmanship, an intelligible description of them, if I could give it at all, would require more time than I have at my command. In that museum are exhibited objects of historic interest, associated with the lives of past rulers of the Moslem people; interesting fragments of ancient mosques and palaces; rare stone and wood carvings, jewelries and ornaments; plaster traceries and mosaics; works in glass and iron, in bronze and brass; enamels, and inlaid panels of ivory and ebony; silks and shawls, carpets and rugs; fayence tiles and hanging lamps; furniture and fountains, many of them hundreds of years old, and all the more beautiful by reason of their antiquity.

Arabian Museum.

The synagogues of Cairo are quite numerous, a few of them of historic interest, and one of them, located in the modern quarter, and conforming with the conservative mode of service, is a noble edifice. Marble predominates in its interior structure; a high dome, with golden mosaics, rises from the centre of the ceiling, from which depends a handsome, wrought-iron chandelier, lit by electricity. The interior is in the form of a square, with seatings on three sides. An upper gallery is provided for the women. An organ occupies a conspicuous place, but it rendered no music during the *Purim* evening service, which I attended. Hebrew inscriptions decorate the walls on all sides, and the Ten Commandments and the Shield of David are worked a little too hard in the decorations. The former is repeated six times on and near the Shrine, eight times on the chandelier, and a number of times elsewhere. If the worshipper observes the commandments as faithfully as they are repeated in the decorations, I can quite forgive the inartistic iterations. A large, rich Persian rug covers the floor in front

The conservative synagogue.

of the Shrine. Fresh flowers adorned its platform on that Purim eve.

The service was well attended by men; a few women were in the galleries. Many of the worshippers brought their own parchment copies of the *Megillah*, (Book of Esther) some of them handsomely encased in gold-and-silver-filigree work. Little candles were furnished those who felt the need of better light. The *cantor* was dressed in ordinary street-clothes; upon his head he wore the Turkish red Fez, as did nearly all the male worshippers; their other clothes were European, excepting those of a few of the elder, which were the conventional, long, flowing, oriental robes. Almost all of them wore the regulation Mohammedan moustache, in fact, so much alike seem Jew and Moslem in Semitic caste of countenance and bearing, that it is difficult to tel them apart. Though a stranger in their midst, no one showed me a seat; no one handed me a service book. The late-arriving owner of the seat I chanced to occupy made me move from it quite unceremoniously. It may have been an individual incivility for which the community ought not to be held responsible. Even when the charity-collection box was passed around, I was completely ignored. I may have been judged a non-Jewish curiosity-seeker, one of a class of tourists with whom the congregation may have had trouble in the past. Some of the ladies of my party, who attended the services in the women's gallery above, were as completely ignored as was their male companion below.

Its service.

The Saturday morning following was taken up with a pilgrimage to five different synagogues, all located in the old quarter, and so near to each other as to make one wonder what need there is of so many of them, the Jewish community counting only about 12,000 souls. This time, I was under the guidance of a Jewish dragoman—recommended for that special service by my own—and, under his aegis, the attentions shown made ample amends for the lack of them in the former synagogue. This dragoman had had the good fortune of acting as guide for the late James Pierpont Morgan, and he, no doubt, thought me another multi-millionaire, in disguise, judging by the size of the offering be made at one of these synagogoes, in my name, and at my expense.

Other synagogues.

One of these multitudinous synagogues is known as the Turkish; another as the Portuguese; another as the Karaitic; one is named for one illustrious Rabbi; another, for another. All these conduct their services according to the strict orthodox ritual. Almost all the worshippers wear the oriental garb; and the men wrap themselves in their praying-scarfs. Near the end of each Sabbath service, three descendants of the ancient Priest-family take their stand in front of the Shrine, and, in a weird chant, they pronounce upon the congregation the ancient priestly blessing. The privileges of opening the Ark, and taking out the Scroll, and participating in the reading of it, and placing it back, are auctioned off to the highest bidders, during a break in the service, which break, the congregation uses freely for conversation. When the Scroll is carried in procession, along the aisles, the worshippers near crowd toward it to press their kisses upon it; those at a distance press the fringes of their praying-scarfs to their lips, and throw their kisses at it. The service is largely a chant which, for the most part, is unmusical. In one of the synagogues the cantor is totally blind, and he chants the service from memory. In his fervor, he moves, at times, from his place, and turns his face in the wrong direction, and a little boy is kept on the platform to set him aright, and to keep him from falling off. Children noisily run in and out during the service, and even mount the *cantor's* platform. The head of the congregation occasionally walks to some of his friends, and offers them his snuff-box. The lattice work, in front of the women's gallery, is supposed to shield the women from the glances of the men. Judging from appearances, it would seem that it is the men who need protection from the glances of the women, for, when not squatting on the floor engaged in conversation, the latter's only occupation seems to be to look over the railing to see what is going on below. Not one of those I saw seemed to have a prayerbook, or to follow the service. There being no Rabbi, in our sense of the word, connected with any of these congregations, a sermon is not preached all the year round.

Orthodox Ritual.

The most historic of the synagogues is the one named for the great philosopher and physician and talmudist, Maimonides, who migrated to Cairo during the latter part of the 12th century, where he attained to the po-

The Maimonides synagogue.

sition of body physician to the family of the Sultan Saladin. Whatever leisure hours his arduous medical duties left him, he devoted to philosophical researches and talmudic studies, and he enriched both these branches by a number of learned works, the most monumental being the *More Nebuchim* (Guide for the Perplexed) and the *Yad Hachazaka* (Compendium of the Talmud) His one-time study and bed-room, adjoining the synagogue that now bears his name, are still shown, being considerably lower than the street outside, the débris of the centuries having raised the level of that quarter by many feet.

A number of legends are now associated with that locality. One, for instance, relates that the camel, upon whose back the body of the departed scholar had been strapped for conveyance to the cemetery, refused to rise. Neither coaxing nor beating nor starving could make it move. Suspecting some supernatural interference, the community proclaimed a fast, after which it was revealed to them, in a dream of one of their saints, that the camel will not rise until they have resolved to bury the holy man in the Holy Land. The moment that resolution was made, the camel sprang up, and proceeded with its precious load toward Palestine. At Tiberias by the Sea of Galilee, the great scholar found his last resting-place. And there I saw it, a few weeks after I had departed from Cairo.

Legend associated with it.

Similar legends are associated with other synagogues. One shows the spot where Moses stood, when he prayed for the cessation of the plague of hail, one of the ten. Another shows the place where the prophet Elijah mainfested himself. Another claims to possess the identical copy of the Scroll of the Law that was written by the hand of Ezra, the Scribe, and that has the power of working miracles.

Other legends.

Were our synagogue the fortunate possessor of such a wonder-working Scroll, I would make it prolong this hour, without your knowing it, so as to enable me, to include an account of the *Egyptian Museum*, whose treasures of hoariest antiquity are among the greatest of the sights of Cairo.

But, as that cannot be, I must defer telling of them to the time when I shall speak of the *Temples, Palaces and Tombs of the Ancient Pharaohs*.

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EGYPT—OLD AND NEW.

V. Along the Nile—Heliopolis, Pyramids and Sphinx.

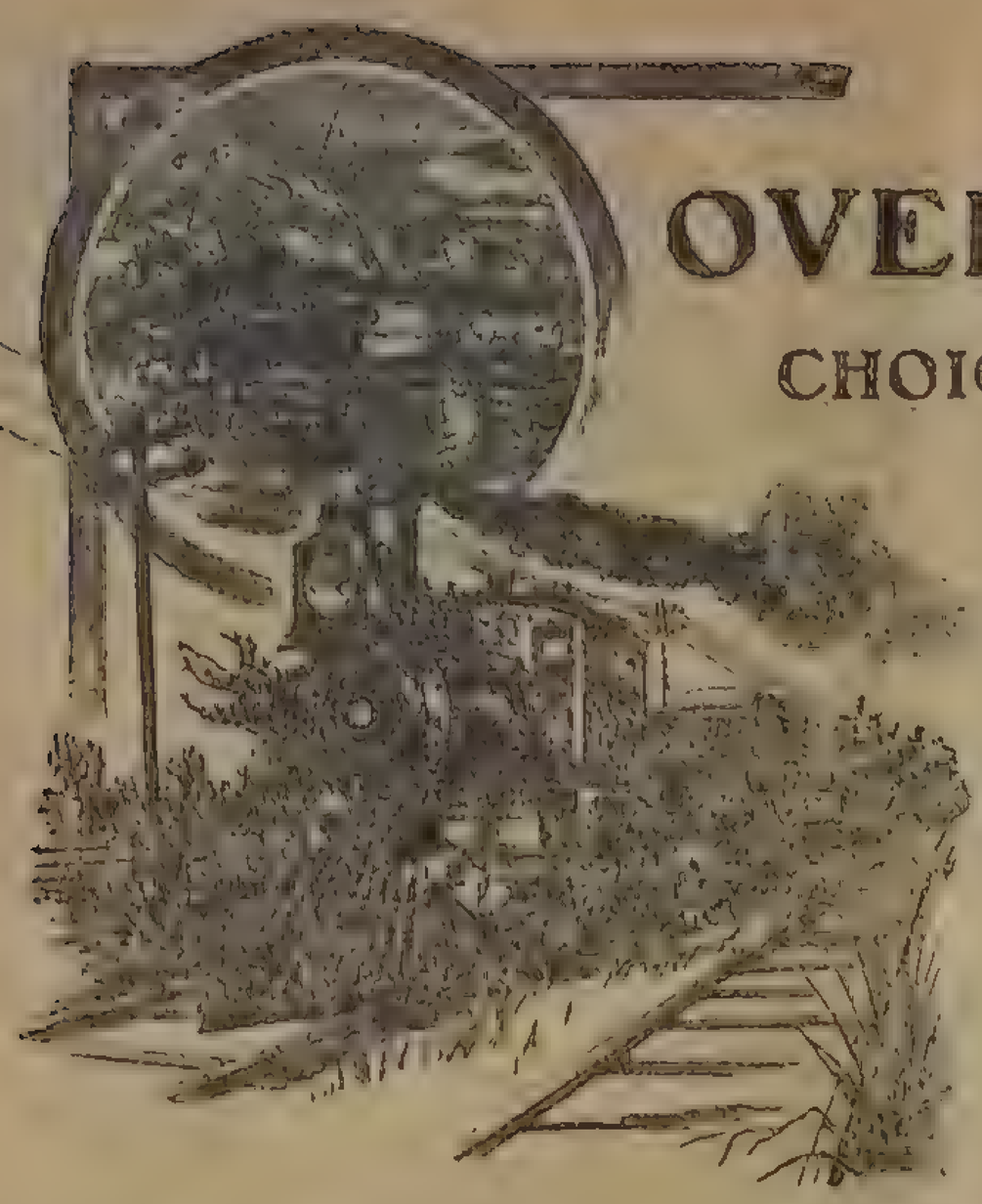
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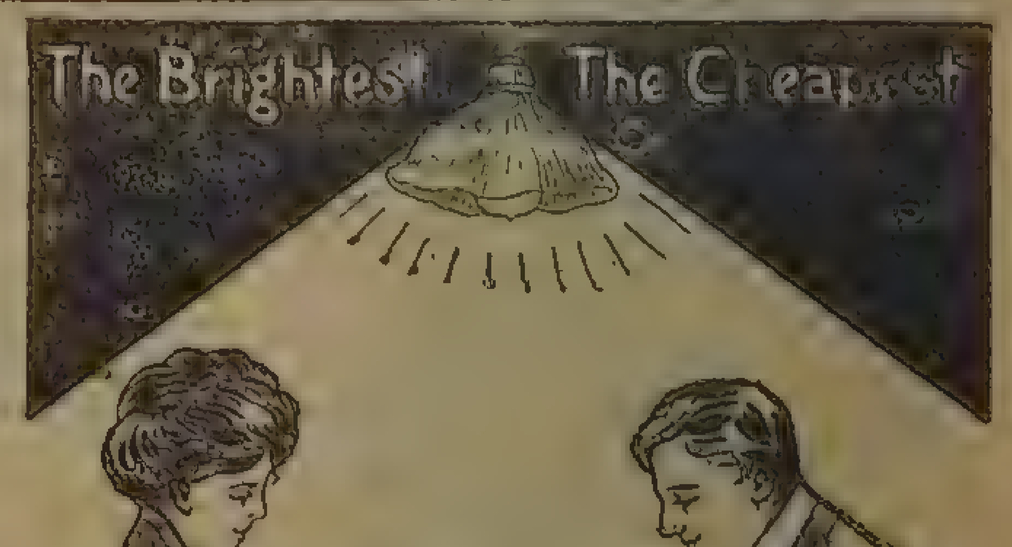
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Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 4th, 1915.

Were a mighty cataclysm of nature suddenly to open the bottom of our Mississippi river, along its entire length, or that of the Yangtsze-Kiang in China, or that of the Rhein in Germany, and swallow their waters, great as the calamity would be, nothing worse would happen than a considerable shrinkage in the agricultural products, and an appreciable disturbance, for a time, in the commerce and industries of the countries through which these rivers flowed. Were a like calamity to befall the river Nile, the consequence would be that, within a short time, Egypt would cease to exist. The empty bed through which that mighty river flowed for thousands of years would link the Arabian desert, to the east of it, with the Libyan desert, to the west, and the land, now inhabited by nearly twelve millions of people, would turn into a wilderness, uninhabited, except by roving bands of Bedouins.

The Nile is Egypt

What Herodotus, the Grecian historian and traveller, said, some twenty-four hundred years ago, is true to-day: The Nile is Egypt, and Egypt is the Nile. That river spells life for nine-tenths of the Egyptian people. Beyond the few miles of cultivated land to the right and left of the banks of this one and only Egyptian stream, the second largest in the world, there is no Egypt. The map tells of a wider area, but, excepting a comparatively small portion watered by a few small lakes and springs, all is a barren desert.

And Egypt is the Nile.

And what the Nile is to-day, and was in the days of Herodotus, that it has been in the remotest past. It was always the heart and soul of Egypt, always its very life. Little wonder that from remotest antiquity down almost to our own days, it was held to be a sacred river, a deity, which, if it chose, could scatter abundance and health and happiness, or afflict the people with drought, famine and pestilence. Little wonder that men erected great temples along its banks, and worshipped it therein, offered sacrifices to it, held great festivals and pageantries in its honor. The great Pharaohs even gave annually in marriage to it the choicest of their daughters, so that from their union there may spring forth abundance of food for man and beast.

The source of the Nile puzzled searchers from earliest times down to some three or four decades ago, when it was discovered in the Victoria Nyanza Lakes, nearly 3500 miles from its mouth. Some of the ancients believed that it sprang from the mountains of the moon. One of their sculptures represents it as issuing, in the form of a serpent, from a great cavern. A yet greater puzzle was its annual inundation, until it was found to be due to heavy rains in Abyssinia, which feed the great tributaries to the Nile, from the middle of June until September. Observing that the river began to rise annually at the time of the summer solstice, some of the ancients believed that it was due to the tears shed by the goddess Isis, on the anniversary of the murder of her husband Osiris, the sun-god. And over these floods of tears, the hosts of priests, in stately processions along the banks of the Nile, and amidst great ceremony, pronounced their solemn blessings.

Its source and inundations.

And well they could, for the Nile carries in solution vast amounts of soil, washed by the territorial rains into its waters from the rich regions of equatorial Africa. This it deposits annually, in deep layers, miles-wide, along its banks, the whole-length of its more than three thousand miles course. And this percipitated mud contains the richest kind of fertilizer, which, no sooner has the inundation subsided, and the sower put in the seed, ripens crops unsurpassed in abundance and richness in any other part of the world.

Nile source of Egypt's fertility.

And the Nile was not only the source of Egypt's bountifulness but also of its early and high state of civilization. The droughts and famines that frequently afflicted other countries were comparatively rare in Egypt. Its lands yielded abundantly not only for its own people but for others as well. To its granaries peoples came from far and near, and made Egypt the emporium of the world's commerce. The desire to develop to its utmost the great advantage it enjoyed stimulated irrigation and navigation, promoted trade and industry. The increased wealth which these brought made possible the rise of higher education, of science and literature and art, long before their meaning had been known in other parts of the world. To Egypt's seats of learning came, as disciples, Jews and Greeks and Romans, Persians and Arabians, and, due to the training these received there, they became masters, in their turn. It may not be an exaggeration to say that the whole civilized world is debtor to the waters of the Nile.

And of its civilization.

Holding thoughts such as these respecting the Nile, it was but natural that I should have been deeply impressed, the first time that I rode upon its waters. At that moment it seemed to me indeed a sacred river. What stream so old, so historic, so jeweled along and near its banks of thousands of miles with art and architecture, the like of which the hand of man had never wrought before or since? It did almost seem a thing of life as it flowed along with quiet majestic dignity. I almost felt that if it chose, it could halt long enough to give answer to a hundred questions that have been asked in vain, questions concerning many of the ancient Pharaohs, concerning the secrets of many arts known to the Egyptians of old but lost to us, concerning their religion and literature, of which more remains undisclosed than has been deciphered.

First impressions of the Nile.

It was not the kind of a boat on which Cleopatra was wont to sail forth, of which I made use on my first trip upon the Nile. Mine was just an ordinary, very ordinary, manrowed ferry-boat. The looks of the male portion of the natives, who crossed with me, were far from what the companions of Egypt's fairest queen must have been; as for the women, their looks may have rivaled those of Egypt's fairest queen, but it

would have taken an X-ray to discover it, seeing that they kept their faces, all but their eyes, covered with long, thick, black, muslin veils.

Landing upon the island of Rôda, we made our way to the *Nilometer*, which has played an important part in the life of the Egyptians. It consists of a high, octagonal column, reared within a large, deep well, which communicates with the waters of the Nile. Upon the column is graven a series of grade marks, to tell the height of the rising waters of the Nile during the inundation period. At about the middle of June, when the river reaches its lowest level, the rise starts, and it continues till about September. When the normal height is reached, great proclamation is made for the opening of all the irrigation channels, which is attended with great ceremonies, and made an occasion for great rejoicings and festivities throughout the land. If the river rises much beyond the normal high mark, there is consternation, for it means flood, destruction of dams, undermining of houses, loss of much life. If the rise ceases far short of the normal high mark, it means drought and famine and much suffering, there being little or no rain in all Egypt to make up the deficiency. Much of these one-time damages has been overcome by the construction of the great dams at Assuan and Assiut, in the upper part of the Nile, which store up vast amounts of water during the inundation period, and dole it out, from time to time, in accordance with the country's needs. Before the erection of these dams, the annual taxation of the people was determined by the Nilometer. Above or below normal meant lesser taxation because lesser income. Daily during the period of the river's rise, public criers run through the streets, announcing the number of inches the river rose on the day before. The average rise at Cairo is 25 ft.; higher up, at Luxor, 38 ft.; still higher up, at Assuan, 49 ft. When the water is at its highest, the width of the Nile assumes the proportions of many miles, in fact, Egypt acquires the appearance of a vast lake.

The Nilometer.

Not far from the Nilometer is an old Coptic church, for which an antiquity is claimed antedating the conquest of Egypt by the Mohammedans. It certainly must content itself with its fame for age, for it can lay no claim

Within a Coptic church.

to beauty. Neither can it lay claim to veracity, when it palms off its basement crypt as the spot in which the Christ-child and its parents hid themselves, when fleeing to Egypt from the wrath of Herod, who, according to St. Matthew, feared that the supernaturally born child might strip him of his rulership. Remembering that Herod had died before Jesus was yet born, that Jewish history and literature know nothing of a massacre of all Jewish children, two years old and under, of Bethlehem and its environs, a massacre, which, had it occurred, would have affected hundreds of Jewish homes, and would have raised a cry of agony that would have found a lasting echo in the hearts of the Jewish people—remembering all this, we fail to see a reason why Joseph and Mary and their babe were obliged to flee the wrath of a man, who no longer lived. They, who are conversant with Graeco-Roman mythology, easily recognize in that story the wide-spread myth of the feared child pursued by him whom it is to dethrone. And they, who are familiar with Hebrew, know that the words "Out of Egypt have I called my son," refer to the exodus of the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage, and not to the recall of the Christ-child, after the death of him who had sought to slay it, but who had been dead four years before that child was born. (Exodus IV, 22-23; Hosea XI, 1; Matth. II, 15.)

The Copts claim to be direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and of the earliest converts to Christianity. To a large extent, they adhere to the inherited, primitive forms, and beliefs of that faith, and their mode of worship differs, in many respects, from those with which we are familiar. They have their own Patriarch, and they maintain a number of monasteries in the desert. Being mostly engaged in indoor industries, their complexion is not as dark as that of the *fellaheen*, their kinsmen of the Mohammedan faith. Their speech is Arabic, as is their mode of dress, yet the language they employ in their liturgy is said to be the Egyptian tongue of more than 2000 years ago. They number about 700,000 souls, and are largest represented in upper Egypt. Though intelligent and skilled in many crafts, both occidental Christian and oriental Mohammedan are said

Characteristics of Copts.

to have little love for the Copt. They speak well of his character but they do not like his society.

Returning to the banks of the island of Rôda, we follow our dragoman to a spot where—tradition says—the mother of

Where Moses said to have been saved.

Moses laid, amid the bulrushes, her doomed babe, whence, by order of Pharaoh's daughter, it was fetched, and returned to its mother, and later adopted by the princess. Interesting as the story is, and beautiful as is the spot—affording a magnificent view of the Nile, with Gizeh and its pyramids to the right, and old Cairo to the left—it would require more credulity than I have to believe that the rescue of Moses had taken place at that particular spot. Goshen, where the Israelites lived, is many miles distant from it, and if it be argued that the mother designedly placed the babe where one of the family of Pharaoh might see it, and be moved to pity, the question arises, "What has become of the Pharaonic palace?" Remembering the colossal royal buildings of those days, one reasonably expects that something of its ruins or foundations would have remained, or some mention would have been made of it in ancient Egyptian or Grecian lore. Additional reason for doubt may be found in the fact that, while bulrushes grow freely farther up the Nile, where palace and temple ruins abound, none of them grow along this island, and that attempts to make them grow there have failed of results. The site was probably a clever dragoman's invention to dupe the many tourists who visit Cairo.

Far more credence may be attached to the story that the place where Moses received his education was the Temple-

Where Moses studied.

University of Heliopolis, the town which I visited next, situated some five or six miles east of Cairo. Unfortunately, there is no longer either a town or a university there. All that is to be seen there now of the one-time capital of the land is a solitary obelisk, surrounded by cultivated fields and mounds, beneath which are said to lie buried ruins of the city and temple, which the Egyptians had called *On* and which had been sacred to the sun, hence its Greek name: *Heliopolis*, and its Hebrew name *Beth Shemesh*. There is no lack of historic verification of all that was claimed for that town, in ancient days. To its great temple came the sovereings

of the land for their coronation. Thither went Solon, Thales and Pythagoras in search of knowledge. There Herodotus composed part of his history. Thither Plato wandered to acquire greater mastery of the study of philosophy. There Eudopus studied astronomy. One of the High Priests of its Temple was Manetho, the historian of Egypt. Its priests and students reached at one time the number of 13,000. Its library was the greatest in the world, until it was transferred to Alexandria, which transfer dealt the death-blow to Heliopolis. Enemies came and completed its downfall. When Strabo visited it, some nineteen hundred years ago, he found, excepting the obelisks, and the great temple in front of which they stood, but a mass of ruins marking the spot that once constituted the pride of Egypt.

The obelisks were intended to represent rays of the sun, and were reared by successive Pharaohs. An avenue of pairs of them fronted the entrance to the Temple of University. Two found their way to Rome; one to Constantinople; one to Paris; one to London; one to the Central Park of New York, each of these lacking in its foreign home the impressiveness which its lonely mate exercises amidst its native atmosphere. There it suggests the question: "What is it?" "Why was it?" Here no one asks. Here every one seems to know instinctively. We hear people suggest, as a condition of eternal peace, the restoration to each country whatever lands have been taken from it. Will the nations also return to Egypt those treasures of their museums and elsewhere, which they have taken from Egypt?

The obelisk of Heliopolis.

More than 4000 years have passed since this obelisk, the oldest of all of them, was reared at Heliopolis. It was old when Joseph passed it on his way to the Temple to wed its High Priest's daughter. (Gen. XLI, 45). It was older when Moses passed it on his way to his university classes. Older still when it saw the thraldom of Israel's bondage and their ultimate deliverance. Much older it was when it witnessed the overthrow of the city by the Persian Cambyses, and the later conquests of the land by the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabians, the Turks, the French, the English.

Yet, notwithstanding its hoary age, so perfect are its chiselling and lettering, so sharp its edges, so fresh is its rose-color granite, that one might easily believe that it left its quarry but a short time ago. The mummy of the Pharaoh, who built and inscribed it, has crumbled into dust; the stone defies the ravages of ages. Two half-naked, bronze-faced fellaheen boys who watched me contemplating it, held out their hands and begged for backsheesh. I gladly gave them some coppers because of the splendid work their remote ancestors did, and because some of their race have maintained themselves to this day.

To the Sphinx and Pyramid at Gizeh, some eight miles distant from Cairo, a splendid acacia-bordered road leads direct.

The Pyramid Road

One may avail himself of trolley-car or carriage, of automobile or riding-horse, of donkey or camel, yet walking is to be preferred. Though occidentals abound on that road, natives predominate, some leading their flocks or caravans, riding on camels or donkeys, carrying field-products to the market, others garnering them along side the roadside, and the color schemes of their picturesque attire, and the grace of their carriage, deeply absorb one's interest every moment of the walk, which interest is greatly enhanced by the clearer and nearer views of the pyramids, afforded by the gradual approach to them.

Desert Arabs

Arriving at the desert, a dozen Bedouins will surround you, and, in a lingo that is more picturesque than English, will place at your disposal their donkeys or camels to take you to the pyramids, and themselves to help you to the top of the greatest of them or into its interior. Each of them will profess that he will do it better than the other, and that his animal is superior—a declaration that all the others will challenge amid loud outcries and threatening gesticulations. Of course, you will select a camel, for that may be your only chance for a camel-ride. And perhaps the only one you will ever want, and as to the Arab, no matter which one you will choose, you will be sorry you did not choose another, for you will no sooner have started than he will pester you with requests for backsheesh, and, addressing you by all kinds of titles, from President to Professor, the begging will not cease even after you have

settled your account, because the tip you gave was not what was expected of an American "Georgia Washinton" or a "Marka Twain." Mark Twain is their idol, for he climbed, once upon a time, to the top of the great Pyramid without the aid of guides. His name has ever since been a sort of a talisman to the desert clan, and you are not much of an American in their eyes, if you tell them that you have never met "Marka Twain," or heard him tell of his wonderful Pyramidal climb.

After traversing about a mile of the desert, and circling the vast area covered by the three pyramids and by the Sphinx and its Temple, and after paying your respect to the ever-present photographer's camera, as is expected of every respectable tourist, you will alight, and at once start on "doing the great sights." You will pace, at least the 750 feet of one of the four sides of the base of the greatest pyramid of the three, and you will mount the 450 feet, on rises composed of enormous blocks of stone, each from two to four feet high, one Arab pulling and two pushing you, all the way to its top. From the small platform on that dizzying height, you will see Cairo on the one side, Memphis and Sakkara on the other, and some of the other 67 pyramids, and miles and miles of desert, and a narrow gleam of silver light in the midst of it—the Nile.

Ascent of Pyramid

Having descended, you will be urged by the Bedouins to visit the interior of the pyramid, and, yielding to the temptation, with one them in front to carry a light, and another to lead and pull, and another in the rear to push or to prevent your sliding back, you will penetrate a long, low, narrow, sweltering shaft of solid masonry, built just wide and high enough for conveying a mummy case to be conveyed through it. You will ascend until you will think you must, at any moment, push your head through the top of the pyramid, and descend, bent double, into what may seem a bottomless pit. Next you will slide on stone, as slippery as ice, along galleries overhanging a yawning abyss, which will make you feel that the slightest mis-step may land you into eternity. When exhausted, and sitting down for a few moments' rest, one of the Arabs may ask you whether you suffer from heart disease. When asking for the reason of his question, he will tell you that the guides are not

Interior of Pyramid

permitted to take any such sufferer into the interior of the pyramid. Had that question been asked before you entered, you might not have ventured upon that trip; and had you had heart-trouble, it is doubtful whether you could have penetrated that far. Continuing your mole-like crawl in the dark, the lighting of calcium candles, from time to time, frightening the bats out of their nests, all along the shaft, you will land at last within a small, artificially lighted granite chamber, within the heart of the pyramid, and see there a black, broken, basalt sarcophagus—robbed of its Pharaonic mummy. Grave-robbers had discovered, some thousands of years ago, that secret entry through which you have just passed, had pried open the cover of the stone coffin, and had carried off its body to strip it of the vast treasures that were wrapped about it. The return-crawl you will find as difficult as the entering, and right happy you will be to so see again the light of day, and to breathe its fresh air.

The Sphinx

You will next make your way to the near-by Sphinx, and gaze upon its recumbent, lion-shaped body, and its human head, and what is left of its face; all of colossal size—the body 170 feet long and 60 feet high, its face 13½ feet wide—all hewn and chiselled out of the living rock, done at an age in the world's history when no other known monument existed on the face of the earth, when even its towering neighbors, the pyramids, had not yet been reared.

Revery on pyramids and the Sphinx

Having thus "done" the pyramids and the sphinx, and the temple of the sphinx nearby, the latter, too, a work of marvellous craftsmanship, you will hurry back to your hotel, and rave in your diary or in your letters to friends at home, over the sights you have seen and the experiences you have encountered, and probably feel that you have done full justice to these great sights of ancient Egypt.

A far wiser course it would be, after completing these sights, for you to sit down at some distance from them, and to meditate, preferably during the twilight hour, or under the mellow, mystic light of the moon. A hundred questions will then and there arise, that will not arise at your hotel or later—questions as to the how and why of these buildings, as to the

when and by whom. The longer you will sit and meditate the more the pyramids will breathe out mystery; the longer you will look upon the sphinx the more it will seem to you the supreme enigma, the unriddled riddle of antiquity. You will be at a loss what to admire the more, the colossal size of the structures, or the awing grandeur of their simplicity, or the perfection of their execution, or the durability of their craftsmanship.

You will wonder all the more when you will reflect upon the state of humanity at the time when the foundations of these buildings were laid, those of the pyramids some 7000 years ago, those of the sphinx no man knows; foundations so old that Napoleon, when addressing his army before leading them to battle, during his Egyptian campaign, could easily have trebled the number of centuries when he said: "Soldiers, twenty centuries look upon you!"—buildings so old that alongside them the oldest monuments of the world seem but as of yesterday—buildings so old that they had seen the sun rise and set for more than fifty centuries before Columbus discovered the new world.

You will ask, as I did: How and where acquired the ancient Egyptians the perfection of architecture and sculpture, the mathematical science that, is displayed in sphinx and pyramids? Who founded the schools wherein they were taught? Who were the teachers that instructed? If antedating historic times, what was the state of civilization in Egypt's prehistoric days? By what trick of genius acquired they the art of producing the sphinx, in proportion so gigantic and in finish so exquisite, that it stands alone and apart among the achievements of man?

By what means acquired they the accuracy exhibited in the construction of the pyramids, an accuracy "equal to the optician's work," worked out on a scale of acres instead of inches? By what means lifted they the huge blocks, 2,300,000 of them, weighing on an average 2½ tons apiece, some weighing as many as 50 tons, squared, levelled and fitted to its neighbor with a precision that shames much of the imperfections of modern masonry? How acquired the builders the means of meeting the enormous expense involved, many of the stones coming from quarries hundreds of miles distant,

and requiring miles and miles of causeways to be built for their transportation? How acquired they the power to force 100,000 men, as Herodotus informs us, to slave thirty years long, three months at a time, in rearing the greatest of these pyramids? How was it possible for them to force scores of thousands to immolate themselves that a handful of members of a royal family might find entombment in an imperishable building?

And you will exclaim, as I did: How vain their hope to lie undisturbed and in state, till the sounding of the ressurrection trumpet! Some of the royal mummies have become rubbish heaps; crowds gaze upon others in the museums, and turn with a shudder from their pinched and blackened and shrivelled faces.

And you will conclude, as I did: We may cheat ourselves; we cannot cheat death. We may compel, for a time, our own age; we have no command over the future. How much wiser Moses was—over whose grave no monument arose, whose burial place no man ever knew—than was Khufu, who reared the greatest of all the pyramids—for grave-robbers to despoil it.

With this thought I arose from my revery, for the night was advancing fast. As I walked down toward the waiting camel, I saw a Bedouin prostrate on the desert-sand, performing his night devotion. I knew that his prayer contained the words *Allahu Akbar* (God alone is Great), and I said to myself: "Thou simple Arab art wiser than was the great Khufu of old. Pharaohs crumble into dust. Pyramids and Sphinxes fall into decay. God alone remains. God alone is Great.

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EGYPT—OLD AND NEW.

VI. Along the Nile—Memphis and Sakkara.

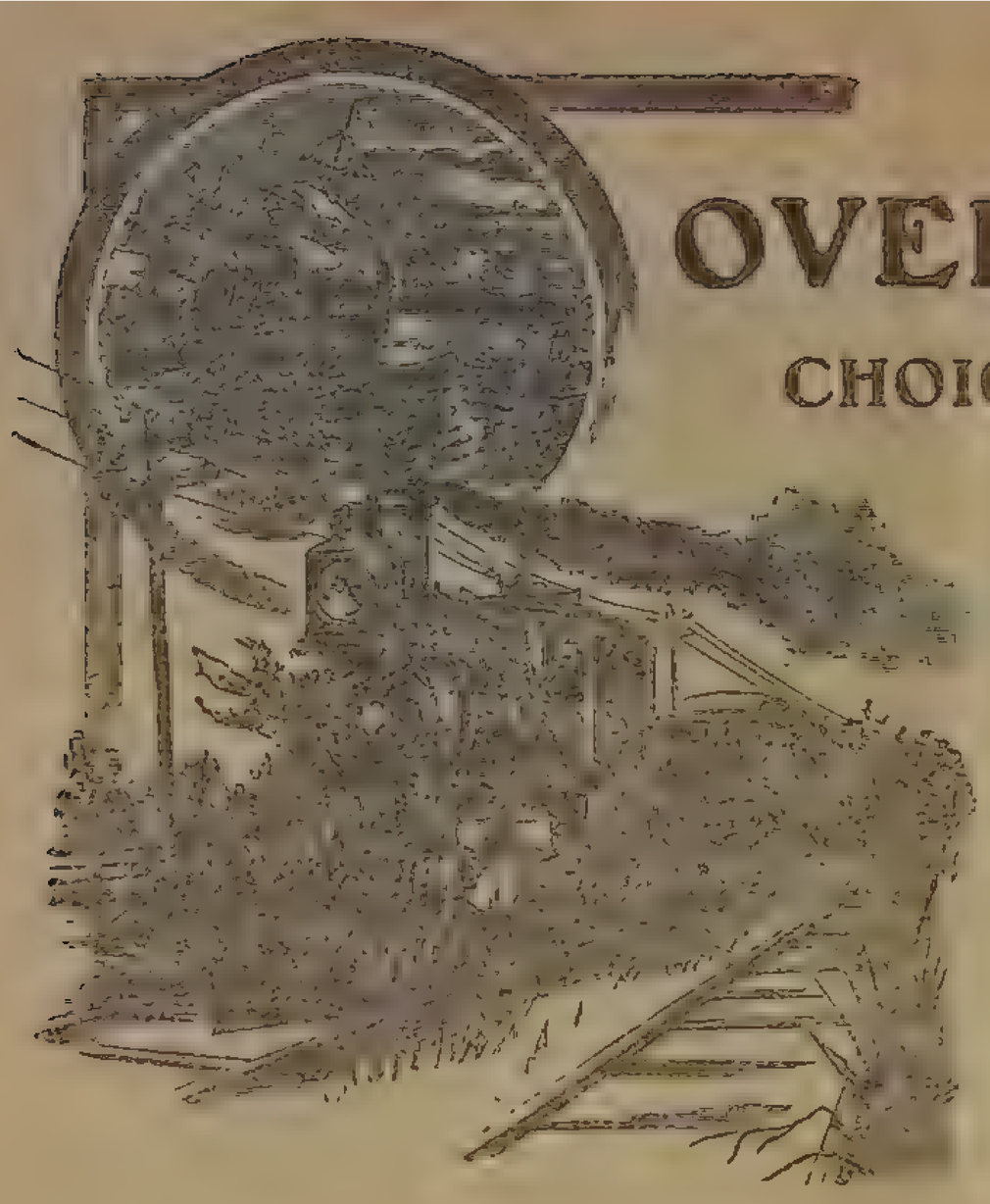
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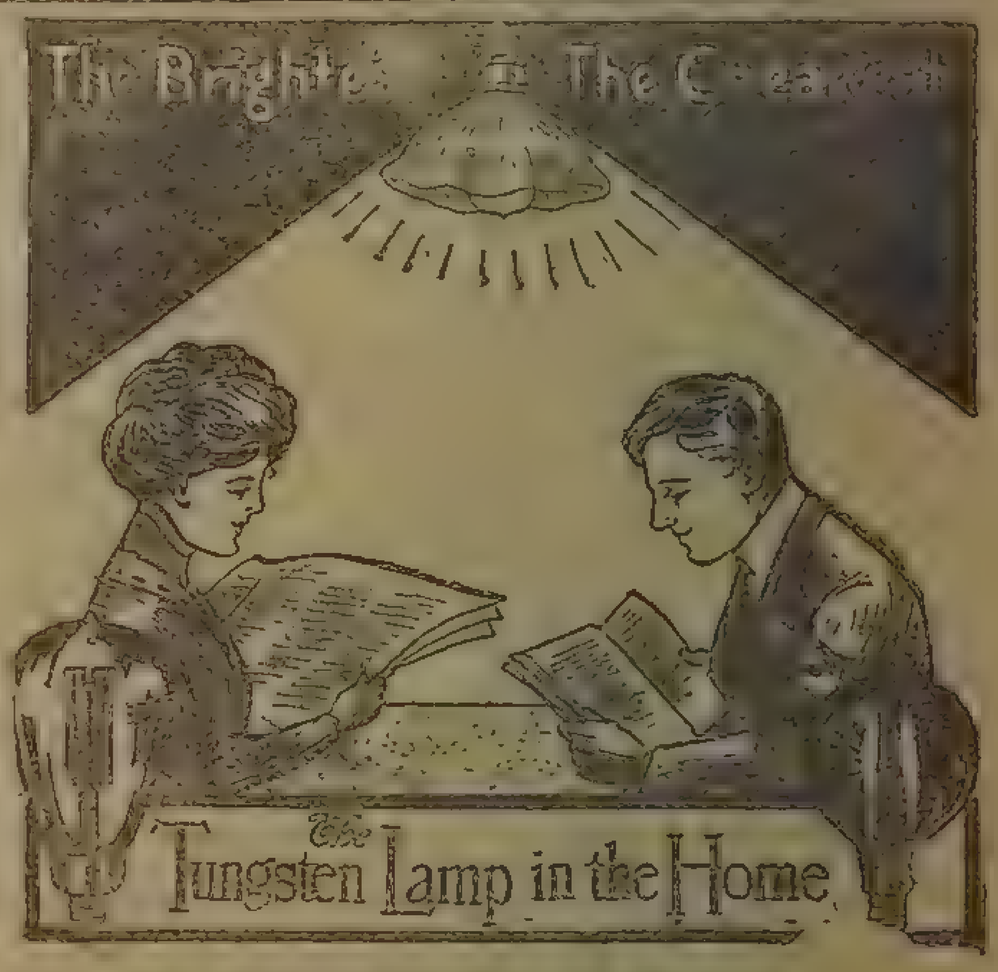
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Egypt—Old and New.

VI. Along the Nile—Memphis and Sakkara.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

by

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 11th, 1915

I have been on some of the great historic rivers of foreign lands, on the Jordan and the Ganges, on the Tiber and the Arno, on the Rhein, Thames and others, but not one of them has impresseed me as has the Nile. A ride upon that river gives strongest proof of the influence which historic associations exercise upon the emotions. But for these associations, the Nile would grow monotonous after a short sail. It possesses little of scenic beauty. Ribbands of cultivated lands, rarely exceeding five miles in width, often no more than one or two miles, border its banks along a distance of about one thousand miles. Where these ribbands of vivid green end, there the yellow sands of the vast desert begin; one may, at times, stand with one foot on cultivated land, and with the other on the desert. But, while the outer eye, after a while, sees only repetition of scene, the inner eye of the student of history and civilization fairly feasts upon the sight of the stream that rocked the cradle of the oldest known civilization, that nursed a race of intellectual giants, at a time when the civilization of other lands was yet unborn or still in its infancy.

Of all rivers, Nile most impressive

Watching the *fellaheen* at work along the banks, some almost within the shadow of the pyramids, others, farther up the river, within sight of gigantic ruins of temples and palaces, one cannot but wonder what their opinion is of the former glory of their people, whether they are at all conscious of their distinction of being descendants of so noble an ancestry. It

Difficult to trace distinguished ancestry among villagers along Nile

is their present-day seemingly arrested development that prompts such wondering. It would require a powerful imagination to be able to read in the faces of the villagers along the Nile ability to design the temple of Luxor, the mighty columns of Karnak, the exquisite palace of Philae, or to chisel the avenues of sphinxes at Thebes, or the collossi of Memnon, or to make the intricate mathematical calculations manifest in the construction of the pyramids. The terrible wars, that raged almost ceaselessly along the Nile during thousands of years, laid into ruin the glory of ancient Egypt, and cast their baneful spell also upon the mentality of modern Egyptians.

Whether their work be sowing or reaping, thrashing or irrigating, their manner of doing it is always primitive.

Their agriculture primitive.

Their agricultural implements are the crudest. Their plows, instead of turning over the soil, merely scratch the surface. Their thrashing is done by means of cattle trampling upon the scattered sheaves, and dragging behind them stone-freighted sleds.

Most interesting of all, even if primitive, is their manner of irrigating their fields, when the Nile is low. When lifting water from a well, they place over its mouth a *sakiyeh*, a contrivance consisting of a heavy, wooden horizontal wheel, from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, supported on a pole that reaches to the bottom. Teeth or cogs on the underside of this wheel catch between the teeth or cogs of a vertical wheel, which, after the manner of a link-belt or dredging machine, lifts a revolving chain of skin or earthen-ware buckets, that fill themselves at the bottom, and empty themselves into a trench on top, which trench scatters the water, through intersecting channels, over the field. The wheels are kept in motion by a buffalo or camel, which keeps going round and round, for hours at a time, blindfolded, that it may not go mad. The driver, usually a little boy, sits upon the wheel, and passes his time between swearing at the animal and accompanying the squeaking of the wheels with a chant. This squeaking, which is heard day and night along the Nile, and which a little oil or grease could easily overcome, is tolerated by the owner of the *sakiyeh*, that it may serve him as an ear-watch

Irrigation by means of the *sakiyeh*.

on boy or animal; when the well does not squeak, the boy and animal are asleep.

A much more frequent sight is irrigation by means of the *shadouf*, of which many hundreds may be seen in a single day along the slanting banks of the Nile. A post is driven into the bank. A crossbeam, placed on top, its shorter end weighted with a lump of dried mud, the longer end lifting a long, slender pole, with a skin-bucket at its end, moves up and down on a fulcrum. One operator pulls down the bucket end and fills it; another operator pulls down the weighted end, thereby lifting the filled bucket, which is emptied into a trench. If the Nile is too low for one lifting to reach the cultivated field, the bucket is emptied into an improvised pool half way up or lower, whence the water is lifted by another *shadouf* and another set of operators to where it is needed. When the Nile is very low, three or four of such *shadoufs* may be seen in operation, one above the other, before the water can be brought to the cultivated fields. The work, being done all day long, under the broiling sun, necessitates the operators to dispense with all clothing, excepting the barest loin-cloth. The regularity and agility with which they work make them seem, at a distance, more like dark-bronze machines than human beings. That they are in good spirits, notwithstanding the heat and incessant stooping and lifting, may be judged from their frequent, antiphonal songs and chants. Six men, working all day long, from sunrise to sunset, irrigate about two acres of land; a *sakiyeh* irrigates about twelve acres in that space of time, the installing of the latter, however, costs, besides the price of the animal, some $150, an unattainable sum for most of the *fellaheen*. Sculptures on some of the ancient tombs and temples show that the *shadouf* mode of irrigation was in use many thousand years ago.

And by means of the *shadouf*.

Due to the annual inundations, the soil along the Nile is very fertile. Two or three crops a year from the same field is the regular harvest; some garner as many as five crops. The principal products are the staple cereals, leguminous plants, and fodder; cotton, hemp and poppies for the manufacture of opium; oil-plants, spices, sugar-cane, and vegetables of all kinds. A time there was

Their crops

when the *fellaheen* had to be whipped into planting cotton; to-day it is one of their most profitable products, and one of the most valued in the cotton market. Though Egyptian cigarettes are widely advertised, no tobacco is raised in Egypt. Cigarettes are made there, but the tobacco hails from Turkey. Shade-tree growing, which the ancient Egyptians wholly neglected, is becoming more and more popular in the land. Varieties of the acacia and eucalyptus, poinciana and sycamore, are frequently seen on the roadsides. The date palm is still the chief of all the fruit-trees, and is met with almost at every turn. Formerly, a small tax was collected of each of them, and as some 6,000,000 of them grow in the land, the government's income from this source was not inconsiderable. Besides the fruit, every part of a palm-tree is serviceable: rafters are made of its trunk; crates are made of the ribs of its leaves, which are often from 15 to 20 feet long; the smaller leaves are turned into baskets. Orange and pomegranate trees are met with occasionally. Several kinds of melons are grown. The grape-vine thrives especially, and, judging from the ancient sculptures, is one of the oldest products in the land. Roses are plentiful in private gardens. Wild flowers are rare; the land is too limited in area, and too valuable, to admit of such luxury. All hands seem to be busy in the fields, all day long, those of the venerable grandfather as much as those of the toddling youngster. It cannot be said of the *fellaheen* whom I have seen along the Nile, that many of them eat the bread of idleness.

The "Donkey Express"

It was at the town of Badrashein that we stopped for the purpose of proceeding thence, by way of the "Donkey Express," a distance of some seven miles to the site of ancient Memphis, the Collossi of Rameses, the Step-Pyramid, the Necropolis of Sakkara, the Serapeum, the Tombs of Ti and Ptahhotep, all of which were on our program for that day.

The Arab boys with their little donkeys were on hand, and each cried up his own virtues and those of his animal, in the customary loud and excited manner, and at the expense of the other boys and other donkeys. The animal of my selection bore the proud name of "Bismark," and the title the driver conferred upon me was Baron. His age was

sixteen, and he started early plaguing me for backsheesh, claiming that he had a wife and child depending on him for support, that the price paid for the use of the donkey goes to its owner, and does not include the service of the driver. The name of the donkey of one of my fellow tourists was "George Washington;" of another, "Yankee Doodle;" of a third, "Automobile;" of a fourth, "Whiskey and Soda."

Away we trotted, with the donkey boys scampering in the rear, one or the other of the animals stopping now and then to give vent to one of those long and loud and pitiful brays, one never hears outside of Egypt and Palestine, that seems intended as an expression of that animal's state of feeling because of all the slanders and outrages which man has heaped upon its species. Some of these creatures seem even slyly heterodox, for I observed, on a number of occasions, that no sooner did the muezzin's prayer-call resound than they commenced their deafening brays, and completely drowned the melodious notes of the pious man on the lofty minaret. Some of the ladies of our party were inexperienced donkey-riders, and their appearance upon those little creatures, which, like all of their race, have a mind and a way of their own, can better be imagined than described. It may be possible that the donkeys were as much scared at the "get up" of some of the riders as the riders were scared at the "kick up" of some of the donkeys.

The town through which we passed had nothing to brag of in the way of beauty. Its houses are, for the most part, hovels, built of sun-dried bricks, daubed with mud, generally one story high, and windowless. A hole, near the top, admits light and air. A few boxes and a few pots and pans, a rush-mat for sleeping, at one corner, a few stones at another corner on which fire is built, constitute all its furnishing. No matter how much in ruins a house may be, it is never repaired, if one of the family ever died therein. It frequently happens that a person about to die is moved outside of the house, that the right of its repair may not be lost. Very young children dispense with clothes altogether; those a little older, nearly so. The eye-lids of the little ones, generally sore, are nearly always covered with flies, which torment is borne stoically. Hence, the dreadful

Village life

eye-diseases and blindness in that country, largely due to infection, and the necessity for tourists to carry fly-whisks with them throughout Egypt, and to keep them in constant use. Elder children are frequently seen in the middle of the road gathering animal dung, which is carefully dried at home, and used as fuel, since, owing to absence of forests, wood is very scarce and very dear. All, big and little, beg for backsheesh. Even children in arms are taught to hold out their little hands for coppers. They are very liberal with blessings when their entreaty is granted, and equally liberal with curses when denied. In thanks for a few coppers, which I gave to a hobling, toothless, old granny, she prayed, so my dragoman interpreted her words, that Allah may bless me with a son.

Gradually, as we proceeded, mounds of rubbish and broken pottery, ruins of sun-dried brick buildings, and fragments of granite blocks, began to make their appearance.

Memphis now

We were getting back to the Egypt of the ancients. We were nearing the site of Memphis, the oldest historic city of the world. Passing through the village of Mit-Rahineh, we entered a large and magnificent palm-grove. Dismounting under the trees, we were told that we were in Memphis. Our dragoman had to repeat that statement a number of times, before I could trust my ears. I saw an abundance of tall and graceful palms, and no end of desert beyond the grove, but no trace of a one-time city did I behold.

Not even the farthest stretch of imagination could associate that grove with what I had read of Memphis of old, the city that boasted of a circumference of nineteen miles, of proud temples and palaces, the city that was filled to overflowing with people; the city whose streets and markets teemed with the trade of two continents; the city where Abraham sojourned for a time, where Joseph ruled as Prime-Minister, where Jacob was received by the Pharaoh, where Moses probably spent his childhood and youth; the city spoken of in the books of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea. Of all that one-time greatness and glory and power, nothing is left but a couple of ruined statues, a sphinx, and a few fragments more. But for its Necropolis, its cemetery, several miles to the westward, of which but a small part has been dug out of the sand, no one would ever have suspected

Memphis then

that the peaceful site, now covered with palms, was the bustling metropolis of the ancient Pharaohs.

It was at Memphis, 6500 years ago, where Mena, the first historic ruler of Egypt, established the first historic capital, which he dedicated to the god Ptah, the Vulcan of the Egyptian Pantheon, and to whom he erected a proud temple. Later, there was established there the cult of the worship of the *Apis*, the sacred bull. There was an earlier civilization, and probably a number of earlier capitals, but the records of them have, for the most part, either been destroyed by enemies or by inundations of the Nile, or they still lie buried under the drifts of the desert sands. Fortunately for Memphis, some of its records were brought to light when parts of the near-by necropolis were exhumed, and other of its records were transmitted to us through the ancient Greeks.

Was the oldest of historic cities

While the capital was later changed to other places, Memphis continued as a flourishing city as late as the time of Alexander, the Great, notwithstanding its overthrow, two centuries earlier, by the Persian emperor, Cambyses. It was a city of considerable size even as late as the time of Augustus, when it still boasted of a number of stately temples. With the advent of Christianity to power, these were laid in ruins, the iconoclasts of those days being determined to destroy paganism, root and all. Even this, Memphis survived, as well as its conquest by the Mohammedans. As late as the 12th century of our era, travellers speak of it with admiration, declare its ruins to be more beautiful than the unimpaired workmanship of other lands. From that time, its decline and fall progressed rapidly. Cairo, the growing new capital near-by, availed itself of the ancient capital's vast storehouses of building material, ready for immediate use. When, to-day, you look upon the new capital, you see half of the old. What escaped the builders of Cairo, passed under the drift-sand of the desert. Finally, a palm-grove spread itself mercifully as a grave cloth over the entombed remnant of the first historic capital of the land.

Its decline and fall

Two colossal portrait statues of Rameses II, the one-time mightiest of all the Egyptian Pharaohs, that have been dis-

The prostrate statue of Rameses II.

covered within that grove, and the manner of their discovery, and their condition when discovered, tend to make the sad fate of Memphis all the more pathetic, tend to make all the clearer the loss art and architecture have sustained by its destruction and entombment. The first of these was brought to light in 1888. Its feet were broken off above the ankles when it fell, and its crown was knocked off its head. Considering whom it represents, it was indeed a humiliating fall, yet a fall that preserved it for posterity, for, had it continued standing, it might not have escaped the destructive hand of Christian and Mohammedan iconoclasts. Found buried in Nile mud, it was brought to its present place to be beyond the reach of the inundations, was cleaned, and so mounted that the inscription and sculpturing upon it may be easily seen and read. Its length is 26 feet; near its head stands its crown, which adds another 6½ feet to its size. It is hewn in rose-colored granite, upon which there are indications that it may have been painted and gilded. On its shoulders, breast, girdle and bracelets are the cartouches bearing his name. On the right side of the left leg a small, male figure is sculptured, presumably that of his son; on the left side is a very beautifully executed portrait of a daughter, whose names and titles are given, the very Bent Anat, who is believed to have been the savior of Moses. And this is the statue of the Pharaoh who ordered the drowning of the male children of the Israelites, who forced our Egyptian ancestors to slave, as Egyptologists believe, on some of the buildings that now lie in ruins beneath where the ruined statue lies. Verily, we may exclaim: "How have the mighty fallen!" And we shall exclaim it yet more when, in our next discourse, we shall hear of the fate that befell his real body in Thebes, the city of its interment.

The raised statue of Rameses II

At a little distance from this portrait-statue is another one, of the same Pharaoh, of yet larger size, measuring 44 ft. in length, weighing 100 tons, hewn of the finest grade of hard limestone. Like the other, it is a ruin, its legs being broken off below the knees, the missing parts having probably been hacked off and converted into lime by some *fellah*. It was found in the midst of a palm-grove, with its face downward. Some of those who

first saw it ran from it, suspecting it to be a crocodile. The Nile inundations kept depositing upon it annually layers of mud, beneath which it was almost buried out of sight. It was not till about one quarter of a century ago that it was turned, cleansed and raised. A mud hut has been built for its protection, and wooden stairs lead to a platform, whence a better view of the statue is obtained. As in the other statue, cartouches on shoulder, breast, and bracelet bear the name of Rameses II. Art critics declare it equal in artistic workmanship to the best of Grecian sculpture. Its features are exquisitely chiselled; the face has a benign expression. The records show that both these statues stood at the entrance of the great temple of Memphis.

Remounting our donkeys, we set out for the desert of Sakkara, after passing through about a mile or two of richly cultivated fields. Once we struck the desert, the road led over an undulating surface, now over gravel or light sand, bared by the desert wind, now through deep sand drifts, that made progress slow. Large beetles, the sacred scarab of the ancient Egyptians, crawled about so lively and in such large numbers, that one could not but wonder whether the heat had not brought upon him an attack of *delirium tremens*. We were in the midst of probably the oldest and largest cemeteries in the world. In that desert were entombed, during more than five thousand years, the dead of Memphis and of other parts of Egypt, some 500,000,000 of them, it has been estimated. The desert was Egypt's general burial place; its cultivable land was too limited in area for any of it to be spared for cemetery purposes.

Oldest and largest cemetery in the world

Pyramids and *mastabas* (mausoleums), in which kings and other illustrious personages were buried, abound in every direction, the most noteworthy being the *Step-Pyramid*, so named because it rises to a height of 200 feet, in six different terraces, each smaller than the preceding one, resembling a series of steps, each side of the lowest having a length of about 400 feet. Its interior is said to be remarkable, but owing to a fall of its masonry, entrance at the present time is impossible. Owing to the crumbling of the rock of which it is built, its ascent is difficult and dangerous. It was the first of all the pyramids, and it looks

The Step-Pyramid

its age. Some Egyptologists believe it to be the oldest existing building in the world.

The accidental sight of a head of a sphinx peeping through the sand, laid bare by a desert wind, led to explorations being made in the region of Sakkara, that resulted in most remarkable and valuable discoveries, that of the *Tombs of Ti* and *Ptah-hotep*, and the *Serapeum* (the Apis Tombs).

The Tomb of Ti.

To speak of but one of these tombs, that of Ti, had I come across, in one of the tombs of ancient Greece, sculptures as wonderful as those contained in that tomb, I would have marvelled at their exquisite design and finish, and exhausted my vocabulary of admiration. But seeing them in an underground Egyptian desert-chamber, within a sand cave, as it were, and remembering that they were 2500 years older than the masterpieces of Grecian art, that they antedate our age by 5000 years, I was fairly speechless with surprise and wonder.

Ti, who was sepulchered in this tomb, was a High Priest, and a counsellor of one of the Pharaohs, apparently a man of wealth and consequence. His mummy is stored in a subterranean chamber. The halls above, according to ancient Egyptian custom, were intended for the entertainment of the *Ka*, a sort of an invisible double, which, they believed, hovered about the body of the dead during its soul's transmigrations, that was capable of listening to the divine services which were held there, of partaking of refreshments and nourishment which were freely offered, and of being entertained.

For this latter purpose, all kinds of scenes, in which the departed had been interested, were painted or sculptured on the walls of the sepulchral halls. Those on the wall of Ti's tomb are sculptured on large limestone slabs, in low relief, delicately executed, and exquisitely painted. From these reliefs alone a book might be written on the life of the ancient Egyptians. Scenes of official, agricultural, industrial, domestic, sporting, life are depicted there with a freedom and naturalness, that keep one in a constant state of wonderment. You see there the ancient manner of sowing and

reaping, of thrashing and winnowing. You see the farmer bringing cattle to market, the butcher slaughtering it, the cooks preparing the meal. You see feeding of cranes, and fattening of geese. You see every detail of ship-building and carpentry work, and recognize among their tools the adze and axe and chisel of to-day. You see the ship sailing forth, looking like the Nile ship of to-day, engaging in fishing and in the more exciting sport of trapping birds, or hunting the crocodile or hippopotamus. Even the humorous is not wanting. Here is a man who has imbibed a little too freely; there a dwarf is leading an ape; yonder a donkey is giving an exhibition of a fit of obstinacy. You see a procession of 36 women, each different from the other, their long hair hanging over their shoulder, each wearing a single, white, semi-transparent garment reaching to the ankles, supported by a strap over the shoulder. Their anklets and bracelets and necklaces show that even in those early days the fair sex was fond of jewelry. The loaded baskets on their heads and the gifts in their hands show that they are bring offerings to the lord of the estate.

We fain would linger among these fascinating scenes, but time is hastening, and we have yet to catch a glimpse of the *Serapeum*, the Apis Tombs. Of all the strange sights in Egypt, this, to me, was the strangest. Fresh from the beautiful sculptures of the Ti Tomb, and from the dazzling desert light, crawling, through the low passageway in the sand, into a vast subterranean corridor, cut into the solid rock, dark as night, artificially lighted, seeing there twenty monster coffins of black, highly polished granite, each 15 feet long and 10 feet wide, each, at one time, the sarcophagus of a bull, each bull, at one time, mummified and wrapped in cloth of gold and decked with other treasures—the contrast made me feel, for a time, as if I had suddenly been transferred to Darkest Africa. As pleasing as the other tomb was, so revolting was this. Within vaulted chambers, likewise hewn into the solid rock, to the right and left of this bull-catacomb, one of many within this cave structure, stand these gigantic sarcophagi,

The Apis Mausoleum.

each a solid cube of granite, hollowed out to the size of the bull, the lids of the same material standing beside them, all but one empty now, all but one victims of tomb-robbers.

And these bulls were worshipped during their lives in a special temple at Memphis, and were housed in a special palace close by. They slept on mats of down, were fed on broth of wheat, milk and honey-cake, and, not to suffer from loneliness, stalls of the choicest cows of the land were kept near. Even their mothers were venerated. As much as $100,000 was expended on the funeral procession of each.

And thousands of human beings, captives, prisoners of war, and others, among these some of our ancestors, were driven by cruel taskmasters to build temples and palaces for such as these, to cut vast caverns into the solid rock, to hollow out immense blocks of granite, to hew them out in the distant quarries, and transport them to their final resting places.

Who can picture the agonies the unfortunates endured, the tears they wept, the imprecations such insensate slave labor as this pressed from their lips? Who can wonder at the ultimate downfall of a nation, which, though marvelously gifted, wondrously advanced in art, industry and trade, could debase itself by a form of worship as low as that of the Apis.

Verily, the cry of the unfortunates was heard. The prophet Jeremiah's prediction came to pass: Memphis did become utterly waste, a city without an inhabitant. (Jeremiah XLVI, 19.)

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BY

Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

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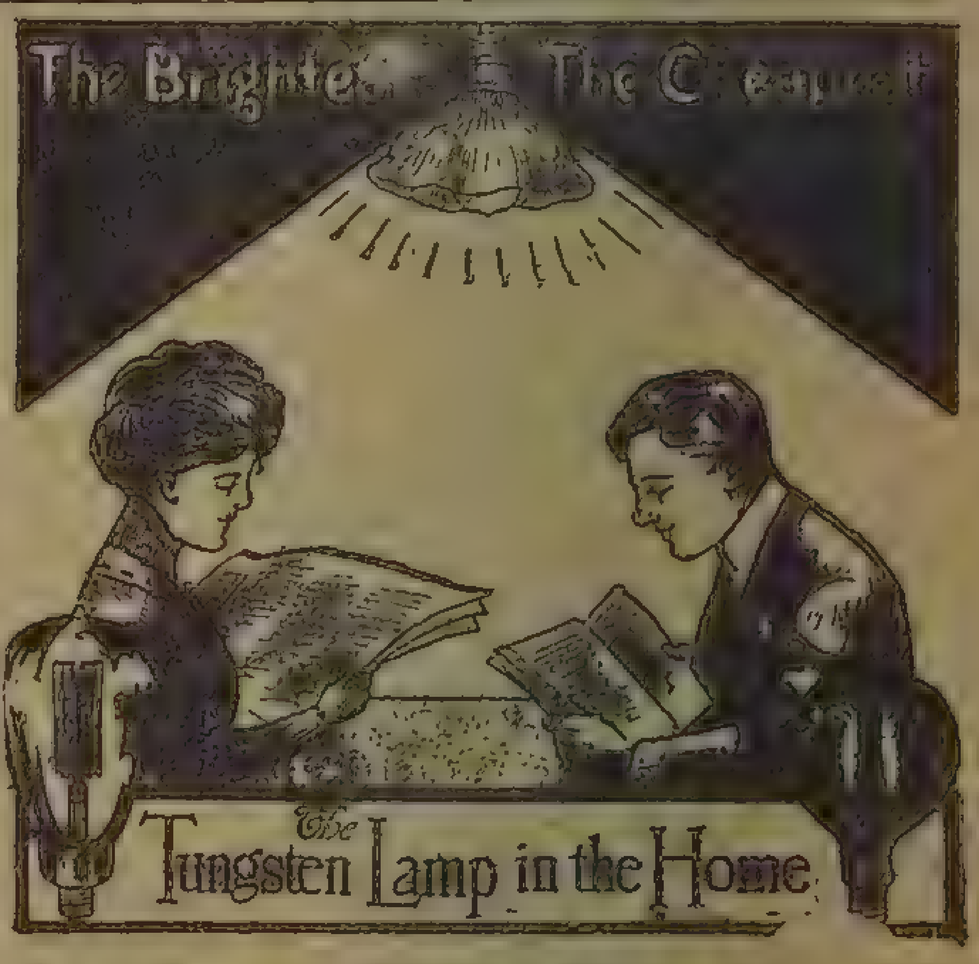
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Egypt—Old and New.

VII. Thebes—Its Temples and Tombs.—I.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 18th, 1915

See this town or that town before you die, is a favorite saying respecting a number of celebrated places. "*See ancient Thebes and live*" may deserve to become a saying as popular as the others. If life have had no interest before, it is likely to have one after you have wandered through the ruins of the Temples and Tombs of ancient Thebes, now better known as Luxor and Karnak. Even but of a superficial view of them will give you a hundred riddles to unriddle, a hundred mysteries to solve. No matter how much you have travelled and how much you have seen, you will see there what you have never seen before, and what you cannot see elsewhere. No matter how profound your education has been, you will become painfully conscious of ignorance; when in the presence of all the knowledge locked up there in speechless stone, you will long, as you have never longed before, for teachers or books to aid you in giving answer to the many scores of questions that there press upon you on all sides.

See Thebes and live

There are no buildings of modern construction that dwarf the beholder of them, physically and mentally, as do the titanic ruins of ancient Thebes. As the spies whom Moses sent to Canaan likened themselves to grasshoppers, in comparison with the giants of that country, so does one feel himself a pigmy compared with those whose minds conceived and whose hands executed the glories of that "hundred-gated city," of which Homer sang, three thousand years ago.

See Thebes and learn

It is in Thebes where you are apt to be impressed with an awe of the achievements of remote antiquity, as you have never been impressed before. It is there where such words as "antiquity," "size," "height," "weight," "massiveness," now in use, have little meaning; where a new vocabulary is needed to convey to those at home some faint conception of the ancient, the gigantic, the colossal, the titanic, in art; where, probably for the first time in your life, you appreciate the possibilities of architecture and its supremacy over all the other arts, when its possibility is realized. It is there where you are apt to perceive, better than in any other place of the world, the unbounded tribute which religion, at one time, commanded at the hand of man, and where you are apt to wonder how that power was acquired, and how it was lost. It is there where you are made to see and feel that there is grandeur and beauty even in the ruins of things at one time great and glorious.

You must not expect me to tell you wherein the grandeur of these collosal ruins lies. It cannot be done, at least not by one of my limited knowledge and power. It cannot be done even by those who have made the subject their life's study, even by Egyptologists as eminent as Champollion, the chief discoverer of the art of reading the hieroglyphics, who, writing of the wonders of Karnak, said, among other things of like import: "If my expressions were to convey but a thousandth part of what I felt, a thousandth part of all that might with truth be said of such objects, if I succeeded in tracing but a faint sketch in the dimmest colors of the marvels of Karnak, I would be taken for an enthusiast or a madman."

Its glory cannot be told

No, I expect to do no more than create, through a mere outline sketch of the wonders of ancient Thebes, a desire to see them for yourself, or, if that be impossible, to turn for the larger and fuller knowledge to some of the vast amount of literature on these Egyptian marvels that has been published, and to the very many excellent photographs and prints of them that are easily accessible.

Must be seen or studied

Before proceeding, it will probably be well to have some knowledge as to where Thebes was located, why the capital

was transferred from northern to southern Egypt, under what dynasties it rose to its highest power, when its decline commenced and its ultimate fall ensued.

How Thebes became capital

The city of Thebes, now represented by four villages, of which Luxor and Karnak are the chief, occupied an area of some nine miles, on both sides of the Nile, some 450 miles south of Cairo. A better location for a capital could probably not have been found, for the lands along both banks are exceedingly fertile. The Arabian and Libyan mountain ranges, which accompany the Nile almost all of its way, and sometimes very close to its banks, recede in the neighborhood of Thebes for miles to the east and to the west, and make room for an extensive and well-drained and watered valley. Excavations that have been made indicate that Thebes must have been a city of importance in prehistoric times. Later, it became the chief city of one of the many kingdoms of that country. Still later, it became, by conquests, the capital of the united kingdoms of upper Egypt, with Memphis, the capital of united lower Egypt, for its rival. When the latter capital was conquered by the *Hyksos*, the Syrian invaders, Thebes continued as a capital, though tributary to the semitic conqueror. Finally, one of its Pharaohs succeeded in expelling the invader, in uniting all Egypt into one empire, with Thebes for its capital. Into that city he and his successors poured vast spoils and booties, gotten by conquest of other lands, and enormous tributes exacted from the conquered nations. This stupendous treasure made possible an amount of wealth, of luxury, of art and architecture, unknown before even in that country, famed from its remotest antiquity for its gigantic building enterprises. And all this happened at a time when America had still 3000 years to wait for its discovery, at a time when Europe still lay buried in its primeval forests, and had yet a thousand years to wait for Greece to arise and say: Let sword and pen and chisel blazon a path for us out of the darkness into the light.

This era constituted the Golden Age of Egypt, covered the celebrated XVIII, XIX and XX dynasties—the dynasties that were coeval with the enslavement of Israel, and their liberation from the cruel bondage of

Its Golden Age

the Egyptians. And of the house of the *Rameses*, that contributed the most illustrious of the Pharaohs of that era, the greatest builder of all of them, was Rameses II, better known as Rameses the Great.

When he was but a lad of twelve years, his father associated him with himself as co-ruler of Egypt. In all, Rameses II ruled sixty seven years. Commanding during that long reign autocratic power and unlimited wealth, he surrendered himself to building enterprises to a degree that gradually degenerated from love to passion, and from passion to madness. Thers was scarcely a city in Egypt in which he did not rear a mighty temple, in front of which, or in whose interior, he did not raise one or more portrait-statues of himself, to which he required divine honors to be paid. Some of these statues were colossal in size, most of them of hardest granite, one of them, now shattered, measuring 75 feet in height, and weighing nearly 900 tons. Half of the present ruins of Egypt are of his rearing. To gratify his lust of building, he would frequently pull down an earlier temple, for the satisfaction of putting one of his own erection in its place. Or, to please his vanity, he would tear down a work of art, upon the walls of which the record of another Pharaoh's achievement had been graven, and then rebuild it with the same stones turned about, so that he might sculpture upon them bombastic stories of his own exploits. Where this was not possible or practical, he did not scruple at removing the name from a building which an ancestor of his had reared, and, by replacing it by his own name, exact from posterity credit for other men's achievements, at the same time, entreating posterity, in his carvings, not to treat his buildings in a like manner. It is evident the world had yet 1300 years to wait for Rabbi Hillel to come and teach: "Do not unto another what thou wouldst not have another do unto thee."

Under Rameses, the Great

There was probably never a monarch who was as vainglorious as Rameses II, never one as much self-advertised. Not content with architects and sculptors immortalizing his name, he employed the poet Pentaur, first of the world's poet-laureates, the Homer of the Nile, to tell of his conquest of the Hittites, which account he caused to be graven on the walls of temples and gate-towers, and to be transcribed and preserved on papyrus

scrolls. We little wonder that this poet won the prize in the contest with other poets, when we read the bombastic words which he puts into the mouth of the royal hero, when we read of Rameses II telling how he, all alone, rushed upon the enemy with all the fury of a god, how he slew thousands with his right hand, and other thousands with his left, how the enemy fled before him, like the foam before the storm.

Its decline and fall

Most of the wars of Rameses, the Great, were nothing but man-hunts, campaigns gotten up for the sole purpose of dragging into Egypt hundreds of thousands of captives, where they were forced to slave in the quarries, to hew out the subterranean tombs of the Pharaohs, to rear mighty temples, palaces and colossi. As might have been expected, the Golden Age, that had endured full 500 years, had become too tear-soaked and labor-cursed and tax-oppressed to endure. Like unto the similar experience in Palestinian lands, 500 years later, in the days of Solomon and his son, the decline set in in the reign of the successors of Rameses II, slow at first, but gradually fast and faster, till, in the end, the whole nation and all its glories tumbled into ruin.

Thebes having been consecrated to the god Ammon, from times immemorial, it was but natural that that god should have received foremost attention on the part of the royal builders, more especially as, owing to the victories, which had been credited to his influence, he had been raised to the rank of chief of all gods, the *Ammon-Ra*. From quite an early period, there was located at Thebes the greatest and richest of all temples, and largest and most powerful of all priesthoods in the land. Two-thirds of the vast estates, that were parcelled out among the different priesthoods, were claimed by the Theban temple of Ammon; so likewise three-fourths of all the booties of war that fell to the share of the temples, and of the prisoners of war that were set aside to be distributed among the temples for slave labor. These facts help to explain not only the extraordinary wealth which the Theban temple of Ammon possessed, but also the extraordinary power it wielded, an ecclesiastical power which, in subsequent dynasties, raised its High Priests to the throne of the Pharaohs, and contributed not a little toward the ultimate decline and fall of the greatness and glory of ancient Egypt.

There was, however, no thought of the possibility of such a fate in the height of Egypt's Golden Age, whose Pharaohs from Thutmosis I. to Rameses III., a period of three and a half centuries, aimed at nothing less than making Thebes and its temple the greatest and most glorious city and sanctuary in the world, an ambition shared by their successors, down to the age of the Ptolemies, down to the third century before the commencement of the common era.

Builders of Karnak Temple.

The temple of Ammon was 500 years old, and a comparatively modest building, when the founder of the XVIII dynasty 1540–1501 B. C. enlarged it by the addition of courts and colonnades, which he ornamented with obelisks and statues and sculptured walls, and in the front and rear of which he erected two great pylons (gate-towers). Succeeding Pharaohs of that dynasty followed the example of its founder, and added hall upon hall, and court upon court, and shrine upon shrine, not only for the worship of Ammon but also of the other two gods of the Theban Trinity, the goddess *Mut*, the consort of *Ammon-Ra*, and their son *Khonsu*.

But, great as was their contribution to that wonder of the world, it was as nothing compared with that of the XIX dynasty, 1315–1200 B. C., notably of Sethos I and his son Rameses II, who reared, among other additions, the gigantic Hypostyle, the world-famed Hall of Columns, the greatest architectural triumph of all the ages. Yet other succeeding Pharaohs built still other temples within that sacred area, and still other courts and halls and colonnades and obelisks and avenues of sphinxes, and pylons, one of the latter being the greatest of them all: 370 feet wide, 49 feet thick, 142 feet high. When the sanctuary was finally completed, and enclosed by a sculptured wall, 80 feet high and 25 feet thick, it covered an area of 1¾ mile in length, the greatest temple that has ever been reared, a temple so vast that but one of its many halls could easily have held a building twice the size of the *Notre Dame* cathedral of Paris.

The mind of the present day may be able to estimate the enormous cost and the infinite toil this aggregation of temples at Karnak, sixteen in one, must have entailed. It cannot conceive, however, what

Its highest glory

it must have looked like in the days when it stood in the fulness of its glory, when its vast army of priests, gorgeously attired, moved along the courts and colonnades in stately procession, accompanied by the strains of vast orchestras and thousand-voiced choruses, bearing the image of the great ram-headed *Ammon-Ra* on its festival day, in the presence of the mighty Pharaoh and his court, amid the fluttering of the pylon banners, and the prostrations of the awe-struck people. Attempts have been made to restore, in the form of pictorial art, the Hypostyle, the greatest of all halls, with its gigantic columns and their glorious capitals, their delicate carvings and exquisite paintings, and even this mere shadow of the real renders one speechless with wonderment.

Oh, the pity, that after the expenditure of such vast means and labor and brain and art, upon a sanctuary that took nigh unto two thousand years to complete, there should be so little left, and that little, hopeless ruins!

Ruin! Ruin! Ruin! is all that one sees, where-ever one looks in the temple-area of Karnak, ruin caused by the destructive force of earth-quake, and the no less destructive hand of man. Like a wrecked and devastated city it seems, when looked upon from the heights of one of the towering pylon gate-towers. Tumbled and broken lie giant columns; shattered lie one-time colossal statues and heaven-soaring obelisks; crumbled lie pylons that, at one time, barred entrance to whole armies of the enemy. Maimed and half-buried in debris and sand, crouch the ram-headed sphinxes—whole avenues of them. Defaced are most of the hieroglyphic records on miles of walls. Filled with sand almost to their ceilings stand some of the shrines and chapels. Like a huge stone-yard look most of the courts. Stained with the grime of age stand in their fanes, statues of gods, before which the millions once grovelled in the dust. Prone upon the ground, fallen from their pedestals, lie portrait-statues of the Pharaohs, some armless, some legless, some headless, some having neither head nor legs, some face downwards,

its deepest fall

some staring into the sky, as if wondering when help will come from on high.

Wherever we turn, wherever we gaze, desolation stares us in the face. Even that which has escaped the wreck of time, and the destruction of man and cataclysm, even that looks like ruin, because of the ruin that hedges it about. How lonely looks the one remaining, upright obelisk—no longer gold-capped—which queen Hatasu reared, on which she proudly tells, in hieroglyphics that are no longer covered with gold, that it was quarried in distant Assuan, that it was completed in the short time of seven months, that its weight is 1800 tons, its height one hundred and eight feet, the whole a single block of stone, the tallest ever reared; so wonderful that even distant generations shall exclaim: "How wonderful! How was it possible?"

Verily, it is not within the sacred precincts of a temple that we roam, but in a vast archeological museum, one so vast that a mere corner of it would suffice to hold all the other archeological collections of the world.

Upon one of the walls we see graven the poet Pentaur's glorification of the great victory of Rameses II, at Kadesh, and not far away from it we see the sculptured

Biblical record corroborated

illustration of how the fierce battle was fought and won, showing the enemy fleeing in rout, transfixed with arrows, lying crushed under horses' hoofs and chariot wheels, hurled headlong into the stream; captives in chains supplicating mercy, but receiving none. Near it is graven the "Treaty of Peace," which that same monarch made with a prince of the Hittites, the same people of whom Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah, at Hebron. Not far from it is an inscription that thrilled the world when it was first laid bare and interpreted, being no less than an Egyptian corroboration of a Biblical incident, told in the First Book of Kings (XIV, 25-27):

"And it came to pass in the fifth year of Rehoboam, that Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem; and he took away the treasures of the House of the Lord, and the treasure of the King's house; he even took away all, and he took away the shields of gold which Solomon had made."

Not content with a mere word account of this victory, the King (*Shoshenk*, in Egyptian), gives a graphic illustration of it on another wall, representing himself in gigantic proportions. With one hand he brandishes his sword over a number of cowering victims, representing the captured towns of Palestine. These he holds by five cords, gathered in his other hand, each cord encircling a row of thirteen castellated ovals, each oval bearing the name of a captive or of a captured city. The third oval of the third row reads *Judah Melek*, king of Judea, being possibly a portrait-likeness of Rehoboam, the ill-fated son of Solomon. The mercy they received at the king's hands, may be judged by the heaps of right hands and rows of heads, that lie in front of the conqueror.

Wearying of the unending illustrations of battlefields, of processionals and devotional exercises, of communications between the Pharaohs and the gods, with which the walls are fairly abloom, we wend our way to the Hypostyle, to rest our feet awhile, and to escape somewhat the burning Egyptian sun, even while eye and mind drink in the wonders of that hall built 3200 years ago. Like pigmies we feel in that hall that covers ten acres of space; like little ants along side the monster columns look the little Arab boys, who are employed by the excavators to clear away debris and sand.

The Hypostyle

Who has ever seen such columns before? Columns eighty feet high, as high as the Trajan column in Rome, as the Napoleon column in the *Place Vendome*, in Paris; columns thirty-three feet in circumference, requiring the outstretched arms of six men to encircle each; columns ending on top in capitals, that seem more like the calyxes of real lotus flowers than imitations of them in stone, that, from below, seem of ordinary size, yet each measures on top seventy feet around, large enough to furnish standing room to one hundred men; columns which, though they have not their equal in size in all the world, are so masterly shaped, so gradually and gently tapered, so symmetrically proportioned, so exquisitely sculptured and painted, that they

have the appearance of infinite grace and beauty rather than of clumsy bulk and weight. Of such columns there are twelve in the main aisle, and a forest of them, of somewhat lesser size, to the right and left.

The longer one stays in that hall, the deeper enormous size and height and weight and age impress themselves upon his mind, the more difficult he finds it to believe that what he sees is the work of man. A queer fancy steals into his mind. He remembers having read in the opening chapters of the Bible that at the beginning of things, Sons of God came down and wedded daughters of men. May not the wonders of Karnak have been the handiwork of such Sons of God, or of their offspring? The longer he stays within that Hall of Columns, that seeming mansion of yonder spheres, loaned to man for a time but badly used, the longer he gazes and gazes, and thinks and thinks, the more he sees a luminous truth, he never saw before, in what Thomas Hardy says: "There is a size at which dignity begins; further on, there is a size at which grandeur begins; further on, a size at which solemnity begins; further on, a size at which awfulness begins."

Mighty the minds that conceived it; the hands that constructed it.

Mighty is the enduring stone. Mightier was the hand that wrought upon it. Mightiest were the architects who shaped it to their will, who said "Let Karnak Be!" And it was.

Eternal honor to the hands that wrought the wonders of Thebes, to the minds that conceived them!

Eternal shame to them that blazoned their own names upon them, and buried in oblivion the real artificers, the real creators!

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EGYPT—OLD AND NEW.

VIII. Thebes—Its Temples and Tombs.—II.

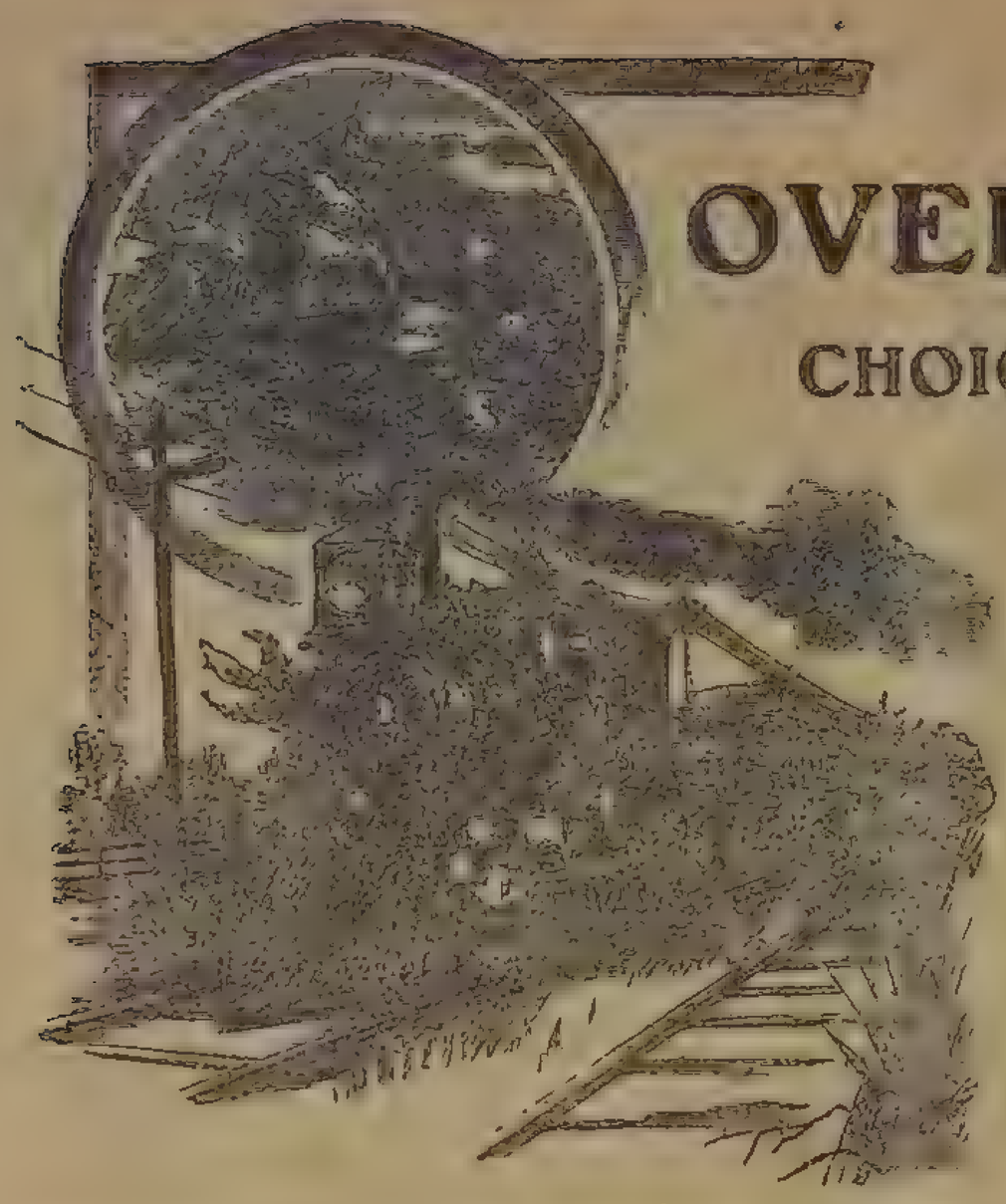
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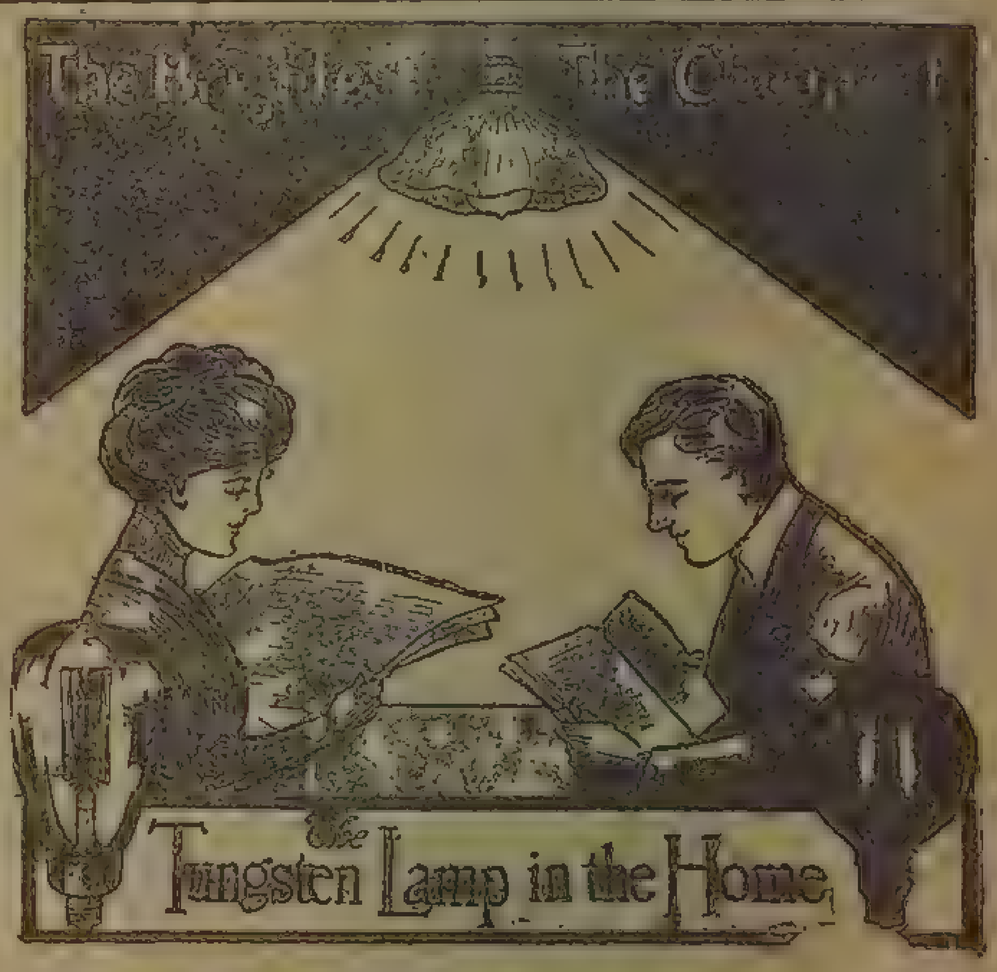
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VIII. Thebes—Its Temples and Tombs.—II.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 25th, 1915.

Whether you reach Luxor by rail or water, you know at once that you have arrived at a tourists' favorite resort. You no sooner get off the Nile boat, or alight from the train, than you are taken possession of by a little army of hotel-men, bus-men, dragomans, interpreters, muleteers, venders of *antiques*—fresh from the "factory of antiquities." The Nile quay, near the leading hotel, has the atmosphere of one of the quays of Lucerne. Mixed with the bronzed and turbaned natives, in their long, blue or white burnouses, you see, wherever you turn, a motley crowd of tourists of all classes—from the royalty, in search of diversion, to ladies and gentlemen of fashion, in search of brilliant matches; from the globe-trotter, in search of new worlds to conquer, to the invalid, in search of lost health or lost interest in life and things; from the archeologist, in search of new discoveries, to the professor or preacher, availing himself of his Sabbatical year for bringing new learning to his classes or congregation.

Arrive at Luxor

If to the knowledge-seeking class you belong, you are filled with a new sensation almost the moment you land, for, at a very short distance from you, there rises high above huts and shops, above houses and hotels, above Nile-boat masts and date-palm groves, a mass of ruins of towering columns, that vie in picturesqueness with that of the most beautiful sight you have ever beheld. A desire to approach them at once seizes upon you, and relinquishes you only when, upon second thought, you conclude that, having stood there some 3300 years, there is little danger

Desire to see ruins at once

of their passing away while you are looking after your baggage and hotel accommodations.

You will not linger indoors long, once your hotel quarters have been satisfactorily arranged, for, there is something in the atmosphere of Egypt that makes keeping outdoors almost irresistible. A mysterious charm hovers over its lands and people; you feel that you cannot afford to lose a moment's time. And you are no sooner outdoors than you realize that Luxor is as beautiful scenically as it is entrancing historically and archeologically. The Nile is at its widest there, having thrust the desert and hills back, for miles, to the east and west. Its placid surface is plowed by native boats, called *feluccas* and *dahabeahs*, both of ancient design, propelled by oars and large sails of right-angled triangle shape, both used by touring parties, being constructed on the model of house-boats. Palm groves silhouette themselves gracefully against the skyline, and camels beneath them, engaged in plowing or irrigating or in being loaded or unloaded, complete a picture worthy of the pencil or brush of a master-painter. Overhead stretches a sky of eternal blue. Not a cloud is in sight anywhere, nor on any day, not a drop of rain descending in that region all the year round. Night reveals a firmament of stellar beauty that has probably uot its equal in all the world. To be able to sit amid the entrancing ruins of Luxor, close to the bank of the Nile, during a sunset hour, or under the mystic light of the Egyptian moon, is alone worth crossing continents and seas. Across the hoary life-giving artery of Egypt, the Nile, at a distance of some three miles, rise pinkish-yellow cliffs, rifted with ever-changing shadows, topped with a large pyramidal peak, which the ancients called "mountain of coffins." Behind these commences the *Valley of the Dead*, sentinelled against the vast desert, at its other edge, some three miles further, by the Lybean hills, that hold concealed within them the tombs of the great Pharaohs of Egypt's Golden Age.

Scenic beauty of Luxor

It was near the sunset hour when I made my way from the ruins of Karnak to those of Luxor, a distance of a mile and a half, along what, at one time, was the *via sacra*, the sacred road, on which the magnificent processions moved, when the god *Ammon-Ra* was conducted,

Via Sacra

in state, from the shrine of the one temple to that of the other. According to diverse accounts, that road surpassed in magnificence every other road in the world, a road that constituted the very heart of "hundred-gated" Thebes, a road that was flanked on both sides with hundreds of ram-headed sphinxes, of which but a few, sadly mutilated ones remain, still bearing between their fore-paws the image of the Pharaoh at whose command they had been sculptured.

It was running considerable risk to pass fresh from the miles of colossal ruins of Karnak to those of Luxor. A short time, however, sufficed to convince me that I had made no mistake. There was less to be seen at the latter place, less of the overpoweringly stupendous, and, therefore, was the lesser the more richly enjoyed. In the main, the architecture of both places is much alike; whatever difference there is, is in size. In Luxor we have one principal temple, with a few later additions of courts and colonnades, of pylons, obelisks and statues; in the other place, we have many main sanctuaries, and around each, many later additions. The length of the sanctuary at Luxor is some 900 feet; that of Karnak is ten times as long.

Luxor not loser by Karnak being seen first

The main temple of Luxor was erected by Amenophis III, about 1400 B. C. Its hypostyle (hall of columns) preceded that of Rameses II at Karnak by two and a half centuries. Though the main columns of the latter are more numerous and more collosal than those of Luxor, they are not more noble in appearance, nor more exquisite in execution, nor more lofty in height. Of the two, the elder Pharaoh was the more artistic. He built for the glory of the gods and for art's sake; the other built for his own glory, for personal aggrandizement. The stately and lofty colonnades and the beautifully proportioned columns, that are the pride and chief sight of Luxor, invite the beholder of them to closer intimacy; the stupendous sizes and bulks and areas of Karnak keep one overawed, and at a distance.

Founding of its temple

But a short time suffices for observing that Rameses II is as much in evidence in this temple as we found him in that of Karnak. Courts and colonnades, obelisks and pylons, reveal his cartouch. Portrait-statues of himself meet us at every turn, all of colossal

Rameses II much in evidence

size, many of them in an excellent state of preservation. Some are of red granite and some of black granite, some are seated on a throne and some standing in front of columns, or at the entrance of temple or pylon; some represent him as a young man, some as a man in the prime of life; some at the side of his wife, the latter in an attitude so humble that, though standing erect, and though carved out of the same block of granite, her head barely reaches the knee of the sitting figure of her lord and master, whose height is forty-five feet, and to which knee her hand is holding, as if in need of its support. The statue of the wife is an exquisite piece of sculpture, and so life-like does it look that, representing as it does, the mother of the princess who saved Moses from a watery grave, one almost hopes she might open her lips, and answer the score of questions we long to ask concerning the early life of the Emancipator of Israel.

As in Karnak so in Luxor, Rameses II avails himself of temple and pylon walls for sculptured commemoration of his military exploits. The illustrated account of his victory over the Hittites and Syrians, which we have seen graven on the Karnak walls, are repeated here, and we meet with them again in temples at other places. Here, however, they have suffered much defacement, owing to the ill use the walls received in the past, at the hands of the townspeople, whose village had grown into the very ruins themselves. This very day, the mosque of Luxor is located on top of a pile of debris, preventing the excavators from bringing to light many archeological treasures which lie buried beneath.

Publishes his exploits

Strange irony of fate! The muezzin's call to prayer from a minaret of a Mohammedan mosque resounding, five times daily, over the ruins of a temple that had been dedicated to the worship of Ammon, 3300 years ago.

Irony of Fate

What form of prayer may resound there 3300 years hence?

And in front of statues of the very Rameses, who consigned the children of Israel to servitude and death, stood I, in contemplation, a descendant of that people, hailing from a part of the occidental world of which the Pharaohs had never as much as dreamed.

What people will ponder on these ruins after another 3300 years shall have passed?

Yet other scenes of absorbing interest are sculptured on those walls. One shows the facade of the temple of Luxor when it stood in its glory. Banners are fluttering from the flag-staffs of its pylon, toward which is approaching a magnificent procession of nobles and priests and people, followed by animals garlanded for sacrifice. Before each of the two gate-towers is seen a colossal sitting-statue of Rameses the Great, and in front of each of these stands an obelisk. One of them still occupies its original place, though the base of it is buried in debris; the other has been removed to the *Place de la Concorde*, Paris. From the front of these obelisks extends the avenue of sphinxes of which I spoke above.

Wall sculpture of ancient Luxor

Another wall gives a sculptured, detailed representation of a great festival, the likeness of which to present-day scenes is astounding. A great procession of well-nigh countless priests and musicians, and emblem-bearing bodies of men, is accompanied, along its sides, by venders of drink and fruit, and by a variety of entertainers. Dancers trip "on the light fantastic toe." Jugglers perform all kinds of tricks. Negro acrobats twist themselves into all sorts of shapes. On the Nile, alongside, is borne the god Ammon, in his golden high-prowed boat, followed by barges carrying images of the other gods and goddesses of the Theban pantheon.

Of Festival scene

To me, however, the most remarkable of all the wall sculptures of the temple of Luxor is the one contained in the room, named the *Birth Chamber of Amenophis III*, located near the one-time sanctuary, picturing the divine birth of the founder of the temple, himself a god.

Of Miraculous Birth

The first scene represents a god announcing to the queen that a son is to be born by her. In the second scene two gods give life, through the mouth of its mother, to the child soon to be born. In the next two scenes, the newly born and divinely begotten child is enthroned, is receiving homage from the gods, behind whom three men are kneeling and offering gifts.

Even this merest outline suffices to show that on the walls of this Egyptian temple, founded 1400 years before the rise of Christianity, you see pictured the original of the gospel story of the miraculous birth of Christ, the divine annunciation and the immaculate conception (Luke I, 26-37), the rejoicing in the heavens at the birth of the divine child, and the offering of gifts to it by the three magi (Luke II).

Christian and Jewish borrowings from ancient Egypt

Deeper study of the religious beliefs and practices of the ancient Egyptians reveals yet other copyings from them in Christology, such as its Trinity, its Mariolatry, its worship of the Cross, and others. The Old Testament, likewise, shows Egyptian influences. What was the Golden Calf episode, shortly after Israel's exodus from Egypt, but a form of that country's *Apis* worship? The Biblical institution of the priesthood, its functions, attire, prerogatives, and sacrificial cult, was largely patterned after that of Egypt. The construction of the Tabernacle was of Egyptian design, and that of the Temple of Solomon came from Egypt, by way of Phoenicia. In one of the battle-pictures on the walls of the Luxor temple, we see the ark of the ram-headed god, *Ammon-Ra*, carried near king Rameses II, to assure him and his army protection and victory. In the First Book of Samuel (IV. 3) we read:

> "And when the people were come into the camp, the elders of Israel said: 'Wherefore hath Jehovah smitten us to-day before the Philistines? Let us fetch the Ark of the Covenant of Jehovah out of Shiloh unto us, that it may come among us, and save us out of the hands of our enemies.' "

On other of the sculptured Egyptian temple-walls, I saw Pharaohs and High Priests, borne along on throne chairs in solemn procession, on the shoulders of nobles and priests, followed by dignitaries and ecclesiastics, accompanied by bearers of censers and fans and emblems, walking to the strains of vocal and instrumental music. Less than three months later, I saw the late Pope of Rome carried to a Consistory of Cardinals, through one of the great halls of the Cathedral of St. Peter, in a manner almost identical with similar kinds of processions pictured on Egyptian temple ruins.

Yet other striking likenesses I saw, and also striking unlikenesses. Of the latter I shall have occasion to speak

in the near future. I shall point out teachings and institutions and prohibitions in the Old Testament, that are diametrically opposite to those practiced in Egypt, and that show, in the clearest manner possible, the emancipation, on the part of Moses, the Reformer, from the abuses and tyrannies and superstitions, that oppressed and debased the ancient Egyptians, and that ultimately effected their downfall.

Mosaic rejection of Egyptian practices

Much as we should like, we cannot stay longer in the old fane of Luxor. There are the tombs of the Pharaohs across the Nile that await our coming. We have just time enough to take a peep of one more hall, the one that was used during the early days of Christianity as a Christian church. Not to have their religious feelings shocked by sculptures representing pagan modes of worship, and finding the labor of defacing them too slow and difficult, the Copts daubed them over with heavy coats of whitewash. But like other white-wash processes, this Coptic coat is likewise pealing off, and Amenophis III, with his gods and goddesses, is again coming into his own.

Inestimable service of excavators

Before leaving for the ruins and tombs on the yonder side of the river, a word must be said in appreciation of the inestimable services that have been rendered to archeological knowledge by the prodigious labors of the excavators. They who knew Thebes a few score years ago, and who see it to-day, speak in unqualified terms of the stupendous work that has been done. One is almost tempted to believe that, next to the original creation of these titanic buildings is the work of restoring what is still restorable. There is some order there to-day, where, but a short time ago, all was chaos. It is not long since a part of the village of Luxor was situated within the ruins. Lady Duff Gordon wrote her "Letters from Egypt" in a house that had been built immediately over the sanctuary of the ancient temple. Only those who have been at Thebes, who have seen the gigantic sizes of the stones, scattered far and wide by earthquakes, may be able to form some conception of the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice and labor it took, to bring together what was scattered, to piece together what was broken, to lift on high what

had fallen low, to make presentable and intelligible what the ravages of time, and the inundations of the Nile, and the fury of fanatics, had marred and maimed.

And their work has but begun. Other and greater revelations will follow. There is no telling to what depths the ruins of ancient Thebes descend. The Pharaohs reared their temples on foundations and on sites of temples older still. Some of these were laid in pre-historic times, possibly as far back as 10,000 years ago.

What will our distant descendants find of our present-day buildings 10,000 years hence?

Crossing the Nile, and proceeding along the western plain, toward the tombs of the Pharaohs, we pass the world-famed *Colossi of Memnon*, creations of human hand, which the ancient Greeks thought worthy of being classed among *The Seven Wonders of the World*. Though in a state of hopeless ruin to-day, so colossal are these two sitting portrait-statues of Pharaoh Amenophis III, the builder of them (the same who built the temple of Luxor), that one wonders whether they are really of human make—whether they are not natural rock-formations, accidentally human-shaped.

The *Colossi of Memnon*

The height of each is nearly 70 feet, each cut from a single block of stone, each estimated to weigh about 700 tons. Its fore-finger measures 4½ ft.; its arm, from tip of finger to elbow, 15½ ft.; its foot, 10½ feet. To the left of one of these stands a statue of the builder's mother, in dimunitive size; to the right, the statue of his wife, of like small stature; a third statue, between the legs, has been destroyed. In front of the colossi stood a pair of obelisks, and in front of these stood two great pylon gate-towers, which were approached from the river by an avenue of jackals, sculptured in stone. Back of the statues stood the king's Mortuary Temple, surrounded by courts and colonnades, ornamented with other great statues. Temple and pylon and obelisk, court and colonnades are gone; nothing is left of them but a few scanty fragments, and these huge statues, so shattered and cracked by earthquakes, and probably also by stone hammers in the hands of fanatics, that several attempts at giving them a semblance of what they must have looked like, in the day of their glory, have utterly failed.

The oft-recorded statement, that one of these statues was known, in early times, to have emitted musical notes, immediately after sunrise, has been accounted for by the action of heat on the cracked and shattered stone, expansion setting in with the return of heat, after the contraction during the cold desert-night.

The practice, in which many people indulge, of writing names on objects of historic interest or on celebrated sites, is shown by the *Colossi of Memnon* to be a very old one. On their pedestals and thrones and legs are carved and scribbled very many names, in very many languages, ancient and modern, in prose and verse, some dating back to the time of the Roman emperors; quite a number being the names of illustrious personages of their respective ages.

At one more building, about fifteen minutes' distance from the *Colossi of Memnon*, we shall halt, on the way to the Royal Tombs. It is the *Ramasseum*, the most perfect of all the proud buildings reared by the arch-builder, Rameses, the Great. Having had a surfeit of temples built by him, of statues of himself reared by himself, of acres of wall space sculptured with his military exploits, that had more flattery back of them than historic fact, having had, besides, a deep-rooted antipathy against him because of his cruelty against Israel and other enslaved peoples, I had resolved to pass this building by, when my dragoman said: "You can as little afford to miss seeing the *Ramasseum* as you could have afforded to miss seeing his Hypostyle Hall in the Temple of Karnak." He spoke as if a slight to those ruins would mean a personal slight to himself, and so I dismounted from my donkey, that, owing to great heat and natural laziness, seemed only too glad to be rid of me, and entered the ruin.

The Ramasseum.

I was not in it long, when I felt grateful to my dragoman for having made me see it, and more kindly disposed toward Rameses II. than I had felt before, for having erected the building of which its mere ruin filled me with wonderment and delight.

What must its beauty have been in the days of its completeness and newness! Well may we deplore that the scythe of time did not spare at least this one building of the many

which Rameses, the Great, had reared. It was undoubtedly his best effort, seeing that it was to contain and entertain his *Ka*, the *manes* of himself, after his soul had been gathered unto his fathers. This Temple was to go down to posterity as entirely his own work; in the temples of Karnak and Luxor, and elsewhere, he had but added to other men's buildings. In the other temples, he had but served his apprenticeship; here he showed himself as master-builder, as prince of artists. The most artistic proportions, the most graceful columns and capitals, the most delicate paintings and sculptures, are to be found here. What must the coloring of ceiling, wall and columns have been in its prime, when the red and blue and golden tints have been able to weather more than 3000 years of time! What must the original polish of the statues have been, when we find them perfect to the touch, even at this late day, notwithstanding thousands of years of exposure! What must be the impressiveness of the Osiris Court have been, when, even on the day on which I beheld it, the row of headless mummy statues of the god of the yonder world, with their hands crossed upon their breast, filled my soul with awe and reverence!

Dust to Dust.

And when I stood at the statue of Rameses himself, prostrate on the ground, headless, broken in three or four parts, the greatest and finest statue of himself he had ever reared, a statue that, though presenting him as seated upon his throne, measured sixty feet in height, and weighed a thousand tons, a statue of hardest red granite, and so large, that its ear measures 3½ feet, its forearm 17½ feet in circumference at the elbow, its chest 23½ feet from shoulder to shoulder, when I looked down upon all this fallen greatness, I could but say: "With all thy faults and failings, thou didst deserve a better fate. Alas, time is no respecter of persons. To it, the great and the small must bow alike. And though it take ages, and though a thousand attempts be made to circumvent its sway, *Dust must return to Dust; Ashes must return to Ashes.*"

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EGYPT—OLD AND NEW.

IX & X. Tombs of Pharaohs. Esneh & Edfu

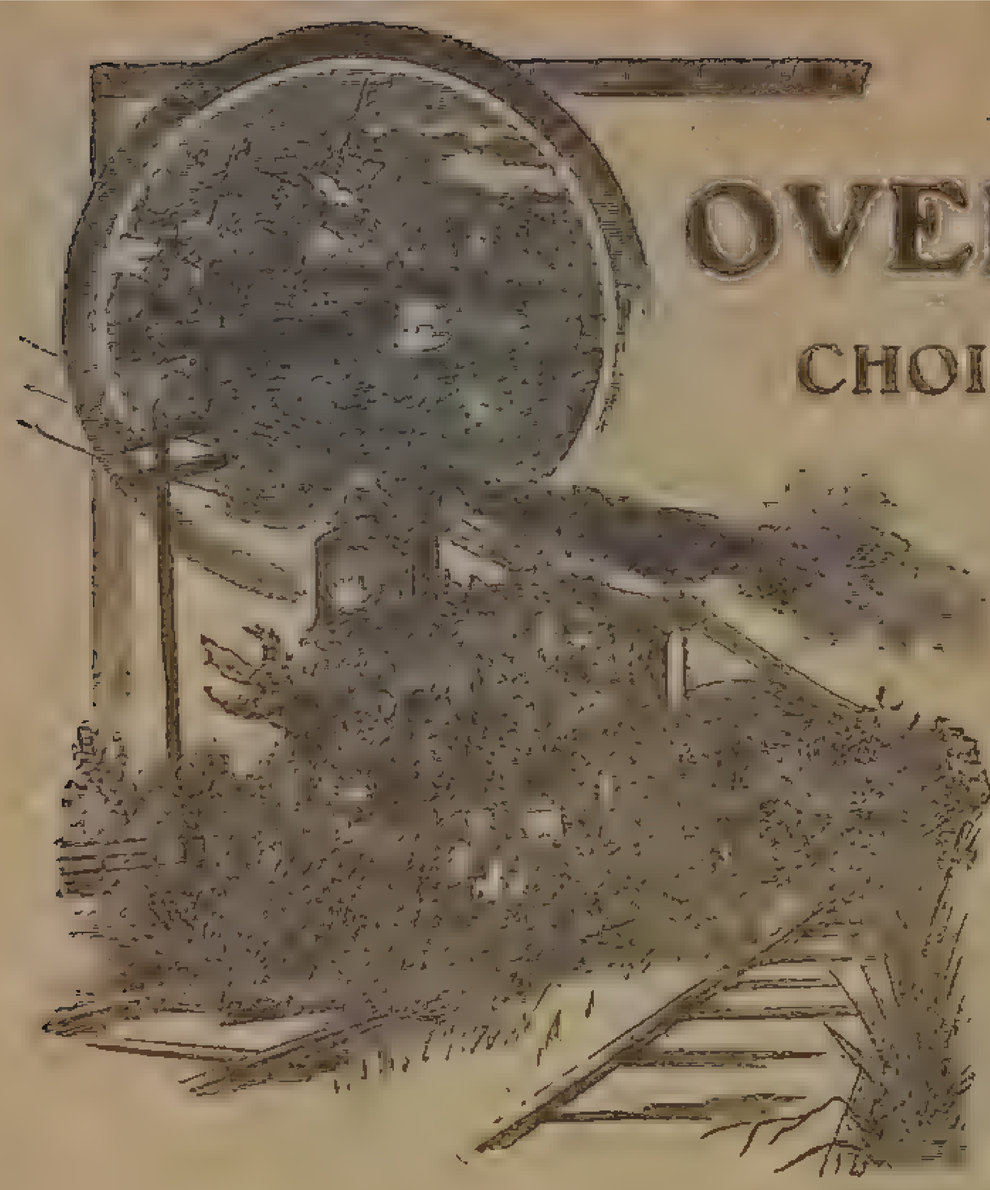
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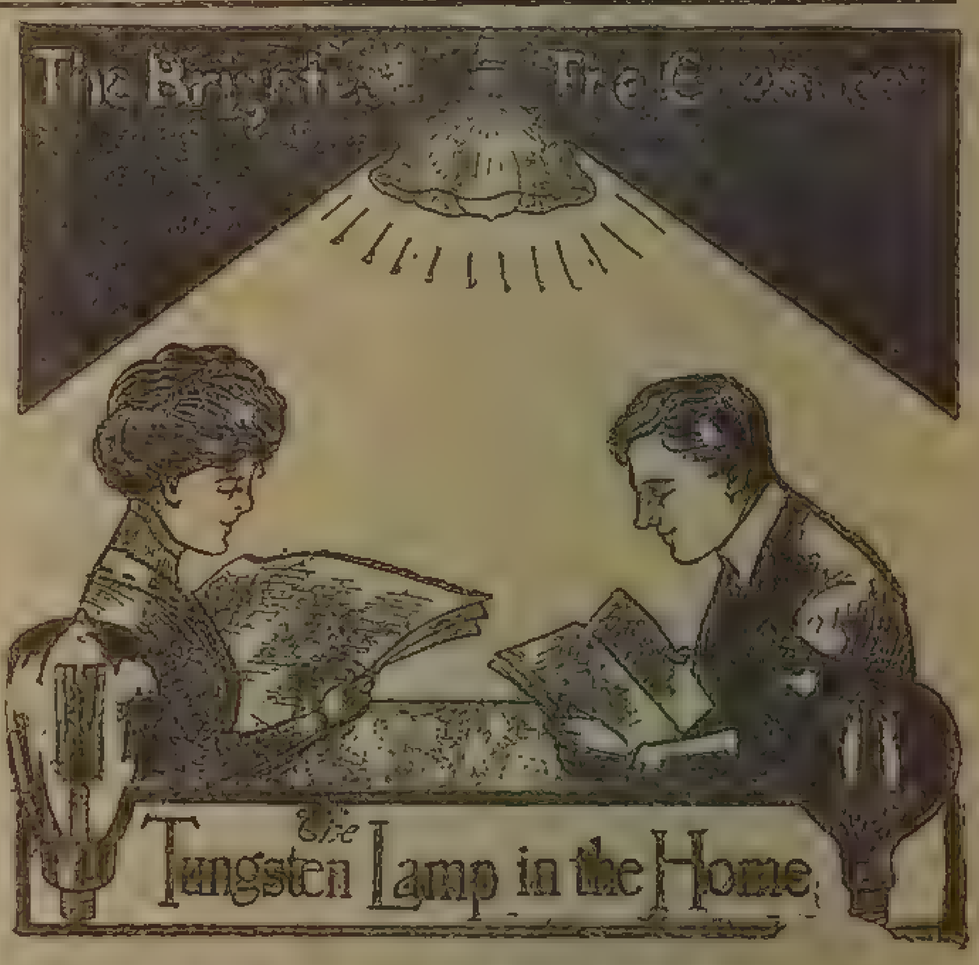
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Egypt—Old and New.

IX. Thebes—Its Temples and Tombs.—III.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, May 1st, 1915.

Of the many sights of Cairo, none is more interesting than its Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. Considerable as are the specimens, in the museums of London, Paris, Berlin and elsewhere, of the civilization that flourished along the Nile in the remote past, they are as nothing, compared with those displayed in the Museum of Cairo. That vast storehouse of priceless antiquities is the Mecca of students of archeology; its charm is irresistible even upon the ordinary tourist. To see it once is to want to see it again and again; and the oftener it is seen the more one marvels at the advance of civilization in the land of the ancient Pharaohs.

The museum of Cairo

And almost as interesting as are the contents of that museum, is the story of how the most valuable part of its possessions was acquired, of how the museum itself came into being. For a century or more prior to its existence, Egypt was the richest relic-mine of the world. Natives were employed by European museums to dig up treasures for them at certain points along the Nile. Scarcely a ship left Alexandria but it had aboard some valuable antiquities. Had this wholesale robbery been suffered to continue much longer, there would have been no need for a museum at Cairo; there would have been little left to store. Awakening at last to a proper appreciation of its duty toward its land and people, the government put an effective stop to this spoliation, assumed control of its antiquities, built several places for the storing of them, before rearing its present

Story of its origin

magnificent repository, and demanded for its share one half of all the discoveries made by the exploration societies of other lands. The result of this wise and timely self-assertion is a collection of antiquities as colossal as is almost everything connected with ancient Egypt.

It is not my purpose to speak, even but cursorily, of the objects exhibited in that museum. I could not do it even if I tried. They who are desirous of fuller information can easily obtain it in any good library. For our present purpose, it will suffice to mention a few of such of its exhibit as relate to one-time contents of Pharaonic tombs. So large is the number even of this specialty, that, were I to enumerate them, their mere name would make a fair-sized catalogue.

Its exhibit of tomb contents

There are in that museum, rooms full of sarcophagi of alabaster, granite and wood; mummies of all kinds and sizes, some in perfect condition, with all their original vestments and ornaments; some despoiled of all, even of their wrappings. Statues and paintings of many of the illustrious dead are there, and also statuettes, representing their slaves. Slaves, at one time, were slain at the death of their masters and mistresses, and buried alongside them to serve them in the other world. At last, some reformer hit upon the happy thought of replacing the living by stone imitation of them, on the theory, that in the tomb, the stone effigy will assume life and render old-time service.

Vases and jars are there, of stone, bronze, and ivory, of terra cotta, glass and fayence, containing the entrails and other viscera of the mummied bodies alongside of them.

All kinds of furniture are there, some remarkably like ours of to-day in shape and material. These, like the others I have named, occupied places in the tombs, and were intended for the comfort and entertainment of the *manes*, the ghost, which, they believed, continued hovering about the mummy till the soul returned from its transmigrations, re-entered its embalmed body, and reassumed in it its former life.

Toilet articles without number you see there: enameled jewel cases, brass mirrors, cosmetic pots, perfume bottles, salve boxes, pin cushions. Musical instruments of quite a variety are there: lyres, harps, flutes, drums, castanets, and others.

Pastimes and diversions are not forgotten; there are dolls for the entertainment of children, checker-boards and other games for their elders; tools and implements for the mechanical minded; weapons and fishing-tackle for those fond of sport; for those of an artistic turn of mind there are sculptures and paintings, picturing various domestic, rural, industrial and martial scenes.

Of jewelry there is enough there to fill our ladies with rapture and wonder: necklaces and bracelets of finest workmanship; crowns and chain-pendants inlaid with gems; ornaments in form of birds, butterflies, rosettes, stars, shells, flowers; sceptres, diadems and fillets; ear-rings and other rings; pectorals, belts and clasps; scarabs and beads; daggers, fans and amulettes.

Field and garden products are represented by specimens of fruit, flowers, grain and seeds. Some of the latter, after having been entombed for more than three thousand years, germinated when put into the ground, and closed flower-buds opened when placed in water.

Mention must also be made of the valuable collection of manuscripts (papyri), drawings, writing materials, sculpturing tools and painting utensils.

But, the most precious of all the priceless possessions of the Museum of Cairo are the mummies of the illustrious Pharaohs of Egypt's Golden Age (1540—1090 B. C.). There they lie, in glass cases, the one-time potentates, the men whose mere word decided the destinies of empires, whose mighty armies made the earth to tremble. There they lie, some as if asleep; some as if distressed by horrible dreams; some seemingly wide-awake, and of wrathful appearance; some calm and serene, or wearing an expression of deep sorrow; some still bearing the sign of one-time beauty and strength; some repulsive in appearance, their noses decayed, their mouths twisted, their discolored hair dishevelled, their skin blotched, their naked arms and shoulders shrivelled, their nails overgrown, their bandages a mass of filthy rags.

Of Pharaonic mummies.

There, distinguished from the others by a mere label, lies Rameses, the Great, the one-time terror of Israel, there he lies, looking the nonagenarian that he was when he died—

toothless, pinched, hook-nosed, his hair thin and whitish, his hand raised as if to keep someone back. At one side of him lies his son and grandson, the latter the Pharaoh under whom the enslaved Israelites made their escape; at his other side lies his father, Seti I, of noble mien and attractive appearance, looking more like his son's son than his son's father.

Who, that never thought before, can help but think, when in the presence of sights such as these? Who, that was proud and ambitious and vain-glorious before, can help but think of the transitoriness of earthly glory and beauty and power, when beholding what is left of the powerful Pharaohs of old? In front of one of these Pharaohs, on a mummy-case as support for my note-book, I made this memorandum: "Thou soughtst to conquer the ravages of time by having thyself embalmed, to cheat death by building tombs concealed deep in the solid rock, and by having things made ready there for thy return to life and power. Who is the conquered? Who the cheated? Thou, O, Rameses, didst erect mighty temples and palaces almost in every city in Egypt, yet hast thou, to-day, in all that land, not even as much as a grave!"

How came they to museum?

If buried they were, deep in the solid rock, and concealed to the sight and knowledge of man, how came these Pharaohs here? How came it that they are now show-pieces in a museum?

Transferred from looted tombs

It is a long story and a pathetic one. About two score years ago, it became known, through valuable Egyptian antiquities that found their way into the public museums and private collections, that somebody had somewhere gotten into unknown tombs of illustrious personages of the hoary past, and had looted them. Suspicion attached itself to two natives of Luxor, from whom, after the application of the bastinado, the government obtained the confession that they had discovered and rifled a number of tombs in the Libyan mountains, some six miles from Luxor, at the entrance of the desert. Egyptologists more than confirmed the confession. Making their way into the tunnelled shafts and caverns of the mountain, they discovered tombs of the Pharaohs of Egypt's Golden Age. They also discovered that the recent looters had had forerunners, that but few of

Pharaohs slept in the sepulchers that had originally been built for them, or in the mummy bandages with which they had originally been wrapped; that the precious ornaments on their bodies, and in their sarcophagi, and in the sepulchral chambers, had lured thieves, again and again; that, to save their ancestors from further spoliation, the Pharaohs of the later age, after having had them re-swathed and re-ornamented, had them stowed away in other tombs, which they believed would prove impossible of discovery. Alas, they counted not on the finding power of greed! This latest looting discovery convinced the government that, if it would preserve what was left of the Pharaohs, it must keep them under direct guardianship. And so it gathered them up, all but one, and transferred them to their present place in the Museum. In all, forty-five royal tombs have thus far been opened.

They were hot days, the two on which I visited the one-time tombs of these Pharaohs. The part of the glaringly white way, that led through the desert was devoid of all vegetation, and the rugged, yellowish mountain ahead added to the awesomeness of the scene. Before I yet arrived at my destination, I noticed a large number of black, square holes on the mountain side. They were the openings to shafts leading to tombs. Several of them I entered, passing from the burning exterior to the yet hotter interior, ascending and descending through dark, narrow and sweltering tunnels until, at a distance of some three or four hundred feet from the entrance, I found myself within a series of low, artificially lighted sepulchers. The walls and ceilings of these, as well as of the shafts, were covered with paintings representing devotional exercises and sacrificial offerings, scenes in which the departed had played a part, testimonials as to their character, instructions as to what must be said when appearing before the judgment tribunal of the gods, and what must be done to escape the dangers that beset the way toward final and eternal bliss.

Visit to the tombs

It was with deep awe that I stood at the side of the remains of Amenophis II, the only Pharaoh that has been permitted to remain—and not even he had been allowed to lie undisturbed, for his tomb and sarcophagus had been broken open, and robbed of their valu-

In the sepulchre of Amenophis II.

ables. It is impossible to describe the feelings that possess one, when standing face to face with one of the world's mightiest potentates of ancient days, one that was buried 3300 years ago. The tombs of some of the other kings and of some of the queens I visited were superior in finish and decorations—that of Seti I, for instance, being hewn 500 feet into the solid rock, descending to a depth of 180 feet, having fully 1000 feet of wall space sculptured and painted, being a veritable gallery of ancient Egyptian art. But being empty, the others did not cast the spell which this one did, by reason of the presence of its august dead. Nine others shared at one time this sepulchre with him, one of them the great Amenophis III. These are now in the museum of Cairo. Three bodies, possibly members of the household, may still be seen in a small ante-chamber, near the main sepulchre.

Other tourists came and went, no one spoke a word. The spell was upon all. Even the guards seemed to walk on tip toe, lest they wake him that lies there robed and garlanded almost as he was on the day of his burial.

And what, if he had awakened, and had discovered that he has become a show-piece, an object to be vulgarly stared at? What, if he could have risen, and could have made his way past other violated tombs, and had seen Bedouins, employed as excavators, clandestinely offering for sale tomb-scarabs, trinkets, even hands and feet of mummies? What, if he could have continued his way, past the ruins of the one-time proud mortuary temples and palaces on the west bank of the Nile, and the ruins of the great Theban sanctuaries, along the eastern bank? Would he not have returned with saddened heart to his sepulchre, to lay himself again to sleep, with the fervent prayer on his lips, that he may never, never be wakened again.

With some such thoughts as these, I made my way out of the darkness back into the light.

Egypt—Old and New.

X. Esneh and Edfu.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

by

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, May 8th, 1915.

We are upon the Nile again, zigzagging our way between sand bars, that are becoming more and more numerous as we proceed. It is the month of March—seven months since the height of the last flood—and the river is falling fast. We are told that ours is the last regular passenger steamboat that is to sail upon it, until the inundation, early in the fall. A slight jar at times tell us that we have struck an unexposed, shifting, bar, and there we remain till the long poles of the dark-faced, long-gowned, turbaned, bare-footed *fellaheens*, or their loud and fervent call for aid to Mohammed, or their weird chants, bring us back to deeper water.

On the Nile again

Even at best, our sailing, at times, is not very smooth. The month of March marks in Egypt the commencement of the *Khamasin*, the hot south-wind, that dominates the spring months, that often acquires considerable force, and carries with it much sand and dust, resembling a yellow fog. The heat under such conditions is often quite insufferable, exceeding 100° in the shade.

The high smoke-stacks, vomiting vast volumes of smoke, and the huge pumping-engines of the sugar factories, are in strange contrast with the beautiful palm-groves along the banks, and almost seem a sacrilege against the oldest historic stream of the world.

Modernism along the Nile

In fact, modernism has intruded itself upon ancient Egypt in yet other ways. The passenger steamer has put the sail-boat of ancient pattern quite out of commission. Over the site of ancient Thebes, high in the air, I saw sailing, to and fro, an

aeroplane, for the entertainment of tourists and to the amazement of the natives. Through my dragoman as interpreter, a sheikh of Luxor complained to me, that modernism is driving the superior—if simpler—ware of Egyptian craftsmanship out of the market, and is replacing it by a more showy, but inferior, grade of foreign goods. He claimed that modernism is changing even the climate of Egypt. By storing vast quantities of water all the year round, the great reservoirs and irrigating channels are spreading more and more humidity through the land, and the consequent dampness is causing the ruins to crumble as they never crumbled before. Its effect upon the Pyramids and Sphinx, he claimed, is already quite apparent.

There may be some truth in this complaint. That Egypt is the best known of all the ancient lands is due, partly, to the trouble it took in transmitting its records to future generations, by means of massive buildings and monuments of enduring stone, of wall sculptures and stone- and papyrus-writing; and partly it is due to a climate that knew no rain or dampness. When well-nigh ceaseless wars made an end of the once powerful empire, the dry desert sands gradually covered what remained of it, and the absence of all moisture preserved it. When, after the lapse of tens of centuries, some of these were laid bare, the buildings, monuments and statues were found to be almost in the state in which they must have been in the days when put under the pall of sand; the sculptures looked as if freshly chiselled; the coloring, as if newly painted. The papyrus scrolls in the hands, or under the bandages, or in the coffins, of the mummies looked as if they had been written but a short time before.

Egypt best known of all ancient lands

Before reaching Esneh, our first halting-point, we enter the first narrows of the Nile, and, by means of a lock, we pass through a great dam, that rises thirty feet above the river-bed at its lowest, and which, by gathering and shutting in enormous quantities of water during the flood season, dispenses them through its 120 sluices, during the other months.

Landing at Esneh

The landing of a tourist boat must be quite an event at Esneh, for it seemed as if half of its 20,000 inhabitants had

turned out, along the sloping bank, to greet our coming. The men, as usual, were attired in their blue or white burnouses; some of the women, in their eagerness not to be too late, seemed to have forgotten to cover their faces with their heavy, black, muslin veils, or with their black head-shawls, and many of the children seemed to have forgotten to put on clothes altogether, if they ever had any. Of course, the *backsheesh* beggars were there in full force, as were also the venders of *antiques*, of scarabs, native weapons, hieroglyphic tablets, stone images of gods, all guaranteed to be of genuine, recent excavation, yet not one of them but was turned out from the *antique factory* of Luxor. The only genuine articles that were offered by them for sale were palm-leaf baskets, the special industry of Esneh, and made after a pattern in vogue in that land 4000 years ago, as shown on the sculptured temple-walls.

It was the hottest part of the day when we landed. Fortunately, we had not far to go; neither had we a chance to lose our way, for, though we had our dragoman with us, half of those who had gathered on the bank, knowing, without our telling, what we wanted to see, insisted on showing us the place.

Its partially excavated temple

Within the hour we were on the boat again, having seen the Temple-ruin we had come to see. While it had added nothing especially new to our knowledge of Egyptian Temple ruins, it afforded us an excellent chance to see how a buried temple is unearthed. Only a portion of it—the vestibule—is thus far cleared of sand and debris, standing, as it were in a deep pit, the greater part of it still buried within the hill, which the desert-sands, in the course of the ages, have heaped up over it, and on top of which are located the mud-huts of a part of the town. Judging from the beauty of the vestibule—its 24 massive columns, full of grace, shaped to resemble stems of plants bound together with bands of differing widths; its beautiful capitals, some resembling the papyrus flower, others the lotus, others the palm, not one of them like unto its mate, judging also from the beauty of the ceiling, decorated with astronomical designs, including the Zodiac—judging from these, and from the wall-sculptures and the cornice architraves, we may well conclude that the more sacred parts of the temple

that are still unexcavated—the courts, the colonnades, the Holy of Holies—must be more beautiful still.

Surely, a marvellous country, in the way of antiquities, is the land of Egypt. Aboard our boat there were a couple who did not go ashore at Esneh, who said they did not care to see a temple-ruin that was comparatively modern, that was built by the Ptolemies, only some 2300 years ago. A thousand years earlier, in the days of Rameses II (1292—1225 B. C.), people spoke of temples in Egypt as ancient, as dating from an age a couple of thousands of years earlier still. And even these temples were built on the ruins of older temples still. And I myself, while in Esneh, did not think it worth while to visit its mosque, because it was only 800 years old. What an ado we make in our country of a building but one or two centuries old!

Nothing seems old in Egypt

It was evening, when we reached Edfu, our second objective point on that March day, where we anchored, and where we spent the night upon the Nile. It was one of the pleasantest of all the evenings I spent in Egypt. It afforded a sunset view upon the Nile, that exceeded in beauty anything of the kind I had ever seen. The lower the sun descended, the more a mystic crimson light spread over water and earth. Gradually, as the sun sunk beneath the horizon, crimson turned to dark orange, and orange to deep, rich purple. From the minaret, at a distance, resounded the muzzin's call to prayer, and to the right and left of us, on the boat and on the bank, the faithful fell upon their knees, and made their declarations that "*Allah* alone is God, and Mohammed alone his Prophet." Even the Nile seemed to have joined in prayer, making itself vocal through gentle ripples, and through soft splashings against its bank. One by one, the stars appeared, and shone with a brilliancy unknown in a mist-enshrouded atmosphere like ours.

Sunset on the Nile

When sky and land and water had somewhat relaxed their spell upon us, another scene attracted our attention quite as entrancing as the other. Down the road came the women-folk of the town, single, in two's, and in groups, all walking statuesquely erect, all attired in black, all bearing, gracefully poised upon their

Glimpse of Egyptian women.

heads, unsupported by their hands, the *balass*, the large, two-eared earthen water pitcher, all covering their faces with their head-shawls, when their eyes catch those of men looking in their direction. Down the sloping banks of the river they came, waded some little distance into the water, deftly tucked up their skirts to keep them from getting wet, filled their vessel with water, helped each other in lifting them upon their respective heads, and carried them off, still unsupported by their hands. One would much have liked to have understood their speech, and to have listened to their little gossips and small talk, and learn what occupies the minds of the women-folk of a far away town in Southern Egypt, not far from the border of Nubia.

The early morning hour saw a repetition of the scene of the night before, the women coming down to the Nile to fetch the household's need of water for the day.

It is difficult to recognize in the collection of unsightly mud-houses, that constitute the town of Edfu, the one-time important city, which, in the days of the Romans, bore the name *Apollopolis Magna*, (The Great City of Apollo). We did not have to proceed far beyond the town to see rising before us, like mighty towers, the two, majestic, pyramidal pylons, over 250 feet wide, and over 100 feet high, with a lofty gate between them, that leads to the Temple within. Other temples in Egypt are older and larger than the Temple of Edfu, have columns that are higher and architraves that are more massive, but not one of them is more beautiful in appearance. Neither is there in all the world a building of antiquity in so perfect a state of preservation, notwithstanding the 2100 years that have passed over it. And one feels that another 2100 years may pass over it, and even twice that number of years, and leave no more sign of wear upon it than it shows to-day. "Magnificent" is the only word that fitly characterizes its every feature, its size and proportions (450 feet long, 120 feet wide), its design and execution, its sculptures and decorations, its every detail of architecture. So perfect is it, that time itself refused to lay rude hand upon it; the only ones that shrank not from doing violence to it were the Coptic early Christians, whose vandal hands chiselled out the heads of many of the sculptured gods.

Edfu Temple best preserved of all.

So perfect is it, that one feels that, if but the old Egyptian priesthood could be restored, and the stolen temple-vessels could be replaced, services in the olden style could be conducted in that Temple, at a few moments' notice.

It is difficult to believe that this gem of antiquity was, until a short time ago, completely buried under desert sand. But the great sand piles around it, heaped up by the excavators, tell the story clearly enough. In vastness of design, and in expenditure of labor and means, the Temple of Edfu is true to the best traditions of Egyptian architecture. The building of it took one hundred and eighty years. Its material is a pale brown sandstone. Its plan is that of all ancient Egyptian temples: columns and courts and colonnades, hypostyle halls and sanctuary chambers, decorated ceilings and sculptured walls, chapels and holy of holies. Having been dedicated to the hawk-headed god, *Horus*, the hawk forms a conspicuous part in the decorations and sculptures, a huge stone image of it stands guard at the door, and, *Horus* having also been worshipped as the sun-god, the emblem of the winged globe appears over the lofty entrance to the Temple.

Its beauty unrivalled.

The whole building is girdled by a massive granite wall, which, rising to a great height, seems to have been designed to serve the purpose of fortification. Even this wall is filled with sculptures, outside and inside, some of them telling of the martial exploits of the Pharaohs of that age, some of them being astronomical observations, and lists of festivals. In the inner court, between this wall and that of the Temple, took place those gorgeous processions, that made the Egyptian services renowned, far and wide.

It was hard to tear oneself from the inspection of that building. It is hard to think back upon it now, without longing to see it again. Robert Hichens was not indulging in extravagances, when he wrote in his book "*The Spell of Egypt*":

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EGYPT—OLD AND NEW.

XI & XII. Assuan & Philae. The Culture of the Ancient Egyptians

BY

Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

(This Number concludes the 28th Series of "Our Pulpit")

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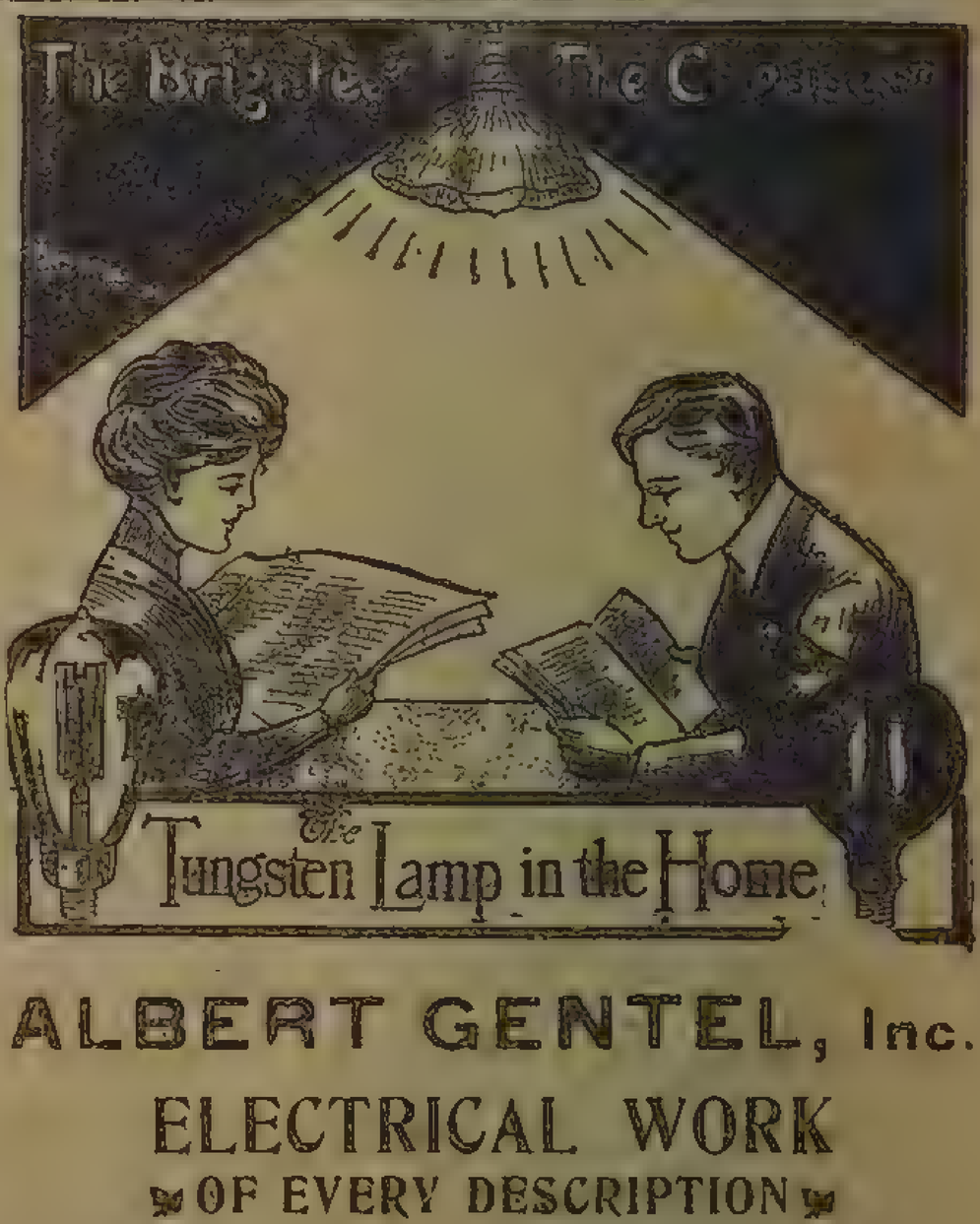
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Egypt—Old and New.

XI. Assuan and Philae.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

by

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, May 29th, 1915.

To-day I shall speak of the last scenes of all in Southern Egypt, of Assuan, at the border of Nubia, and of beautiful Philae, across the line. Some of our fellow-tourists are continuing their journey further south, to the second and third cataract of the Nile, down to the Soudan, and its capital Khartoun. We, however, must return, for the summer is coming on apace, and we have still to see Palestine and Syria, Asia Minor and Turkey, Greece and Italy, before we can consider our world's tour at an end. Egypt more than confirmed the conclusion I arrived at in the oriental lands already visited, that a world's tour, to be made as it ought to be made, with a view to seeing each country in its own best season, requires several years. And even then, much of what is seen is of necessity superficial, for most of the oriental countries are large, and distances great, and transportation is slow, and, owing to differences of language, and customs, to obtain knowledge direct from the natives is, for the most part, not easy.

Last scenes of Egypt

If Egypt had designed to make the last scene the most impressive, it could not have succeeded better than it has, for Philae is, without question, the prettiest spot in all Egypt, if not, of its kind, the prettiest place in all the world. It is an island so unique that, no matter how far one has travelled and how much one has seen, he may conscientiously say that there is nothing like it in the world. Even had it been nothing more than the picturesque

The prettiest of all

island it is, it would have commanded unstinted admiration, but, possessing, together with its picturesqueness, the most beautiful of temple and palace ruins to be seen anywhere in the world, it is easily the finest sight that the hands of nature and man and time have combinedly produced. So beautiful a sight is Philae, so delicate is its cluster of graceful, water-encompassed ruins, that there are times, when it seems to have no reality at all, when—seen at a distance—it seems a mirage, a reflection of some celestial scene, floating dream-like in the air, close to the surface of the Nile.

Attraction for seeker of health or pleasure, for merchant or artist

And Assuan is probably a more typically Egyptian place than is any other along the more than five hundred miles of the Nile, which we have visited or passed since we left Cairo. Be the visitor's predilection what it may, that frontier town is almost sure to satisfy it. If he come for mere pastime, he finds the best of society there, and the best of hotels. If for the sake of health, the best of climates awaits him—dry and balmy atmosphere to act as a restorative, quiet environments to serve as a nerve-tonic. If he be a merchant or if he be fond of oriental ware, he will probably spend much of his time and money in the Bazaar. If a poet or artist he be, Philae will keep his pen and pencil busy during his entire stay.

For ethnologist

If he be an ethnologist, a rare opportunity is afforded him there to study the *Bishareens*, settled on the desert close to Assuan, seemingly a harmless African people, lithe in form, and graceful in carriage, living their primitive lives in their primitive tents, yet having a ferocious look by reason of their wild and touzled hair, which they ornament with long, white, arrow-like hairpins. Their clothes are pieces of white or blue cotton wound about their bodies. Their children, as quite generally in the orient, are wholly innocent of clothes, and they seem as fond of play as ours, even though they have nothing else to play with than desert sand.

For archeologist

If the tourist be interested in archeology, he finds there plenty to keep him busy. For there, at Assuan, are the granite quarries from which the Pharaohs hewed, for thousands of years, their gigantic blocks of

stone, which they transported over hundreds of miles, which they chiselled into colossal columns and statues, obelisks and sarcophagi, and of which they built their towering pyramids, temples and palaces. Some of these huge blocks still lie there, one of them an obelisk, as large as the one in New York or that in London, 92 ft. long and 10½ ft. in its broadest part, not quite separated from the solid rock from which it was hewn. For some reason, the finishing touches were discontinued some 3000 years ago, and the stone was never brought to the place for which it had been intended. Where it is still connected with the solid rock, there may be seen, at short distances from each other, holes, into which blocks of soft wood would have been driven, which, upon being saturated with water, would have expanded, and this expansion would have separated the huge monolith from the ledge, with as much certainty as it is done in our day by means of explosives. It still bears the holes for fastening the ropes and pulleys by which it would have been dragged to the river, half a mile distant, over a massive causeway, remains of which may still be seen. One is almost tempted to believe that the workingmen had but withdrawn for their noon meal, that, at the sound of the gong, they will return, and resume their tasks.

There, too, half-way up a hill, on the island of Elephantine, in the midst of the Nile, the tourists, interested in things archeological, may enter ancient tombs, hewn deep into the solid rocks. They resemble those we visited in the desert-mountains, beyond Thebes, though not nearly as elaborate, the latter having been exclusively the tombs of Pharaohs, and of the most illustrious of them all. They, however, who chose that site for the last resting place of their dead, were not lacking in the love of the beautiful, for the environments are as attractive as they are impressive. Below, the Nile winds between the islands, and dashes and leaps over the black and brown, rough and smooth rocks, of the cataract. Across is the white town of Assuan. Beyond is the limitless desert. Over all stretches a sky of richest blue, with never a sign of a cloud all the year round; all — river and island, town and desert — bathed in a flood of golden light.

And these rock-hewn tombs are hoary with age. Some of them were old when Abraham first visited that land; ancient when Moses trod the soil of Egypt. The crudity of some of the art displayed in these tombs declares their antiquity even better than the dates they give. But, crude as they are, we cannot but wonder that men should have been able, four or five thousand years ago, to hew such splendid sepulchres into the solid rock, some of the shafts penetrating more than a hundred feet. One of them, 4300 years old, entered by a richly carved limestone doorway, has a large court in front, and the remnant of a colonnade, both remarkable architectural achievements, considering that the whole structure is located on the slope of a rocky hill. As in Thebes, where we found but one tomb occupied by the Pharaoh for whom it was built, so here, they are all empty. Only the wall decorations of the chambers and shafts remain, some painted, some sculptured, giving instructive pictures of the life of the Egyptians of those early days. Of some of them the coloring is as bright as if it had been done but yesterday.

On that island scant ruins are found of two ancient temples. One of these was built by the same Pharaoh, who reared the beautiful sanctuary at Luxor, and the Colossi of Memnon. The cartouches of Thotmes III, and of Rameses II, which may still be traced, indicate that these illustrious rulers may have been the builders of the other. Yet other names are found graven there on stone tablets that lie about, names of Egyptian Pharaohs, Grecian Ptolemies, Roman Emperors, showing the important part Assuan played in the days long gone.

Of special interest to Jews is the discovery that was made on that island, and in Assuan, a few years ago, of a number of papyri scrolls, written in the Aramaic language, the common speech of the Jews of that age, showing that a Jewish colony had established itself at the other end of Egypt, some 2400 years ago. One of these papyri tells that a large synagogue at Assuan, that had been built of stone, and that had boasted of great columns, and seven gates, and a cedar roof, had been destroyed, and of a petition for the right of rebuilding it, which petition, another scroll tells, was granted. If it was ever rebuilt, nothing has as yet been dis-

For Jew.

covered that might tell what has become of it. The colony was governed by its own laws, possessed its own courts, and seemed to have enjoyed considerable prosperity.

Another interesting sight on the island of Elephantine is its Nilometer, that was restored to use nearly half a century ago, after having lain in a state of neglect for a thousand years. It played an important part in its day, and still does, measuring the annual rise of the Nile, and marking the commencement of the river's fall, giving information to the cultivators of the soil as to the opening and closing of the irrigation channels. Within a little park, on the roadway to the Nilometer, stands the Assuan Museum, containing an interesting collection of antiquities that were discovered on the Nubian border, among them a number of mummies, one of them a sacred ram.

For agriculturist.

It is probably the engineer who derives the greatest pleasure from a visit to Assuan, for in its vicinity, a little below Philae, is located the world-famed dam of the Nile. This largest engineering feat of the world, that was opened some thirteen years ago, stays the course of the second mightiest stream on earth, makes possible the aggregation of a vast lake of water, 88 ft. deep when full, and many miles in area. The length of the dam is 1¼ miles; its height 158 ft.; its width 82 ft. at the bottom, and 23 ft. at the top. During the time of low water, it deals out, through each of its 180 sluices, each measuring 23x6½ ft., 100 tons of water every second of time. The good which this dam has yielded can scarcely be estimated. Its original cost of $15,000,000 was paid back, in water rents and increased taxes and revenues, the very first year, and it has continued every year since, to repay its original cost. It has added 500,000 acres to Egypt's area of cultivable land, and $100,000,000 to its wealth. It has saved from drought millions of acres, and from starvation thousands of people. In comparison with that dam, the hundred mile ditch through the Arabian desert, that constitutes the Suez Canal, important as it is, seems but a mere bagatelle. Like the great pyramid of Gizeh, the dam was built of granite blocks, brought from the quarries of Assuan, but, compared with it, how small that pyramid seems, even though vaster sums of money were ex-

For engineer.

pended on its erection, and the labor of hundreds of thousands of slaves was enforced under the lash, and the lives of tens of thousands of them were sacrificed! The pyramids, like the rock tombs, served but the purpose of holding the remains of a single Pharaoh and his immediate family; the dam confers blessing on a whole nation. It brings words of thanks-giving to the lips of millions of people; the other brought cries of agony, words of execration.

Philae doomed.

It is said that the English Government proposes to raise the great dam of the Nile yet higher, so as to increase yet more the volume of water, and make arable still more of Egypt's desert lands. If this be so, then will the little that is still visible of the once beautiful temple and palace ruins on the island of Philae, in the midst of the vast dam-created lake, become completely submerged during nine months of the year, and but a shadow of its former glory will be visible during the other three months.

And a yet greater outcry against the utilitarianism of modern times, against the sacrifice of sentiment to greed, will be raised than was raised by such men as Pierre Loti and Robert Hichens, when the dam was first proposed and reared.

Dust must return to dust.

It is true that the buildings that once stood on elevated dry land have already suffered much, that they are now water-marked and water-soaked, and only half visible when the Nile is low, that of the grove of palm-trees that once encircled it, but a single one reaches its head out of the water. But, when beauty can be maintained only at the cost of hunger, beauty must go. Man must supply his physical needs before he can indulge his aesthetic tastes. When so much of beautiful ruins still abound in ancient Egypt, so much that is of earlier date and of more original design, and of greater historic worth, we must not object to the surrender of the remains of the Temple of Isis, with its majestic pylons and court, and to the stately Bed of Pharaoh with its graceful columns and architraves, when they stand in the way of bread, and when the voice of humanity commands their submergence. Fortunately, these ruins have been often painted and sculptured by excellent artists, and gloriously described by able poets and prose-writers. If the

original must fall a prey to the waters of the Nile, it will not be wholly lost to the sight and memory of man. Pictures and models of it abound. Philae has basked in the brightest of the world's sunshine two thousand years and more, longer than falls to the lot of most buildings on earth. It must be content to disappear. The best of men live but their day and pass away. The greatest of mundane existences fade and perish. Mountains crumble; temples and palaces fall into decay. Dust they all are; to dust they must return.

XII. The Culture of the Ancient Egyptians.

A Discourse, at Temple Keneseth Israel,

by

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.

Philadelphia, June 5th, 1915.

The best index of a people's culture is its art and architecture, its literature and religion. Look at an Alaskan totem pole, or an Indian wigwam, or a Thibetan prayer-wheel, and you can judge, at the same time, of the intellectual status of the people who reared them, or make use of them. Look at the Parthenon of Athens or at the statue of Homer at Olympia, and you need no other evidence of the cultural advance of the ancient Greeks. Go to Gizeh, and see its pyramids and sphinx, to Karnak and Luxor, and see their temple ruins, and you see, at the same time, the high degree of culture to which the ancient Egyptians had attained.

Egyptian culture manifested by its art and architecture.

If interest in these latter people prompts you to carry your investigation further, you find many other evidences of their remarkable intellectual advance. The sculptures and paintings on the walls of their temples and tombs, as well as the furniture and ornaments that were found in the latter, afford a splendid insight into the life those people lived, thousands of years ago, show that, in domestic comfort, in industrial art, in mechanical and agricultural skill, had reached a degree of proficiency quite equal, if not even superior, to that of many a civilized people of the present day.

By its industrial, agricultural and domestic life.

Yet other revelations of the culture of that people are made in its literature—written on stone or on papyrus scroll—of which, through the unearthing of long-buried temples and tombs, quite an amount has come to light in recent years. Much of it consists of historical inscrip-

By its literature.

tions on pyramids and obelisks, temple-walls and stelae. The style of this sort of writing is of necessity terse, owing to lack of writing-space and to difficulty of engraving. More of it is devoted to panegyrics on the victories and military exploits of the rulers, like the lengthy prize poem of Pentaur, on the "Triumph of Rameses, the Great, over the Hittites." Some of it consists of narratives, like the "Tale of the Two Brothers," a story dramatically told, and very much like the Joseph and Potiphar story of our Bible. Some of it is poetry, like the "Hymn to the Nile," or the "Hymn to the Sun," or the "Song of the Harper," the lines running in parallelisms, very much after the fashion of Hebrew verse. Some of it is of a didactic order, like the "Praise of Learning," reading very much like chapters in the "Book of Proverbs" of our Scriptures, or of the "Book of Wisdom" in the Apocrypha, and the instruction given in them is of a similar, high order.

By far the largest part of its literature, however, concerns itself with religion, but, unfortunately, the abundance of it, instead of making clearer to us the exact nature of the ancient Egyptians' belief, only tends to make it all the more unintelligible. Few of the ancient religions have been searched as painstakingly as has the Egyptian; few have yielded less satisfactory results. The libraries-full of books on the subject have only tended to make the chaos more chaotic. Unclarified as my own ideas were on that ancient faith before I visited Egypt, they have but become more muddled by my study of the scriptures and paintings on the walls of the temples and tombs, and by my subsequent readings on the subject.

Retarded by its religion.

The difficulty seems to lie in the great antiquity of the Egyptians. We ourselves know of the difference between our faith of to-day and that of a hundred years ago; between religious practices and ceremonies of our age, and those of the Dark Ages. How much greater must the differences be in the beliefs of people thousands of years apart. The human mind was as much under the law of growth and development in those early days as it is in our own. Each age endeavors to interpret the mysteries of the universe, of life and death, according to its own light, Each age adds to, and subtracts from, the legacy of its ancestry.

Recognition of evolution

The Egyptians, in their day, had their epochs of mental evolution and revolution, of degeneration and regeneration, of stagnancy and progress, as we have them in our own times, and as our descendants will have them in theirs. Hence, as wrong as it would be to pass judgment on all Christianity or Judaism on the writings of a particular age, so wrong is it to pass judgment on the beliefs of all the ancient Egyptians by this or that fragment of literature of this or that particular age.

Once we shall bear this thought clearly in mind, we shall cease making attempts at reconciling the irreconcilable, or at mixing up beliefs of five thousand years ago with those of three thousand years later. Crudities will become less crude, and absurdities less absurd, and advanced ideas all the more advanced, when we shall consider them in their proper setting. We shall understand why, at one time, we read of thousands of Egyptian gods; at other times, of but three times three; at yet other times, of a trinity, or a duality, and finally of a monotheistic God-conception quite equal to ours of to-day. We shall understand why, at different times, we encounter different chief gods under different names, and possessed of different attributes; why, at one time, the chief deity is masculine—Osiris; at another time, feminine—Isis; at another time, it is their son, Horus, who holds supreme authority. We shall understand why, at one time, the gods are represented as wild animals, at other times as tame animals; at one time, as possessing animal bodies with human heads; at other times, as possessing human bodies with animal heads; at one time as living in the air; at other times, as living on the earth; at yet other times, as living under the earth. We shall understand why a great national temple is now erected to one chief god at one place; now to another, at another place; now to a third or fourth at other places; why, at times, two entirely opposite gods are worshipped under one roof. Such a temple is that at Kom Ombo, on the Nile, possessing two separate shrines, one for the worship of the God of Good; the other for the worship of the God of Evil—the latter, the crocodile god, hence its name: The Crocodile Temple, in which, in a huge tank, a number of choice specimens of crocodiles were maintained,

Makes Egyptian religion more intelligible.

each ornamented with precious jewels, each fed with choicest of delicacies, by the consecrated hands of the priests themselves, somewhat after the manner in which the sacred bull was cared for at Memphis, or the hawk at Edfu, or the cow at Deir-el-Bahari.

Great as the difficulties are for a proper understanding of the pantheon of the ancient Egyptians, of one thing there seems to be little doubt, that it was the self-interest of priests that was largely responsible for the survival of primitive beliefs and degrading forms of worship during Egypt's great cultural advance in other directions. There seems to be little doubt that in the days of Egypt's Golden Age, at which time Moses dwelled in that land, two kinds of religion flourished side by side, one, of a degrading sort, for the common people; another, of an elevated nature, for the select, to which latter class Moses must have belonged.

Evolution frustrated by priestcraft.

There probably never was a priestcraft in the history of mankind that wielded a power like unto that of ancient Egypt. It ruled the souls and minds of the people as rigorously as the Pharaohs ruled their bodies. Later, it added also temporal power to its ecclesiastical sovereignty, ruled the Pharaohs as much as the people, exacted enormous dues, acquired vast estates, and, in the end, it even seized the throne, and made a dynasty of Pharaohs of its own high-priests.

Power of Egyptian priests

It was the priests who exacted unending sacrifices to the gods for their own benefit. It was they who held the people snared in the meshes of magic, from which nothing but priestly aid could set them free. It was they who kept the people under the thrall of the church, from their entrance into life till long after they had passed into the beyond. Unless they sanctified the body at its birth or death, it was held accursed here and hereafter. It was they alone who held the key to Paradise, who could assure the soul an easy judgment before the tribunal of Osiris, the god of the netherworld, and before his forty-two fellow-judges. Their magical words alone, they claimed, could safely transport the soul through the gateways guarded by ferocious dragons; could make possible its easy transmig-

Ruled body and soul

rations, its return to its embalmed body, and its final re-entry, as a human being, upon its former scenes of life. There was no possibitity of such a happy ending, they claimed, unless priests did the embalming of the body, the transportation of it across the Nile, the public mourning over it, the burying or entombing of it, unless they placed under the bandages, or into the hands of the dead, or chiselled or painted or wrote on the walls of the tombs or on the mummy cases, texts or spells, to compel the gods of good or evil to do their bidding; unless the relatives continued their interest in the dead by offering sacrifices for the benefit of the soul, or for the refreshment of its *ka*, its ghost, which, they made the people to believe, hovered about the body in its tomb or grave.

It can easily be seen that teachings and practices and requirements such as these, made death and the hereafter the chief interest of life, unfitted the people for best efforts in and for the present, made the religion of the ancient Egyptians one of gloom and fear, to say nothing of burdensome expense, made of one of their writings, called "The Book of the Dead," their only Bible. Scarcely did a king begin to rule when he entered upon building his pyramid or tomb. His possessing a suitable dwelling-place after death was of greater concern to him than being well-housed before his summons yonder. His stay on earth lasted but a few years; his stay in his tomb endured for tens of centuries.

Killed interest in the present

What the king did on a large scale, that the people did, only in a lesser degree.

Against this entire procedure, much of Mosaic legislation is a mighty protest and reform. The Jewish law-giver wholly ignores the subject of immortality. He teaches that good and evil deeds bring their corresponding reward and punishment on this earth. He denies to the priesthood the right of holding property. He prohibits priests from approaching a corpse, except it be one of their nearest kin, and even this privilege is denied to the high priest. "He that toucheth any corpse," says Moses, "shall be unclean seven days."* He prohibits violent expressions of mourning. "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your

Mosaic legislation a protest

* Numbers XIX, 11.

flesh for the dead," commands he, "nor print any marks upon you."** He insists upon a speedy burial;† the full Egyptian embalming process required seventy days. When Miriam dies, nothing is said of her burial. When Aaron feels that his closing hour is nigh, he ascends Mount Hor in company with Moses and his son. There he dies, and there his companions bury him. When Moses himself passes on, so simple are the last rites, that "no man knoweth of his grave unto this day." He prohibits every form of necromancy, divination and witchcraft.†† The God he teaches is a spiritual being, invisible, incorporeal, therefore he rigorously prohibits every form of idolatry, the making of graven images or the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, or in the waters beneath the earth.‡ Knowing of the unending slave labor which the rearing of the gigantic temples entailed on tens of thousands of unfortunates, from the time the stones were quarried and chiselled, at the quarry of distant Assuan, till the finishing touches were given to pylon and column, to architrave and altar, he ordains that no altar shall be built of hewn stone, that the lifting of a tool desecrates it.‡‡

In yet other ways, the legislation of Moses is a correction of the abuses of Egyptian Pharaohs and priests. He prohibits all consanguineous marriages; the Egyptians sanctioned marriages between brothers and sisters, even among the Pharaohs, even among the gods. He prohibited sexual vices and social crimes, that were rampant in Egypt. The phrase "After the doings of the land of Egypt shall ye not do," is a frequent one in his dispensation. He is bitterly opposed to the caste system, that was deeply rooted in Egypt. "One law shall be for all, for rich and poor alike." "Ye all shall be unto me a kingdom of priests," says he. He takes the widow and the orphan, the poor and the stranger, under his special protection. He sacredly guards the rights and best interests of the laborer. He institutes for him a weekly Sabbath. He demands that his wage be paid him after each days' toil. He makes it possible for the slave

And a reform

** Lev. XIX, 28. † Deut. XXI, 23.
†† Leviticus XX, 6, 27; XXIX, 26; Exodus XXII, 18; Deut. XVIII, 10-11.
‡ Exod. XX, 4. ‡‡ Exod. XX, 25.

to free himself in the seventh year of his service, and compels his freedom in the fiftieth year, and the return to him or his family of all his estates.

Egyptian passed away; Israelite lives

Comparing legislation such as this with the tyrannies and injustices and other abuses and excesses that prevailed in Egypt, we can readily understand why the latter, with all its advantages and its cultural advance, passed away, and why Israel, with little more than its spiritual possessions, has remained unto this day, notwithstanding trials and tribulations such as no other people have been called upon to endure. While looking within a royal tomb upon a wall sculpture, picturing ancient Israel engaged in slave labor, in toiling for the perpetuation of Egypt's glory, I could but marvel at the irony of fate, when I thought of myself, one of millions of living Israelites, straying among the ruins of the land in which our fathers were cruelly oppressed, in the land in which of all its present-day inhabitants, not one is said to be a pure descendant of the original Egyptians, neither is one to be found upon all the earth. In the Museum at Cairo stands a stone, bearing a memorial inscription, hailing from the temple of Amenophis III, of Thebes, on the back of which is inscribed a hymn, concluding with the words "*Israel is wasted, and his seed is brought to naught.*" True, the land of Israel is wasted, but his seed lives, lives all over the world, lives a more active, more promising life than it ever lived before.

Together, they might have introduced the millenium

It was unfortunate for civilization that, with the other advantages of ancient Egypt, it could not have availed itself of the service of Moses, or that, with the spiritual advantages of the Israelites, they could not have possessed, at the same time, the favorable location, the fertile soil, and the constructive and artistic genius of the Egyptians. Each, with the complement of the possessions of the other, could have anticipated the highest civilization of mankind by thousands of years. Separated, and hostile to each other, each has been the sufferer, and the world has been the loser.

"You look sad," said my dragoman to me, after my inspection of the funerary Temple, built 3,400 years ago by Queen Hatasu, at Deir-el-Bahari, close to the Tombs of the Kings.

"You look sad," repeated he. "I find others always raving over it."

It is a temple-ruin worth "raving over." The builder was one of the greatest sovereigns of ancient Egypt, the Queen Elizabeth of her age, so man-like a ruler, that she even wore a false beard to compel her subjects to regard her as a man, and to speak to her as such. Its construction, in three colonnaded terraces, one above the other, to conform with the sloping contour of the mountain, upon the side of which it is built, is as characteristic for its slender columns and general delicacy and daintiness as the great Theban Temples near it, and across the Nile, are characteristic for their overpowering massiveness. It was in its shrine where originally stood the marvelously sculptured cow-goddess Hathor, with its mane of lotus flowers and stems, that is now one of the chief attractions of the museum of Cairo.

Lost glory saddens

"My sadness," replied I to my dragoman, "is but another and a higher form of admiration. I am sad because of the fate that has overcome a people that was so unapproachably great, even whose women, in that remote antiquity, could accomplish marvels of achievements, such as are sculptured upon the walls of this Temple, telling of the Queen's expedition to the land of Punt, and her return from it with richest treasures. What might not have become of that people, so wonderfully gifted, had it been able to free itself from the despotism of its Pharaohs and its priests?"

As my train was about to leave the Cairo station, a week or so later, for Port Said, where I was to take a boat for Jaffa, the seaport town of Palestine, my faithful dragoman, who had conducted me up and down the whole length of Egypt, and across the Nubian border, asked: "Will you visit Egypt again?" "Yes," I answered, "I want to come again, for I expect

Last words

yet greater results from a second visit. There will be less of novelty then, less of surprise. I shall know what is worth while, and what may be passed over. I shall be prepared to know and to appreciate certain sights better than I have on this visit, because I shall do certain special reading on the subject in advance of my coming."

"Yes, I want to come again," were my last words to Mohammed, "for, you know, your proverb says: 'He who has drunk of the water of the Nile will come to drink of it again.' I have drunk of its water; God willing, I shall drink of it again."

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